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JAN. 24, 1931

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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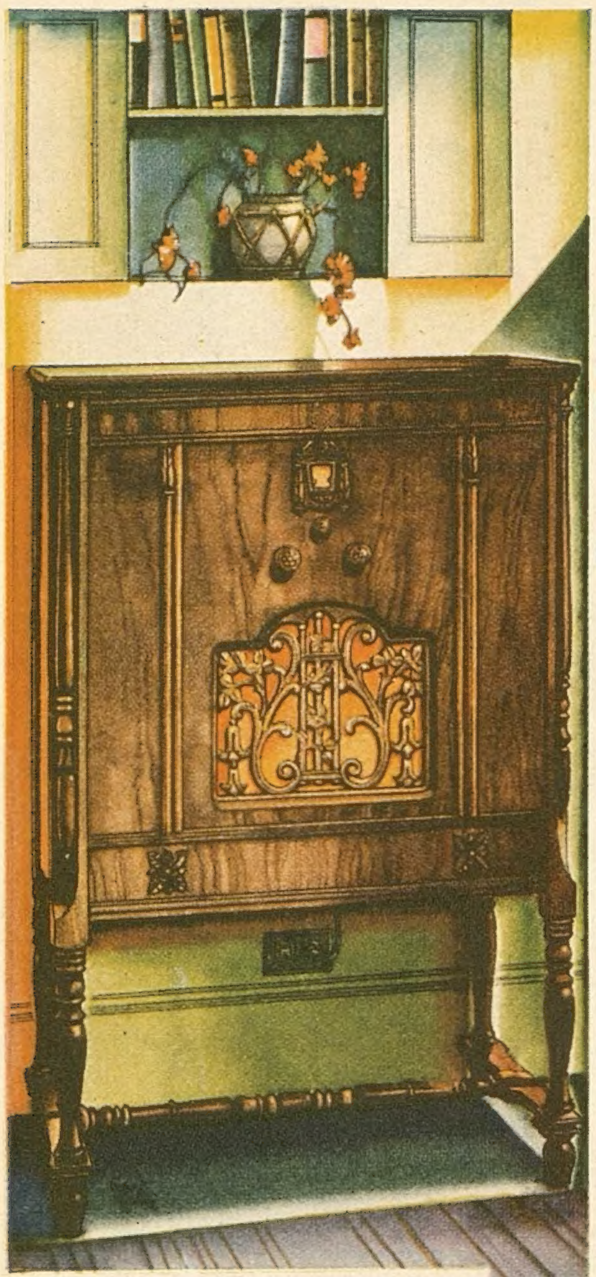

THE LOWBOY

9-tube, Screen-Grid Super-Heterodyne, fitted with local-distant switch. Brown walnut cabinet, satin finish. Early American design. List price **$142.50**, less tubes.
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CUT HERE

They Laughed When I Mailed This Coupon

..But It Brought Me The Book That Showed Me How to Make $10,000 a Year!

AS I walked up to the mail box, Joe nudged Ed and winked broadly for my benefit.

"Sh!" he hissed in a loud stage-whisper. "This is going to be the big turning point in Frank Parker's life! He's writing for a book that tells how to get into salesmanship. Pretty soon he'll be earning so much that he'll make the rest of us look like pikers!"

Ed snickered.

"Won't it be grand!" he grinned. "Now he can quit punching time-clocks and eating 40-cent lunches." He raised his voice. "Drop me a postal some time when you get out into big business and start making $10,000 a year, will you, Frank?"

They both laughed uproariously. And probably it DID seem like a joke to them that a $30 a week clerk would have the nerve to think he could ever get anywhere or make real money without some special "gift" or "pull."

But they laughed too soon. They never dreamed that their prophecies spoken in jest would ever come true. Yet stranger things happen in real life than in all the fiction ever written. Just yesterday I sat down and wrote to Ed, who is still at the shop, dragging along at the same old job.

"Dear Ed"—I wrote. "Perhaps you remember the 'runaround' you and Joe Gibson gave me one day not so long ago. You asked me to send you a card when I 'got into big business and started making $10,000 a year.' Well, here's your card. Yesterday I was promoted to the job of Assistant Sales Manager of the Western Metal Works, at a salary that goes with it. So laugh THAT off! If you are ever over this way, drop in and see me! I'll loan you my copy of that book on salesmanship you used to think was such a joke."

Only a book! Just seven ounces of paper and printers' ink—but it contains one of the most vivid and inspiring messages that any ambitious man can read. Between its covers are disclosed hundreds of surprising facts about the highest paid profession in the world. It reveals the real truth about the art of selling. It blasts dozens of old theories, explains the science of selling in simple terms, and tells exactly how the great sales records of nationally-known star salesmen are achieved. And not only that—it outlines a simple plan that will enable almost any man to master scientific salesmanship without spending a moment on the road—without losing a day or a dollar from his present position.

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Reason it out for yourself. Salesmanship offers bigger returns and delivers them quicker than any other line of work under the sun. But many people have subscribed to the foolish notion that a man has to be "born" with some sort of "gift" for salesmanship. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Just like any other profession, salesmanship is governed by certain fundamental rules and laws—laws which you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet.

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Last year requests for over 50,000 trained men were received. This employment service is free to both employers and employees, and thousands have secured excellent positions this way.

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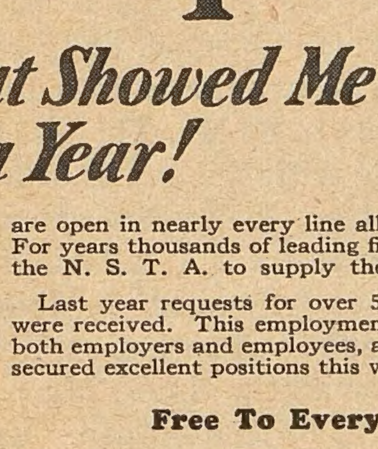
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JAN. 24, 1931

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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No. 4

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

DIVORCE

In the state of New York, where these lines are written, one reads with increasing frequency newspaper accounts of episodes something like this:

A blonde young charmer identified only as Betty is found breakfasting with Mr. X. Mr. X is a gentleman of substance in the community, and breakfast with Betty isn't considered precisely according to Hoyle. Mrs. X therefore sues for divorce—and, most reluctantly, Mr. Y testifies in detail regarding various episodes preceding, including, and following the breakfast, with implications.

All of which is most distressing. It brings Mr. X into disesteem and it indicates that Mr. Y (who happens to be Mr. X's best friend) is just a big tattle-tale with the habits of a snoop.

As a matter of fact, however, things in such cases usually are not at all what they seem. If you know your way about in divorce matters you have little doubt as to what really happened.

It happens all the time. Mr. and Mrs. X agree that they want to be divorced. Under the laws of the state of New York there is only one easily established thing that makes a divorce possible. So they arrange that thing. The blonde young charmer is provided, Mr. X places himself in a "compromising" position, and the obliging Mr. Y is on hand to look, and subsequently to testify. It puts him in a bad light—but he'll do anything for a friend.

So collusion, frowned upon by the courts, is circumvented. Mr. X is made to appear a hapless culprit, whereas he is really doing simply what his wife wants him to do.

Well, it all gets back to this: assuming that there must be divorces and that couples are going to want them—and you can't assume otherwise when the laws of the country fail to hold people together—wouldn't it be better to permit divorce when there is definite desire on both sides to separate rather than to have the man submit to inspection by a friend who afterward peaches on him?

In such a case, not only is a stigma put on the names of all concerned in the publicity involved, but both man and wife are parties to perjury. They swear, as they must under the law, that there is no collusion—that one wants a divorce and the other doesn't.

If they both want a divorce—if they have discussed it and are ready for it and want to get away from each other—wouldn't it be wise to let that be a reason in the eyes of the law?

If one is reluctant, certainly there is much less reason for dissolving the marriage tie than if both are willing. Yet some states assume that reluctance on the part of one is a reason for granting a divorce, whereas willingness on the part of both is a reason for denying it.

This kind of law is archaic in its workings. It gives spicy tidbits to the papers and drags people through the mud.

Of course there are other ways of arranging matters. A favorite one, if you can afford it, is to live in Reno for three months and swear you are a resident of Nevada. Obviously this is not true, either.

Some revision of our divorce laws is sorely needed, but it should be brought about wisely. We think it would be better done piecemeal by the states than uniformly by the federal government.

People in different parts of a country as large as this do have differing viewpoints on divorce. If South Carolina wants no divorce, that is precisely what South Carolina should have. And for those brought up in a faith which permits no divorce there is no need of change.

But for those who want divorces and whose faith permits them, the New York laws and those of many other states are outworn and absurd, and we think they should be altered.

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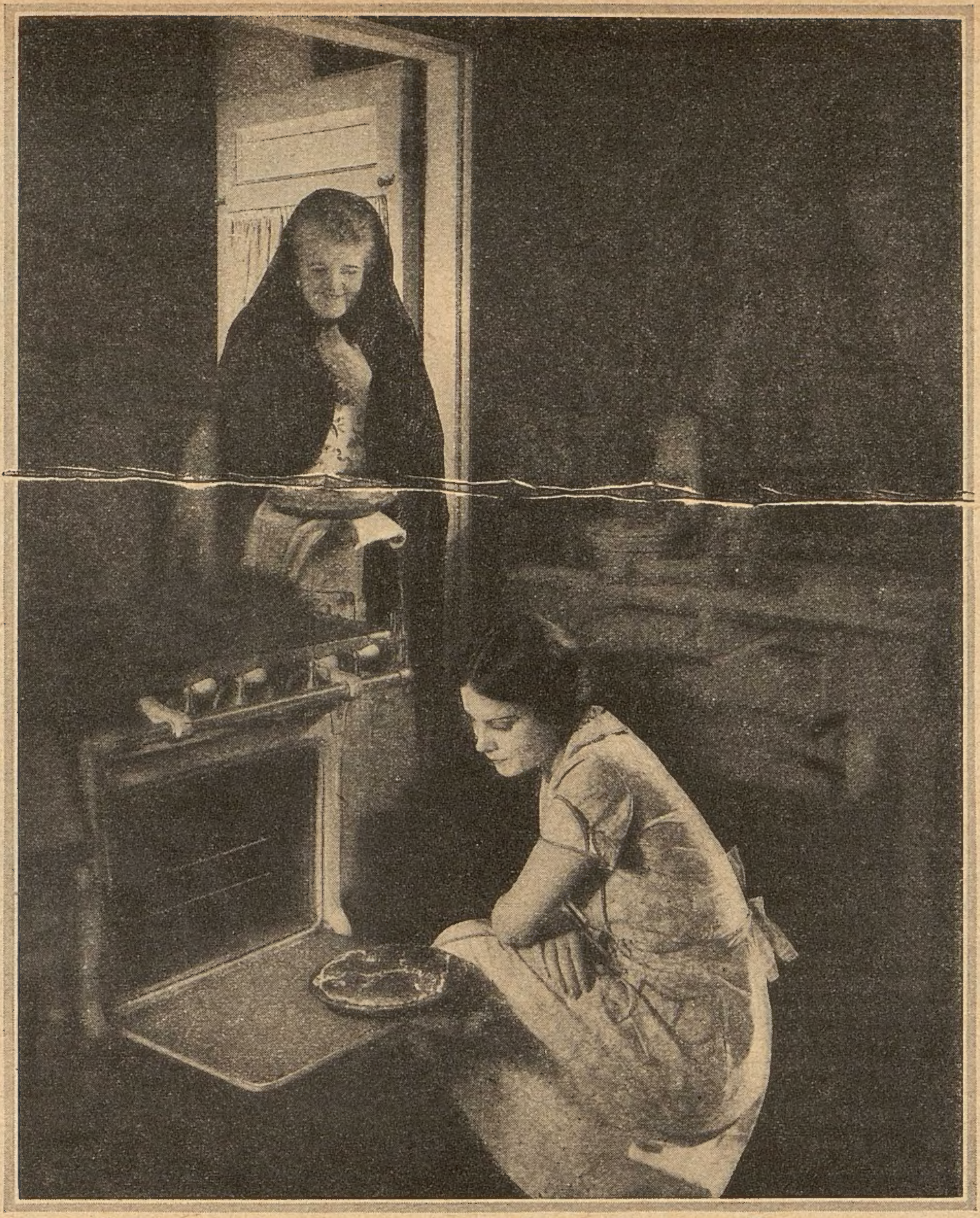
Cover by Leslie Thrasher



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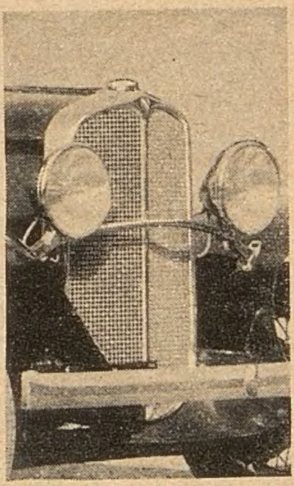

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The Wilful Miss Wilson

The Story of a Backhanded Wooing

By

FRED MACISAAC

who, though he lives in Hollywood, earns his living not from films but from fiction writing, for which he deserted dramatic criticism and concert production in New England and New York.

Pictures by CHARLES D. MITCHELL

(Reading time: 28 min. 5 sec.)

ABOUT three o'clock on the afternoon following the bacchanal at Mrs. Preston's, Dick Ogden threw a boot at me which struck me in the small of the back and cruelly awakened me. I sat up in my trundle-bed and blinked at my partner, who was leaning out of his bed in search of the other boot.

"Wake up!" he commanded. "It's afternoon and I'm in trouble."

"You heave that shoe at me and you'll be in more trouble," I snarled. "Go to sleep, will you?"

"Bill," he pleaded, "I'm hooked. What'll I do?"

"Soak your head. You've had a nightmare."

"I have not. I wish I had. At three A. M. this morning I got engaged to a girl. I've just remembered."

"Do you remember the girl?" I jeered.

"Sure. Wilma Wilson. I don't want to marry her."

"Wilma Wilson? That gold-headed, star-eyed meteorite? I've known stews to do worse. She's lovely, Dick."

He groaned. "You don't know her. And I promised to meet her at Tiffany's, at one, to pick out the ring."

His expression was so lachrymose that I guffawed in his face.

"That was only two hours ago," I informed him. "She'll wait if she really loves you. I'm taking a shower."

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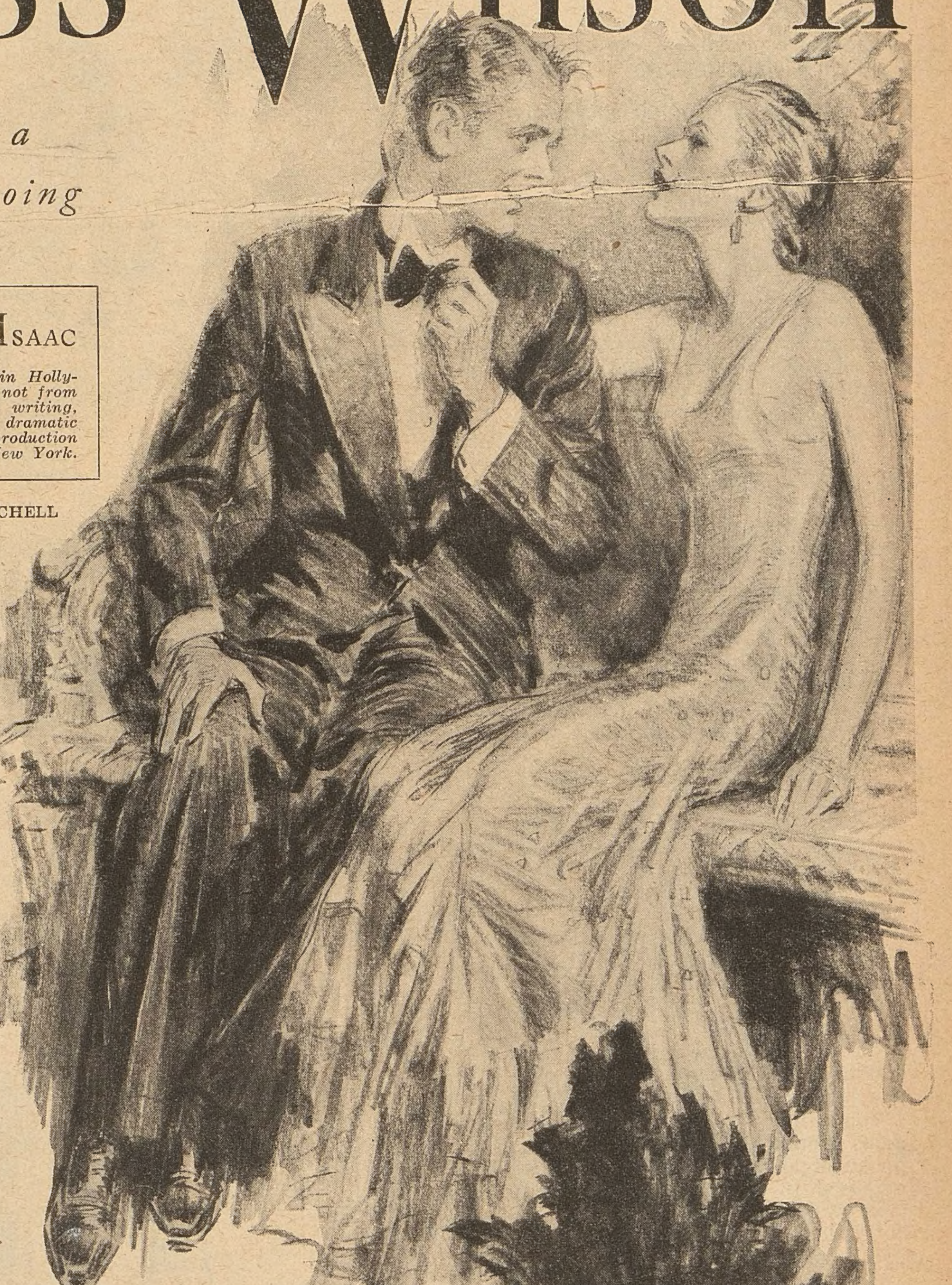


"She caught me last night in a gelatinous state and lured me out on the terrace."

THE WILFUL MISS WILSON
Continued from page seven

He followed me into the bathroom. “ I'm not going to marry her, I tell you.”

“ Why tell me? Tell her.”

“ Because you've got to get me out of this,” he whined.

“ Why, you comical coot! ” I said admiringly as I turned on the shower and drowned out his flow of eloquence.

When I returned to the bedroom, Dick had dressed and was pouring himself a slug from my last bottle of Scotch.

“ She just phoned,” he said sadly. “ She overslept and will meet me at Tiffany's at four.”

“ Where were your reflexes? ” I demanded. “ You should have asked, ‘ What for? ’ and when she replied, ‘ To get the ring,’ you should have responded, ‘ What ring? ’ and when she said, ‘ Engagement ring,’ you should have inquired, ‘ What engagement? ’ and then it would have percolated into her thought reservoir, if any, that either she had dreamed the proposal or you were unconscious when you delivered it.”

“ But that would be rotten. Besides, I didn't think of it.”

“ Anyhow, she has no witnesses, and that kind of a girl doesn't sue for breach of promise.”

HE turned melancholy eyes upon me. “ After all, I am a gentleman,” he said with dignity.

“ Who says so? As far as I am concerned, I hope you marry the girl. You are two months behind with your half the rent and I don't need you here.”

“ Wilma is rich, for that matter.”

“ And you don't want to marry her! Hurry up! You'll be late for this appointment. Marry the girl and pay me what you owe me.”

“ Damn it, Bill! I'm no fortune hunter,” he protested.

“ No, you're just a poor debtor. What are you hanging round for? The down payment on the ring? ”

“ Turn off the razz,” he pleaded. “ I want advice.”

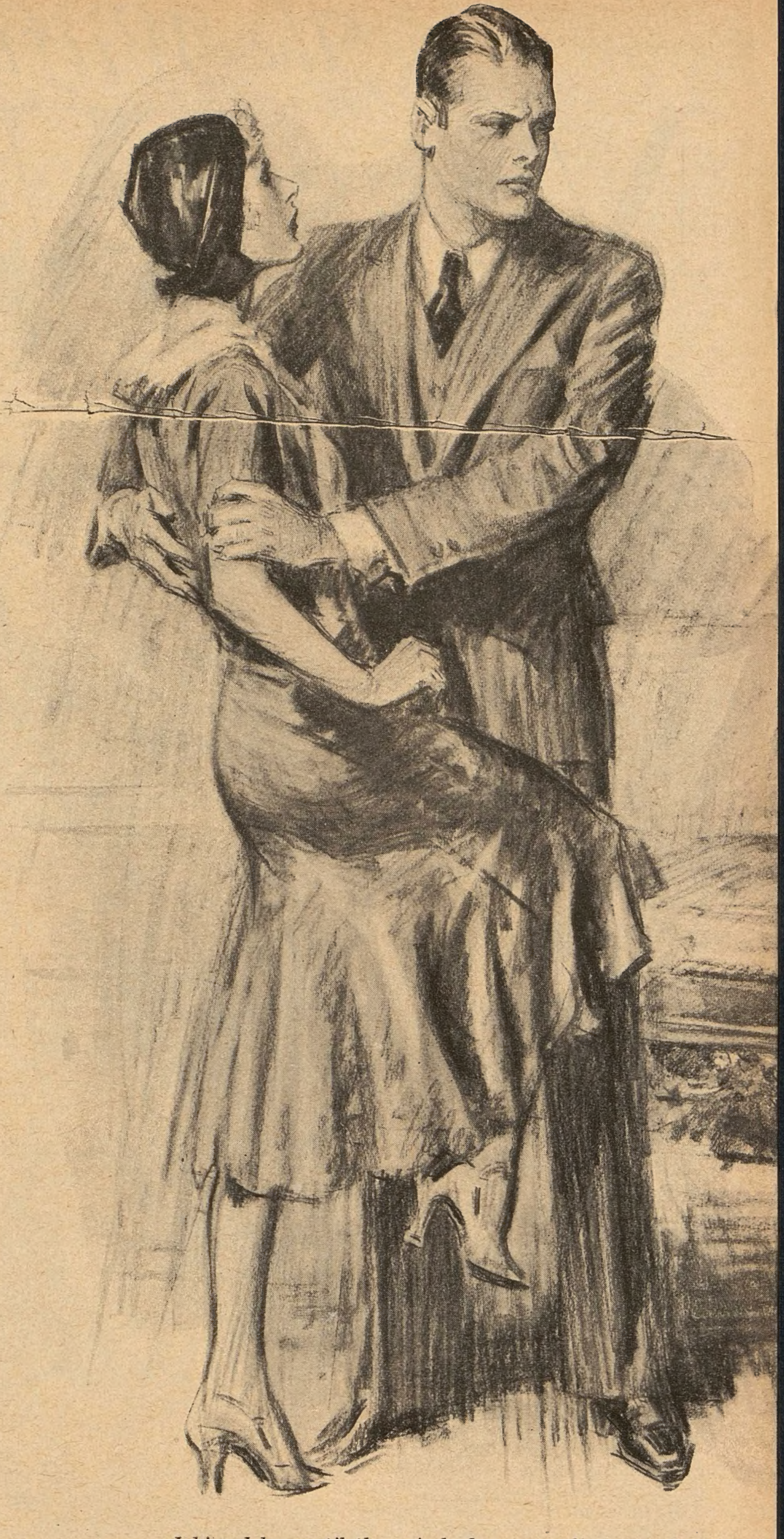
“ Good. I lensed the Wilson baby last night. Unaware as I was that she had gelt, I leaned toward her. I could have tolerated that girl's arms around my neck if she were as broke as you are. Weirdly, she gets engaged to you and you hesitate. You owe it to your creditors—”

“ I don't love her,” said the poor brute doggedly.

“ Certainly you love her. Rich and beautiful and tender and yearning for you. Waiting breathlessly at Tiffany's for you to place on her little white finger the token of your undying affection—”

“ Will you use your ears instead of your mouth for a couple of minutes? ” he implored.

I lighted me a cigarette and poured me a nice drink out of the last bottle, after which I drew my toga around me and sat down upon my little bed.



I kissed her until the grizzly began to climb up off the floor, then I set her on her feet and escaped while there was yet time.

"I've known Wilma for months," he explained. "She is damn' pretty. Her father is R. W. Wilson, the millionaire contractor. He looks like a cross between Jess Willard and Ingardi the gorilla. Being the only child, Wilma makes the big elephant crawl through knot holes. She is wilder than deuces in a poker game. She is domineering. Spoiled. Figuratively speaking, gangrene has set in. That girl's husband will have as much free will as a Belgian griffon. He will do as she says, go where she goes, eat what she likes, drink what she pleases, associate with whom she chooses. The whip will snake around his waist twelve times a day. Is that a prospect that pleases?"

"She looked to me like a dear little girl," I said obstinately.

"She's a vixen. Recently she has been stalking me. She caught me last night in a gelatinous state and lured me out on the terrace. She cuddled. There was a yellow moon. Luna, the moon. Hence the word lunatic. She fixed me with a hypnotic eye and forced me to speak the fatal words. Now, there was a brand-new girl at that party. Name of Felicia Moore. Also blonde. In my condition I may have confused the two. I've got to find out about Felicia before I get engaged to any girl."

"Now look here, Lothario. You have the opportunity to marry a very rich and exquisitely beautiful young woman and to pay me what you owe me. Suppose she does maltreat her poor old man? Don't you know that, when a woman loves, her character changes completely? When Wilma marries you she will be meek and submissive. In the first flush of the honeymoon, you can borrow a million and put it in a safe-deposit vault after turning over to me your indebtedness of two hundred dollars—"

"What I want you to do," he said with a complete disregard of my remarks, "is to go to Tiffany's and meet Wilma. Tell her I'm very ill. I'm down with amnesia and I don't remember anything that happened after nine last night. Tell her my uncle died insane and she had better consider the children she's going to have some day."

"Here is a kind and loving heiress and, for no earthly reason, she wants to marry a dissolute spendthrift—"

"Tell her I'm a dissolute spendthrift. That's great!" he commanded.

"Dick," I insinuated, "if she beats you up, you can get a divorce. I read the other day where a judge gave a rich woman's husband alimony."

"I've a date to take Felicia Moore to tea, so I can't be in two places at once."

"Haven't you got a sense of honor?"

"Sure. That's why I can't stand up Felicia."

AS it was obvious that the man was demented, I abandoned argument, phoned down for coffee, and began to dress. Dick paced the room like a caged hyena and suddenly snarled like one.

"I've got it!" he yowled. "How would you like to make twenty million dollars?"

I gave him a contemptuous stare.

"You go down and vamp Wilma Wilson. A dark, romantic stiff like you might make a hit with her. You believe a woman changes her act when she marries, so go down and pick yourself a rich wife."

"Miss Wilson is engaged to you, I believe," I said huffily.

"She'll get over it. I'm going out to meet Felicia."

"Leaving the poor girl alone in Tiffany's."

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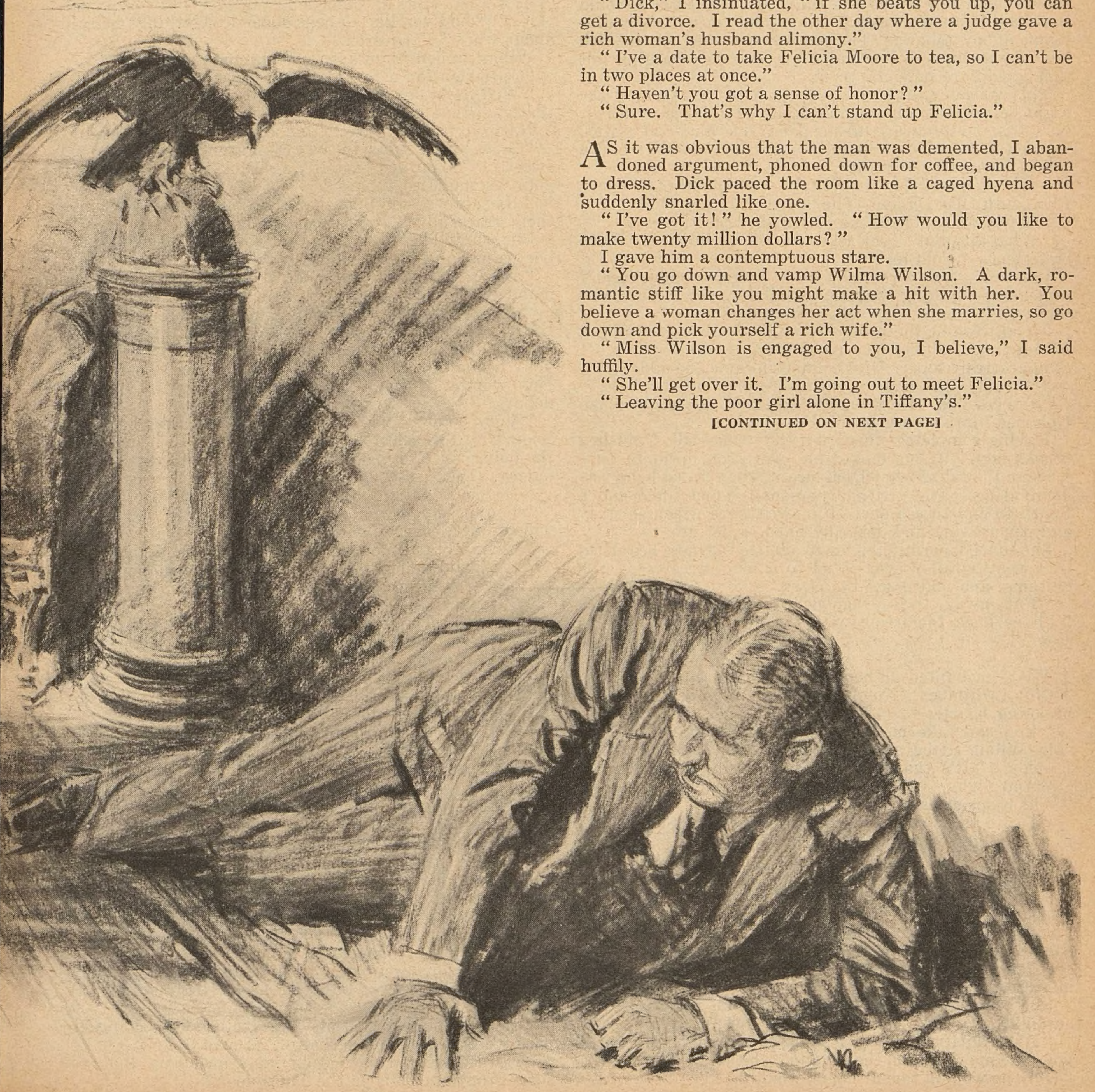


THE WILFUL MISS WILSON
Continued from page nine

He shrugged his shoulders. “ Oh, she’ll buy things till closing time. She’ll be all right.”

“ Rotter! ”

“ I’m sending you down to tell her I’ve got amnesia.”

I gave him up. “ Very well,” I agreed. “ I’ll go to Tiffany’s and lie for you; but, in the future, you can do your own dirty work.”

When I entered Tiffany’s I found Wilma Wilson at the engagement-ring counter. On the show case in front of her were fourteen trays of diamond rings which corresponded to the number of store detectives who hovered in the vicinity.

In theory I had often mourned the fact that American men, alone among members of the human race, consider it disreputable to marry a woman with treasure chests. Why a poor young man should refuse the heart and hand of a wealthy girl had always been beyond my comprehension. It was a quaint local custom, nothing more.

If I ever fell in love with a woman and found out that she owned a few banks and railroads, I thought I would have the moral courage to marry her despite the contempt of my fellows. The trouble was that all the rich young women who ever came my way had nothing but their gold to recommend them.

This Wilson sultana had appealed to me strongly the night before, though I hadn’t fenagled a dance with her. Now that I was aware of her delectable financial status, I gazed at her more critically and still I couldn’t find a thing the matter with her.

“ Miss Wilson? ” I said politely. “ My name is Gibbons. I live with Dick Ogden. The poor lad is very ill.”

She whirled and fixed me with a disconcerting eye.

“ What ails him? ” she asked in a voice which was sharp but sweet. “ Cold feet? ”

I sighed. “ It’s a very sad case. The poor chap doesn’t remember anything that happened since day before yesterday. I believe they call it amnesia.”

“ You were at the party last night,” she said, smiling broadly. “ I noticed you particularly because you were comparatively sober. Dick’s amnesia came on suddenly? ”

“ We only discovered it when we woke up today.”

“ It’s curious. He remembered about last night when I phoned him an hour ago.”

Having completely forgotten the phone call, I blushed becomingly. Wilma looked me over from head to foot. I began to realize what Dick meant when he said she was dominating. The girl had personality and force and a figure to embarrass one. Her eyes were greenish gray and penetrating and deucedly hard to lie into.

She turned, permitting me to admire the most beautiful back that a tailor ever fitted to a blue street costume, and addressed the clerk.

“ Put away the gewgaws,” she ordered. “ I’ll be back tomorrow with the man in the case.”

I WAS enchanted at her spirit. Not a sigh. Not a whimper. No outward indication of a breaking heart.

“ You can take me to tea and advise me,” said Wilma after she had finished with the jeweler. “ It’s the least you can do, it seems to me.”

“ And why not? ” I demanded enthusiastically. “ Which speakeasy, please? ”

“ I said tea,” she replied significantly. “ So we’ll go to an orange peekeasy.”

A taxi conveyed us to the Harding, where she claimed that there was an orchestra which played sad tea music. We sat opposite each other at a chummy little table and I meditated upon the various kinds of burros that were united in the person of Dick Ogden. Here was a girl who combined all the hundred and one points of feminine excellence and she was the heiress to twenty millions as an extra added attraction.

She beamed on me and I expanded like a flower in the sunlight.

“ As a dutiful fiancée, I suppose I should have made you take me to call on the invalid,” she said thoughtfully. “ Only he wouldn’t be at home, would he? ”

“ I said he was sick,” I stated, hurt at her suspicion.

“ Indubitably. With whom is he having tea? ”

“ A girl named Felicia Moore,” I replied truthfully. After all, Dick wanted to get rid of Wilma.

I observed that her delicate nostrils quivered and a yellow spark appeared deep in each of her eyes.

“ Oh, the scoundrel! ” she exclaimed.

“ Just a dissolute libertine,” I observed. The thing to do was to disillusion her completely. To my astonishment she laughed cheerfully.

“ That’s why I like him,” she declared. “ I adore dissolute libertines. Felicia Moore! Was she the thin blonde with the snub nose at the dance last night? ”

“ I didn’t notice her. I had eyes only for you.”

“ Yes, yes, yes. What on earth can he see in that anæmic albino? ”

“ He doesn’t know yet. What do you see in him, Miss Wilson? ” I asked impudently.

“ Oh, I’m crazy about him. He’s a trifle wild, but I’ll break him and he will make a tolerable first husband.”

THE woman began to make me angry.

“ Would you like to hear some of the things he said about you? ” I inquired.

Wilma smiled in an aggravating manner.

“ Just mention a few of the nastiest.”

“ Well, let’s see. He stated that you were so spoiled that gangrene had set in.”

Naturally she winced at this and naturally I got mine.

“ A nice little snake in the grass, aren’t you? ” she said sweetly. “ You are just lifting Dick in my esteem by your venom, Mr. Gibbons.”

“ He said worse things than that, but, as you can’t take them gracefully, I’ll not repeat them.”

She planted her elbows on the table, cupped her chin in her palms, and turned hot eyes on me.

“ Why don’t you want Dick to marry me? ” she demanded.

“ At first I tried to persuade him to go through with it because if he made a rich marriage he could pay me two hundred dollars he owes me; but now that I have made your acquaintance, I’m against the alliance because he isn’t worthy of you. What do I care for two hundred dollars? ”

“ Very noble of you, Mr. Gibbons. Would you like to know why I’ve selected your little chum? Because he is the only man I’ve met who hasn’t been interested in my money. Dick isn’t mercenary—”

“ He isn’t that intelligent,” I assured her.

“ I suppose you would marry a rich girl if you had an opportunity,” she said meanly.

“ Certainly if I met one who was ravishingly beautiful and whom I loved. Why should money be allowed to obstruct two hearts from beating as one? ”

“ The most amusing part of it,” said Wilma, smiling bewitchingly, “ is that I haven’t any money. Father is wealthy, of course, but he won’t give me a penny unless I marry a man who pleases him, and any man of whom dad approved would be quite impossible.”

“ What are you and Dick going to live on? ” I demanded.

“ That’s the man’s business, isn’t it? ” she inquired demurely.

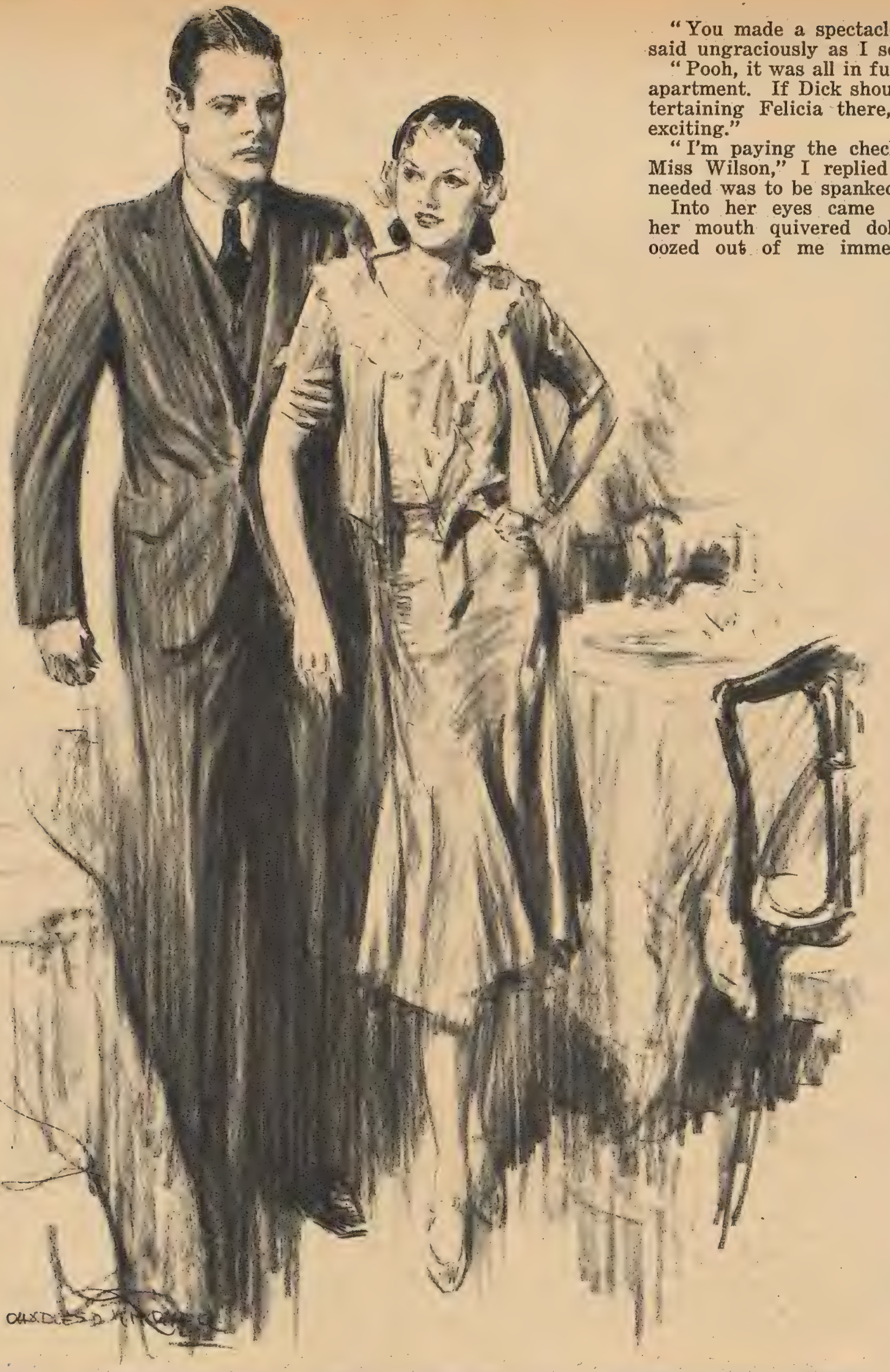
“ It’s a business that Dick doesn’t know anything about.”

She laughed scornfully. “ It’s crude to discuss money. Let’s see if you can dance,” she suggested.

Now, I may be a dud at finance and manufacturing efficiency and all that sort of thing, but dancing happens to be my strong point. I conducted Wilma out upon the dance floor. The music was better than good. Trouble commenced immediately. I worked industriously for five minutes, but there was no harmony between us.

“ I think love in a cottage will be fascinating,” she observed. “ I’m sorry, but you are a bad dancer, Mr. Gibbons.”

“ If you should try following instead of setting the pace we would get along better,” I said angrily. “ You are so accustomed to having your own way that you forget the man leads on the dance floor.”



Furious, I grasped the little beast by the arm and forced her, protesting, back to our table.

"I dance for my own enjoyment," she replied snappily, and then she introduced a side step which caught me napping and I narrowly escaped a fall. Furious, I grasped the little beast by the arm and forced her, protesting, back to our table.

"Sit down!" I commanded. "I know why Dick doesn't want any of your medicine. When I dance with a girl, she follows. Otherwise the party breaks up."

I glared at her and she smiled up into my face.

"I could see you fancied yourself and I wanted to get your goat," she explained. "I got it."

"You made a spectacle of both of us," I said ungraciously as I seated myself.

"Pooh, it was all in fun. Let's go to your apartment. If Dick should happen to be entertaining Felicia there, it would be very exciting."

"I'm paying the check and leaving you, Miss Wilson," I replied coldly. What she needed was to be spanked.

Into her eyes came a misty light and her mouth quivered dolefully. My anger oozed out of me immediately.

"I liked the way you dragged me off the floor," she said softly. "You are strong, Mr. Gibbons—what's your first name?"

"William." I was smiling like an idiot.

"Bill. Why haven't we met before?"

"I don't bust in on Park Avenue very often."

SHE laid a soft hand on mine. I thrilled like a fool.

"I reckon I am spoiled, Bill," she confessed. "A girl named Wilma Wilson couldn't help but be wilful. And I've been flattered so. I wonder if Dick really could control a rather headstrong girl?"

"He couldn't control a Ford going ten miles an hour," I declared. "He's a scatterbrain. The newest girl to him is always the best-looking. Felicia won't last a week."

"Perhaps it's a good thing he didn't buy me the ring. It would be a pity to be disinherited for a husband who neglected one," she reflected.

"You talk like a sibyl," I assured her warmly.

"You are a different type. If you loved a girl you would be true to her," she said with obvious admiration.

"You're darn' tootin' I would." Wilma heaved a deep sigh and looked right into my eyes. My heart stood on its head.

"Well," she said briskly, "we'll go up to your apartment and horn in on Dick and Felicia."

I had been about to go down for the third time, but I pulled myself out of the briny.

"Siren stuff," I said in deep disgust. "We won't. You're going home now, Miss Wilma Wilson." She laughed like an innocent baby and clapped her little hands.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE WILFUL MISS WILSON
Continued from page eleven

"You are marvelous!" she proclaimed. "I wondered if you assimilated blather. You'll escort me home, of course."

"I never met anyone who had less need for an escort, but I'll do that little thing."

Ten minutes later we stepped out of a taxicab in front of a granite monstrosity which was home to poor little Wilma. Mr. R. W. Wilson was jamming his key into the lock of the front door as we came up the steps.

Mr. Wilson looked like a rogue elephant. He was gigantic, with shoulders like a wrestler, no neck, and a face which might have been chiseled out of a hunk of granite left over from the building of the castle.

"What's this and where did you get it?" the monster inquired in a basso profundo.

"This is Mr. Bill—er—er—er—Gibbons. That's right, isn't it, Bill?"

"Leaving out the 'ers,' it is," I said stiffly. I didn't cotton to the pater.

"How are ye?" he said shortly. "Want to bring him in, Wilma?"

Wilma rolled a wicked eye in my direction.

"Rather," she replied. "Furthermore, I'm considering marriage with him."

From Mr. Wilson came a low, menacing growl like a grizzly which is displeased.

"Bill proposed last night," stated the grizzly's cub, "and we went to Tiffany's, only it was closing time."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Wilson in an affrighting tone. He had small blue eyes with very red lids. It was time I spoke up.

"Mr. Wilson," I said with dignity, "your daughter is romancing. I admire and esteem her, but I am not engaged—"

A heavy hand fell upon my shoulder. The front door was pushed open and I was pushed through it and into a small room at the left of the front hall.

"Now, young man," growled the behemoth, "if my kid wants you, she gets you, provided you are sound in wind and limb and have no jail record."

"Miss Wilson!" I protested. Wilma stood behind her parent and thrust out at me a small red-pointed tongue.

"I always get even," she remarked after she had drawn in the tongue.

Mr. Wilson pointed to a huge bronze eagle resting upon a bronze pedestal. "Let's see how strong you are," he suggested. "Lift that, young feller."

"I'll be damned if I do!" I shouted indignantly. "I'm not a candidate for your daughter's hand; I have escorted her home and I now have an engagement. Wilma, you're engaged to Dick Ogden and you know it."

Wilma grinned wickedly. "Don't believe him, father," she pleaded.

Wilson roared like a belligerent bull, grasped me by the collar, and shook me like a rat.

"You call my girl a liar, do you?" he snarled.

WHILE the brute was terrible and my fate was inevitable, my wrath at the outrage smothered my discretion. I clenched my right fist, swung around, and planted a punch with everything I had right in Wilma's father's very prominent stomach. I swear it penetrated twelve inches into soft fat.

Out of the big man's lungs came his breath with a mighty woof and down he went upon the floor with a crash like the fall of a factory chimney. Wilma shrieked. I leaped over the prostrate giant and she barred my path to the door.

"How dare you hit my father?" she screamed. "Oh, you beast, you beast!"

"You always get even, do you?" I repeated, and then I picked her up in my arms, dragged away her hands which covered her face, and pressed my lips to hers. It was bravado and resentment at first, but at the touch of those lips it turned into something else. I kissed her until the grizzly began to climb up off the floor, making ominous noises, and then I set her on her feet, ran out into the hall, pulled open the front door, and escaped while there was yet time.

There was no doubt that the girl was mad and her father a homicidal maniac, though somewhat out of condition, but that kiss had set me on fire. When I reached the apartment I tried to quench the fire with Scotch, but that wasn't the thing to do.

Just as I was laying down my empty glass, none other than Richard Ogden made his entrance direct from his date with Felicia Moore.

"Well, well, the ambassador!" he said jauntily. "Did you explain my absence convincingly?"

"More or less," I replied indifferently. "How's Felicia?"

He shook his head from left to right and then from right to left.

"I regret to report dissatisfaction. A charming residence uninhabited. Beneath the golden dome are vast open spaces upon which a herd of bison might graze but doesn't. When the vacuum cleaner gives out, use Felicia. I gave her a kiss and dismissed school."

"I should have thought that girl and you would get along together very nicely," I sneered.

DICK threw himself upon a sofa. "Not to be compared with Wilma," he assured me. "And your advice wasn't bad, Bill. In a way I could use a few millions."

"You could pay me two hundred dollars."

"Even that. Wilma has a lot of spirit, you know. And life with her would have a certain sporting quality. I'm not willing to give odds she could turn me into a doormat."

"I'll give the odds," I said shortly.

"And as you said, when a woman loves a man, nature forces her to yield to his wishes. What did you tell her?"

"Said you had amnesia since day before yesterday."

"Well, even when a man of honor has amnesia, he is bound to fulfill obligations he may have incurred while dopey. I'll call her on the phone."

"Just a minute, please." He was reaching for the telephone. "Would you marry Wilma if she didn't have a kopeck?"

"Why go into that? She's oozing bullion from every pore."

"Have you met Mr. Wilson? Very charming person. He will disinherit her if she marries a man of whom he doesn't approve."

"Oh, he'll approve of me. Everybody does," he said airily. "Look up her number, will you?"

"Be your own secretary," I retorted angrily. For no reason it annoyed me that he was going to resume his engagement with Wilma.

After he had ascertained the number he called it, but Wilma was not at home according to a probably mendacious servant.

"Ah, well, let her worry a little. Do her good," he said easily. "The doorbell, Jeeves."

"Answer it yourself."

"Such is life among the submerged nine-tenths," he sighed, but he opened the door.

"Darling!" exclaimed Wilma Wilson, who swooped upon him and embraced him violently.

"Wilma, my adored one!" gasped the half-choked Lothario. "I've been ill, beloved."

"Let go of that cub and lemme have a look at him," rumbled a most familiar voice. Despairing, I gazed at the window. Sixteen stories from the ground. My knees began to click together. My tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. Into my humble home stalked the rogue elephant.

"Oh, there you are!" he growled as his baleful eyes fell on me.

"Oh, yes, I'm here," I answered hopelessly.

To my astonishment he thrust out a huge paw.

"It's all right, Gibbons," he said, baring his teeth in what he supposed to be a smile. "Wilma was lying. She admitted it. For a middleweight you pack a punch, but I could have murdered you if you hadn't got me in the wind."

"This is my real fiancé, dad," declared Wilma, leading the beaming Ogden forward by the hand. "Isn't he adorable?"

Mr. Wilson appraised him. "Like the other one better," he grumbled. "He can hit. How much money do you make, Ogden?"

"Delighted to make your acquaintance," said Dick. "My fiancée's father! Well! Well!"

"What's your income, boy?"

"It's dull in the bond business, sir," Dick admitted. "Bill and I are temporarily laid off. Marking time, as it were."

"And poor Dick owes Bill two hundred dollars and he keeps twitting him about it," said Wilma, deeply sympathetic. "Isn't it dreadful, dad?"

Dick scowled at me. "You needn't have mentioned that to Wilma," he said reproachfully.

"He told me everything possible to turn me against you, darling," she said indignantly. "He even tried to make me jealous of Felicia Moore."

"He claimed to be my friend," mourned Dick.

"And he said you were awfully fickle," she added.

I rose and moved unostentatiously toward the door.

"If you will excuse me," I said with as much *sang-froid* as an unmasked traitor could muster.

Mr. Wilson laid a hand between my shoulders and I flopped into a chair.

"And he even kissed me," finished Wilma. "Against my will, Dick darling."

I ventured a feeble protest.

"Shut up!" shouted the behemoth. "Now, Ogden, answer my questions. Do you love my daughter?"

It was obvious that the wrong answer would be fatal.

"Madly," said Dick, turning very pale.

"Willing to work your fingers to the bone to support her?"

Dick hesitated.

"Say yes," prompted Wilma, running her hand through his thick hair.

"I suppose so," he said glumly. Dick hates work worse than I do.

"Well," said the big man grudgingly, "if she wants you she can have you, but I don't think much of you."

"I don't want him," was the astounding declaration of Wilma. "I wouldn't think of marrying a dissolute libertine. Dick, you proposed to me at three this morning, made a date with me at Tiffany's, ditched me, and went off with a snub-nosed blonde. You're not reliable."

"But—but you said you loved me," he bleated. "I've explained all that. You don't want to be influenced by what that viper told you about me."

Wilma made a gesture of washing her hands of him.

"I didn't love you very much. Hardly at all," she stated. "It was nice on the terrace last night and the moon was so bright it rated a proposal. I knew all the time you were a flibbertigibbet."

"Let me get this," pleaded the stern parent. "You dragged me over here, Wilma, to fix everything up with this oyster. You wouldn't wait till after dinner. I've a good mind to smack you down, you little mongoose!"

HER bright laugh rang out. "I had to force him to make a declaration again, didn't I? I couldn't have him telling Felicia Moore that he turned me down for her, could I? It's all right now because I've handed him his parachute. I've decided that Bill is the man I want."

"But you told me you hated his guts," protested the bewildered multimillionaire. "You're my own daughter, but I think you're batty just the same."

That was my opinion also, but Wilma was advancing on me with eyes that burned and lips that lured and a smile so appealing that it was unmanning. And that raped kiss was still kicking up a fuss in the blood of William Gibbons, Esquire. She stopped within six inches of me and dropped her eyes demurely.

"Do you want me, Bill?" she asked like a guileless infant. "If you don't you shouldn't have kissed me."

I grabbed her. Who wouldn't? I wrapped my arms around her and bent my head and met lips that were willing this time. I heard an angry yelp from Dick and then a ponderous hand descended on my shoulder.

"Cut that out!" trumpeted the rogue elephant. "Let go my kid. What's the matter with you, Wilma? This bird hasn't any more prospects than the other one."

My girl withdrew her ripe lips from mine and twisted in my arms to face the grizzly.

"Mind your own business, dad!" she snapped. "Your job's done. Take Dick out of here and come back in an hour. We're busy."

Heroically I thrust her behind me so I could take the full blast of his wrath, but, to my astonishment, the gigantic false alarm grinned sheepishly, shambled off, picked up Ogden in his passage, and left us alone in the apartment.

"YOU don't need to be scared of dad," said the dear child. "Now tell me how much you love me."

I pushed her away. "First, tell me if you are serious or whether this is staged for Dick's benefit. You always get even, you claim."

Wilma's lips began to quiver. "You shouldn't have kissed me," she said plaintively. "You've got to marry me so I can get even with you. Oh, Bill, you know darn' well it's real. It was born when you dropped poor dad on the carpet. The kiss finished me and I hope it finished you."

Summoning all my reserves I drew myself up haughtily and pointed to the divan.

"Go over there and sit down!" I thundered.

She lifted her exquisite brown eyebrows, gazed at me with astonished eyes, hesitated, and then moved slowly toward the divan and seated herself on the edge of it. Folding her little hands in her lap, she inspected me with interest.

"What's eating you, beloved?" she asked pleasantly.

I folded my arms and looked down upon her menacingly.

"I wish to tell you that no real man cares to be knocked on the head and dragged to her cave by a predatory female. You are a horrible example of a lovely girl ruined by overindulgence. Your father ought to have thumped the nonsense out of you years ago. If I had any sense I'd jump out that sixteenth-story window rather than fall into your hands. Unfortunately, that kiss finished me, so I'll marry you and hope for the best. I'm broke and your brute of a father hates me, so we'll have to live on my income, which is ten per cent of nothing at all. Serve you darn' right. However, I want it to be understood here and now that you can't bully me. You've got to realize that I am the boss. I'm going to rule my household, and my wife has to be obedient—"

Wilma stretched out her arms beseechingly. "You're too far away," she complained. "Come here and kiss me."

"You come over here," I retorted.

Wilma stamped her foot. "You come right here this minute!" she commanded.

It was the great crisis. I should have been adamant, but she looked so perfectly adorable and her lips were pursed so seductively that I flopped on the divan and into her power, and I've been there ever since.

We get along all right. The other gas balloon, her father, gave her a house and me a good job, and I find that doing what she wants is exactly what I want to do. As I said to Dick the other day:

"When a man loves his wife and she loves him, the aim of each is to gratify the wishes of the other, if you can comprehend that. And the reason that I can't go to the fights with you tomorrow night is because Wilma wants me to go to the Flower Show with her. I'd a heck of a lot rather be with Wilma at a Flower Show than with you at the fights."

"I comprehend that," he sneered. "If you didn't go to the Flower Show with Wilma you couldn't go to the fights with me because you would be home with a black eye."

"Yeah? What I'd like to know is when you are going to pay me the two hundred dollars you owe me."

That silenced Mr. Richard Ogden.

THE END

Liberty's Patriotic

$25,000 IN CASH PRIZES

will be divided as follows:

First prize	$5,000
Second prize	1,000
Third prize	500
Fourth prize	250
Fifth prize	200
Next 180 prizes, $25 each	4,500
Next 1,355 prizes, $10 each	13,550
TOTAL (1,540 prizes)	$25,000

HERE'S a game that is educational, provides a lot of fun for winter evenings, and may bring you a pot of money. It really started last week, but since we find it impossible nowadays to supply back numbers of Liberty, everything necessary to enable you to begin is repeated herewith.

ON these pages you see the maps of eight states. Can you name them? Can you identify the rest of the states of the Union from similarly unmarked maps? Can you bound each state and tell which is your favorite state, and why?

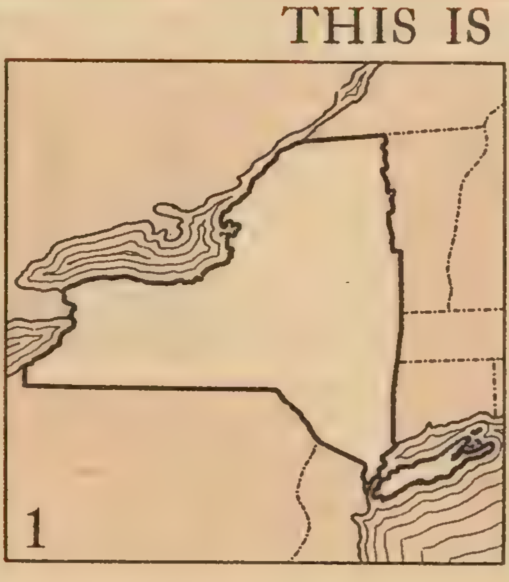
If you can do these simple things you can play Liberty's Game of States. It's worth your while—for to those who play it best Liberty offers a total of $25,000 in cash prizes!

To assist you we print a full-page key map of the United States on page 16.

Each week for ten more weeks the maps of four states will be printed. With the eight state maps which you have herewith, this will make forty-eight maps. In the blank spaces under each of these maps (or copies of the maps which you may make yourself) you must write the name of the state and list the states, waters, or countries that bound it.

When you have done this, week by week, put your maps away and save them. Watch for the succeeding sets in succeeding issues of Liberty, and do the same thing until you have all twelve sets. Then send them in, with a little essay of not more than fifty words, telling which is your favorite state, and why. But remember—*don't send anything in until you have the twelve sets complete.* And please note that we cannot supply back numbers to contestants in the Game of States. Save the maps, or copy or trace them, NOW!

THIS IS SET NO. 1



This state, though mostly inland, has a highly important outlet to the sea. To the east lies a group of states famous for its historical name and associations.

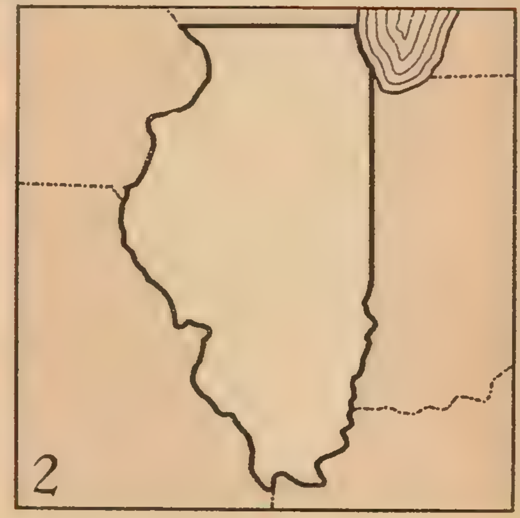
Name of State..........................

Bounded by ....

....

....

SET NO. 1



This state, in the heart of the Corn Belt, touches a large lake and is bounded on the west by one of the world's longest and mightiest rivers.

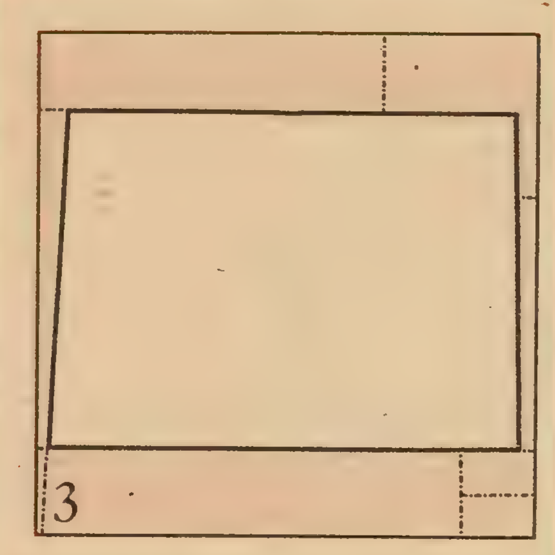
Name of State..........................

Bounded by ....

....

....

SET NO. 1



Among the six states which bound this one are one which was part of the Louisiana Purchase, one whose pioneers were Mormons, and one which produces much oil.

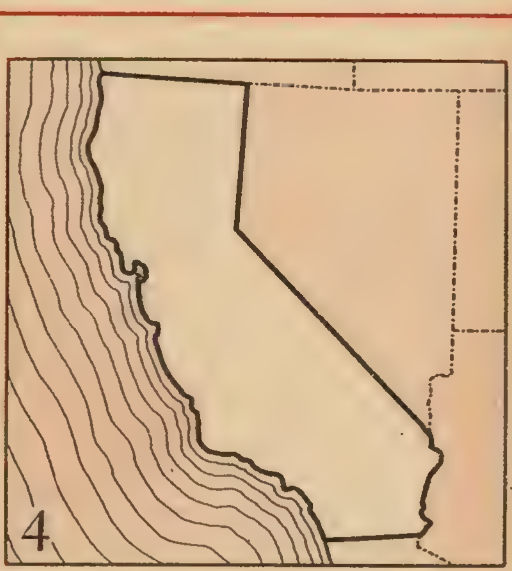
Name of State..........................

Bounded by ....

....

....

SET NO. 1



This state claims the longest coast line of any state in the Union. It is bounded on the south by a foreign state bearing almost the same name.

Name of State..........................

Bounded by ....

....

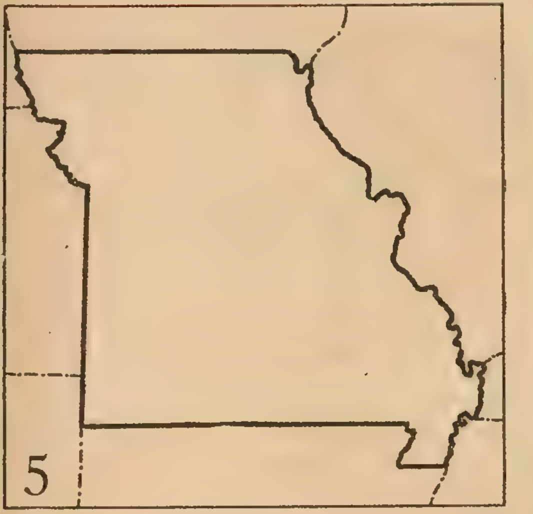
....

SET NO. 1

If you didn't save last week's maps, here they are again.

GAME *of* STATES

THIS IS SET NO. 2



5

This is one of the Corn Belt states. It has the distinction of being bounded by more states than any other in the Union, with one exception.

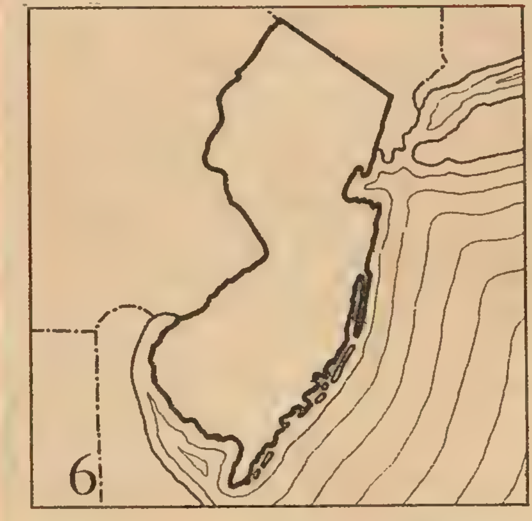
Name of State ....

Bounded by ....

....

....

SET NO. 2



6

This touches the two most populous states. Nearly one hundred battles and skirmishes in the Revolutionary War were fought within its borders.

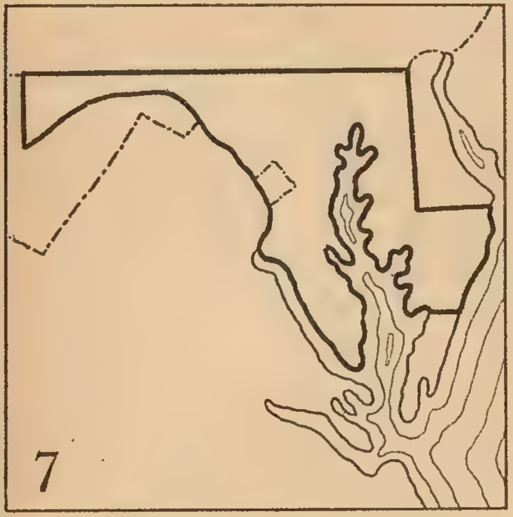
Name of State ....

Bounded by ....

....

....

SET NO. 2



7

Among the states which bound this one are two whose names are almost alike. One of them is the birth state of several Presidents of the United States.

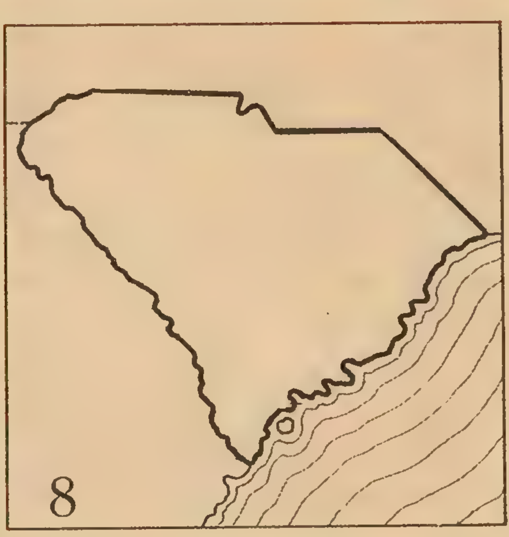
Name of State ....

Bounded by ....

....

....

SET NO. 2



8

An unusual feature of this state's boundaries is that only two states border upon it. It was prominently identified with the beginning of hostilities in the Civil War.

Name of State ....

Bounded by ....

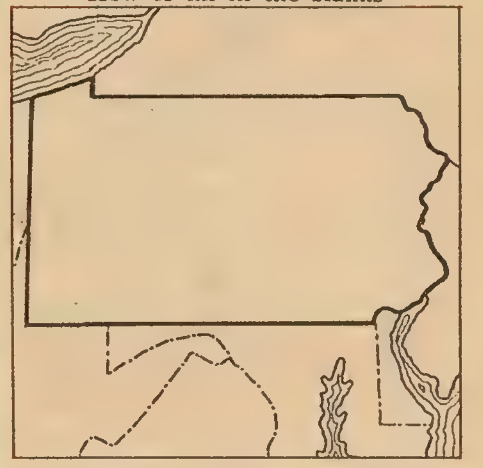
....

....

SET NO. 2

EXAMPLE

How to fill in the blanks



Name of State *Pennsylvania.*

Bounded by *Lake Erie, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, and Ohio.*

And here is this week's new set. *SAVE THEM BOTH.*

The Rules

1—Every week for twelve consecutive weeks Liberty will print four outline maps of four different states of the United States; a total of 48 maps—one for each of the 48 states.

2—You are invited to cut out these maps (or, if you prefer, make copies or tracings of them) and, below each map, write the state's name and the states, waters, or countries that bound it.

3—When you have done this with all the maps, write an essay of not more than fifty words telling which is your favorite state, and why.

4—Liberty will pay a total of $25,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and neatest sets of state maps, together with the best essays, in accordance with these rules.

5—This contest is open to everybody except employees of Liberty and their families.

6—Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. Hold all maps until you have 48 of them. Then send them, with your essays, to STATES, Post Office Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All entries must be in by midnight, twenty-one days after the final set is published.

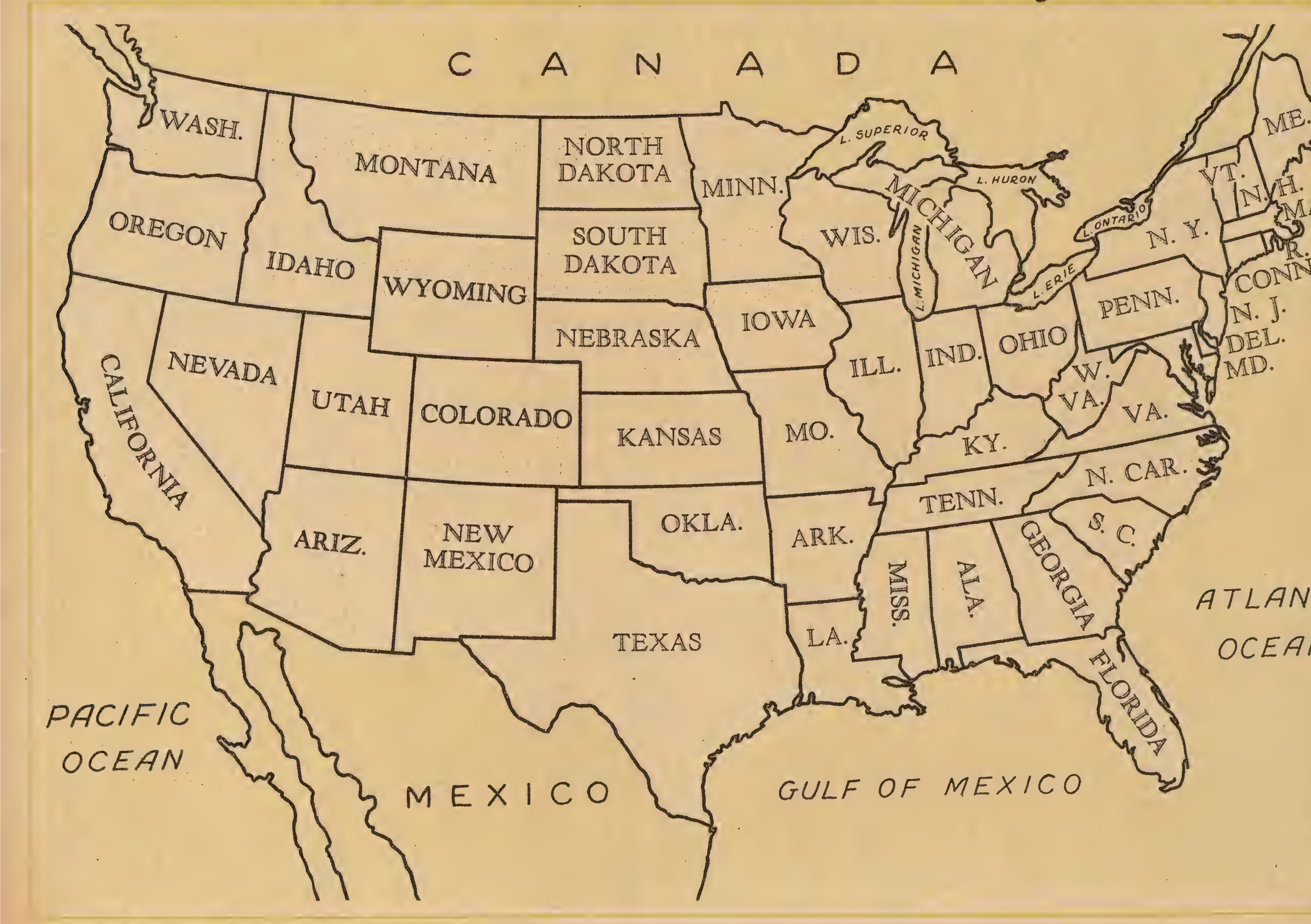
7—Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Contestants may send in as many sets of maps and as many essays as they wish, but no contestant will be entitled to more than one prize.

8—You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy or trace the maps from the originals and use the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

9—The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. Both accuracy and neatness will count in the award of the prizes. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES, OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

For convenient reference, a full-page key map of the United States appears on the next page.

MAP of the UNITED STATES ~ KEY to the GAME of STATES


CANADA
WASH.
MONTANA
NORTH DAKOTA
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L. SUPERIOR
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SOUTH DAKOTA
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MICHIGAN
L. MICHIGAN
L. ONTARIO
N. Y.
R. I.
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MISS.
ALA.
GEORGIA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
TEXAS
LA.
FLORIDA
PACIFIC OCEAN
MEXICO
GULF OF MEXICO

A Famous Ace's Tribute to the Men Who Fought with Him—and Against Him

William A. Bishop when he was a fighting pilot.

Chivalry in The Air

By

Lt.-Col. William A. Bishop

V. C., D. S. O. and Bar, M. C., D. F. C., Legion of Honor, the Croix de Guerre, whose decorations reflect two nations' recognition that he was the Allies' premier knight of the air. He was the victor of more than 100 sky combats, with an official record of seventy-two enemy planes destroyed. A native of Ontario, Canada, he is now engaged in banking and finance, with headquarters in London.

(Reading time: 16 min. 52 sec.)

[Editor's Note—This article has not been edited. It appears precisely as Colonel Bishop wrote it.]

CHIVALRY! Of course it existed! The bitterness and hatred between the armies and navies engaged in the War, as well as the intense feeling of the civilians, was not present in the Air Forces of the countries involved. In its place was a healthy respect for and interest in the opposing flying men.

This was of course due to several definite causes. Since the Wrights captured the air there has always been a great atmosphere of romance surrounding it. The War enhanced this. The flying men themselves felt the thrill of conquering a new element and their interest in the development of aviation was always at concert pitch. They liked their work; they admired their comrades; and in fairness admired equally their foes. There were no sordid points of contact between the opposing pilots, such as surrounded the troops on the ground. They met in the cold clear air, highly trained, expensively equipped, in battles where their own skill and the quality of their equipment were the two vital factors in deciding their fate. It was a battle of skill and wits, free from animosity of any kind, a game more than a war; and of the hundreds of times I

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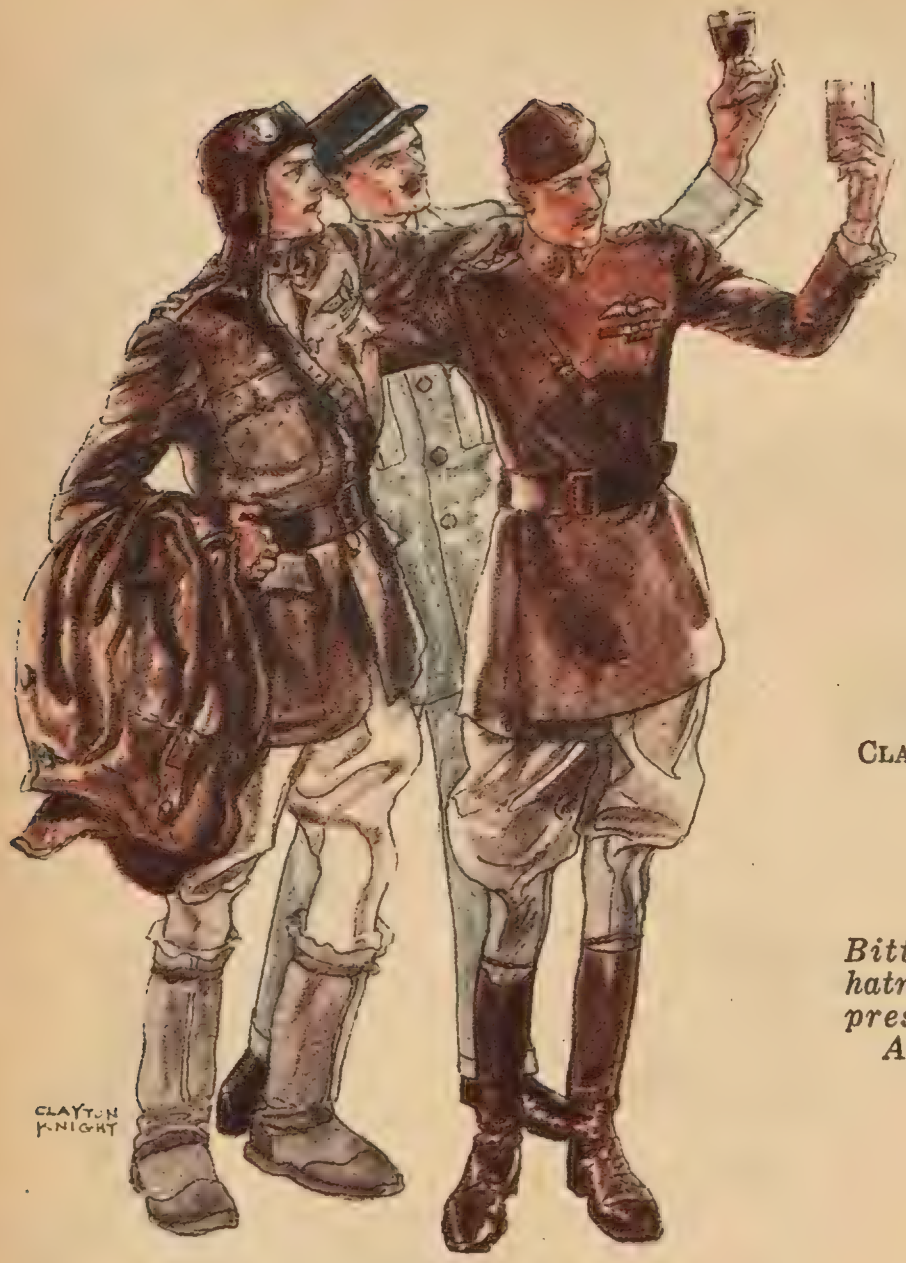
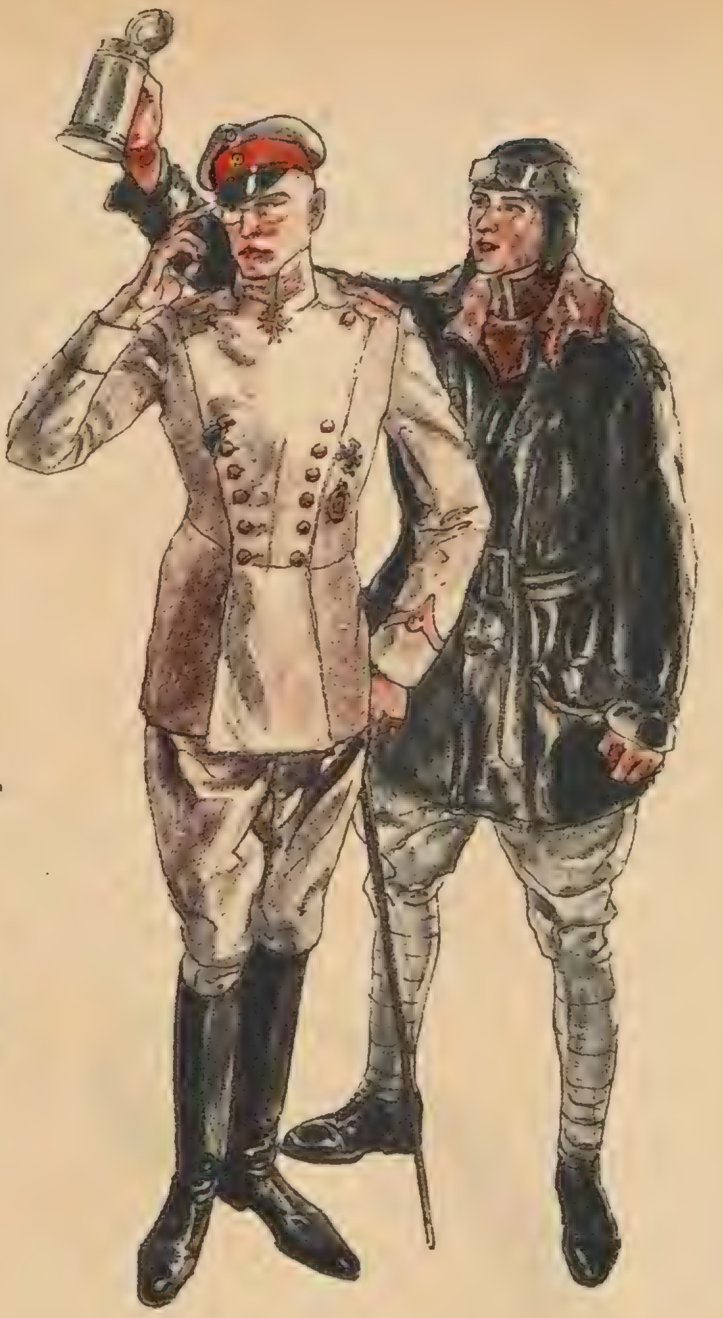


Picture by
CLAYTON KNIGHT

Bitterness and hatred was not present in the Air Forces.



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have seen pilots return to their aërodrome badly shot about—and so often having barely escaped with their lives—I have never heard remarks of any kind other than of great admiration for their opponents.

This feeling almost of friendship did exist, and on both sides of the lines. Of this I have ample proof. But to understand it, it is necessary to appreciate that we did—I am now speaking as a fighting pilot—truly regard our work as a game and not as war. Although we always aimed to kill the pilot, we did that as the surest way of destroying an enemy machine, and not with the thought of shooting a man. It was as impersonal as a hard-fought battle on the gridiron or in the boxing ring, and the Germans and Austrians had the same spirit.

From the beginning of air fighting, notes were dropped at great personal risk, telling the fate of members of opposing forces who had failed to return to their own lines, and in many cases these were accompanied by messages of admiration for the skill and bravery of the missing airman.

When Boelcke, the great German ace, who was Richthofen's leader and teacher, was killed in a collision, British machines flew over to Cambrai, where he was stationed, and dropped wreaths with notes attached, which read:

> To the memory of Captain Boelcke, our brave and chivalrous foe, from the British Flying Corps
>
> and
>
> To the officers of the German Flying Corps and Services at the front—
> We hope you will find this wreath but we are sorry it is so late in coming. The weather has prevented us from sending it earlier. We mourn with his relatives and friends—we all recognise his bravery. Please give our kind regards to Captain Evans and Lieutenant Long of the Morane Squadron.
>
> (signed)—J. Seeman Greene, Lieutenant.

Nor did this feeling exist only while in the air. On the ground when those rare occasions came for us to meet our opponents it was most marked. These opportunities only occurred of course when a prisoner was taken. In nearly all cases, except when they were wounded, we entertained these prisoners in our messes, and great care was taken that they were treated as gentlemen and guests, and not as prisoners. True, of course, that this pleasure was allowed us in the hopes that we could get information of a technical nature from them, but that was not our attitude when they arrived in our midst. The first move was to introduce them to the various officers; the second to offer them enough cigarettes and drinks to quiet their nerves and lessen the heartache of being captured.

IN my own squadron, we have had on occasions officers for several days before passing them on. Although I have seen them so nervous on arrival that in one case an officer jumped to his feet and saluted the mess waiter who was offering him a cocktail, usually at the end of an hour they were comparatively at ease. When the time came to part, they were always sent away properly supplied with clothing and such small comforts as we could give them to help in the dull prospect ahead of a long rest in a prison camp.

In many cases, prisoners on both sides of the lines were allowed to write notes or letters to their relatives or friends in their squadron telling that they were safe and well, or wounded, as the case might be, and these messages were dropped by their captors at some spot over the opposing lines where they were certain to reach their destination. Sometimes as well, messages would be dropped asking for special clothing or equipment which the prisoner did not have with him.

This was often necessary, as pilots were extremely careless about their dress when flying, and I recall that in the summer of 1917, when it was very hot, we in 60

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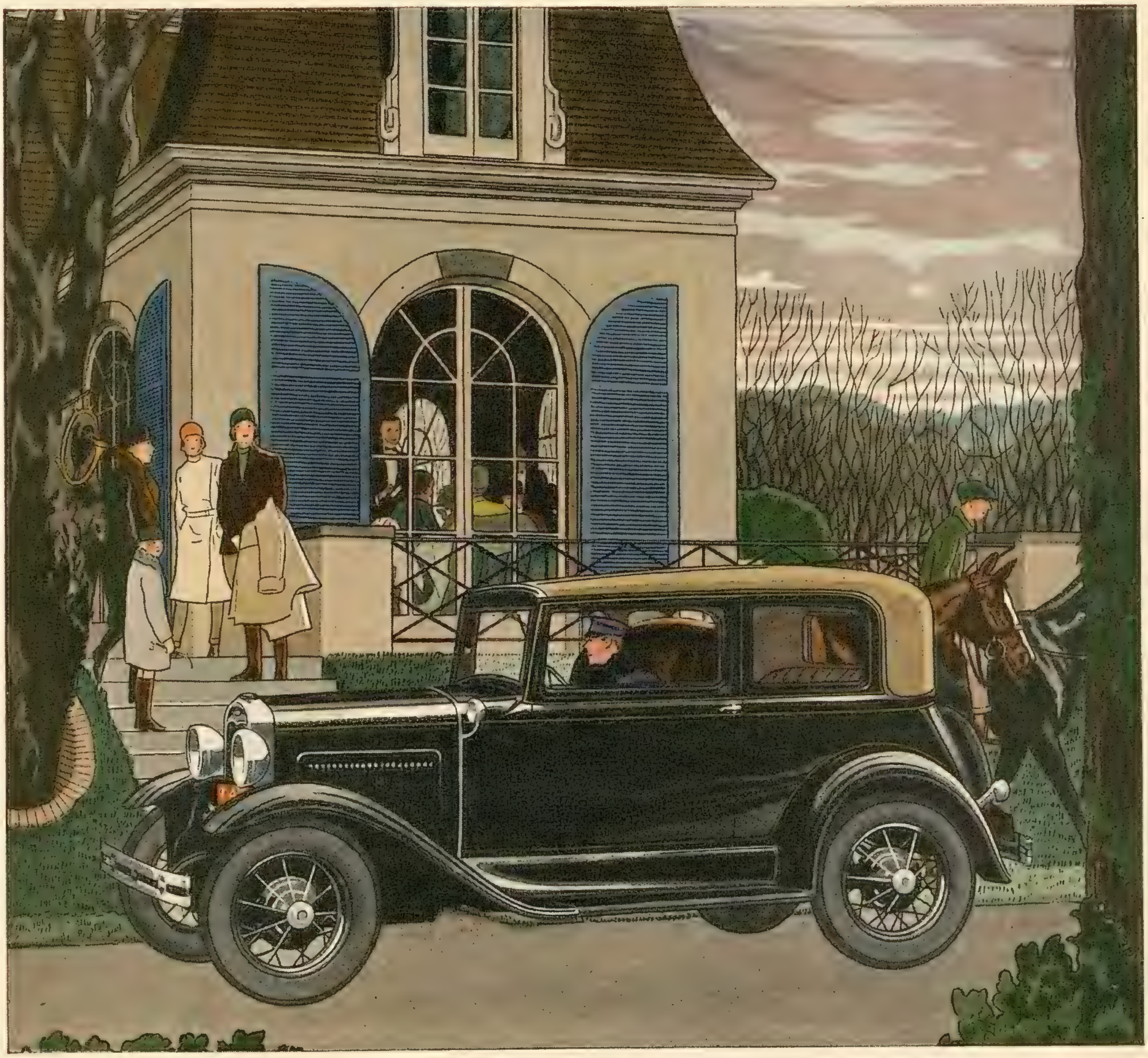
The New Ford Victoria



A NEW FORD BODY TYPE OF DISTINCTIVE BEAUTY

THE newest, latest addition to the wide variety of Ford body types is the distinguished four-passenger Victoria. It marks a new degree of beauty and of value in a low-price car.

The striking lines of the Ford Victoria are especially apparent in the graceful sweep of the straighter, lower top, the slanting windshield and the curving bustle back, with the spare wheel set at a conforming angle. There is a suggestion of continental design also in the shape and size of the side windows and the intimate interior arrangement. The comfortable, deeply cushioned seats are upholstered in luxurious mohair or fashionable Bedford cord, optional with the purchaser. Appointments and hardware reflect the mode and manner of a custom-built automobile.

With all its new beauty and outstanding mechanical performance, the Ford Victoria sells at a low price. You may purchase it on economical terms through the Authorized Ford Finance Plans of the Universal Credit Company.

Ford

Make Sure You Sleep Tonight

A Drugless Way to Get 8 Hours of Sound, Natural Sleep

HERE is a way you can be sure of getting a "good night's sleep" tonight. A way that is safe, sane and simple—that entirely avoids the use of drugs or sedatives.

It is a way that over 20,000 doctors advise. Because it gives you sound sleep! Natural sleep! Restful sleep that rebuilds and rejuvenates you in mind and body! When you wake up in the morning your entire system shows the results of the rest you've had.

Thousands of people all over the world have found Ovaltine will do this for them. Without forming the slightest habit, as with drugs. In 54 countries of the world Ovaltine is the recognized best "nightcap".

Developed some years ago by a Swiss scientist, Ovaltine is now produced under license in the United States according to the exact Swiss formula. It is a pure food-drink—you merely mix a few teaspoonfuls in warm milk and drink it just before you go to bed. Then go to sleep. And while you sleep, Ovaltine does several remarkable things for you.

Does Three Things

First, it induces sound, restful sleep by a *natural* process.

Second, it aids digestion, since it contains in high proportion a remarkable food property known as diastase, which is a natural food substance with the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. Ovaltine, because of its high proportion of diastase, will digest four to five times its own weight of other foods in your stomach, and thus lifts a great burden from your digestive organs.

Third, it rebuilds worn-out nerve cells. Because it contains in concentrated form a nerve restorative called "lecithin" which is taken from eggs. And this rebuilds nerve tissues as you sleep.

During the World War, Ovaltine was used by the Red Cross as a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers.

Try It Tonight

Just try Ovaltine tonight. Note how quickly you go to sleep. See how differently you feel tomorrow. A few weeks' use of Ovaltine will make an amazing difference. Your whole appearance will *show* the result of this restful sleep and new vitality.

Take Ovaltine not only for sleeplessness, but whenever you feel nervous or run-down. Thousands of people, on doctors' advice, take it as a stomach "conditioner".

Whenever you begin to "feel" your stomach, just take 4 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine in a half glass of milk with your meal. You will be surprised at the way it helps your stomach and rests your stomach. For Ovaltine, when taken with a meal, will digest the major portion of all the starch content of other foods you have eaten. In this way Ovaltine not only relieves distress but *actually helps* the cause of the trouble.

Also this is one of the reasons why Ovaltine helps to put you to sleep at night, for digestive unrest is one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

Start tonight! Just 'phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink just before you go to bed.

Whatever you think of the claims made for Ovaltine, just try it! It has brought restful sleep and teeming energy to thousands. You'll be surprised at what it does for you.

783

OVALTINE

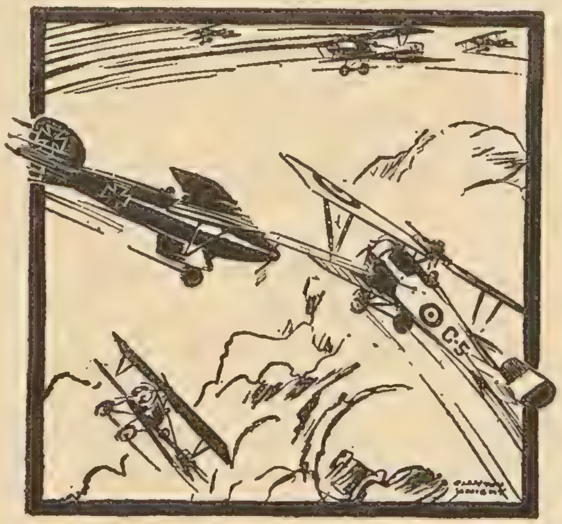
The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

Squadron used to do our dawn patrols in our pyjamas, with nothing over them but flying boots and flying coats. It is not hard, therefore, to picture the predicament in which a pilot found himself when captured by the enemy so inappropriately attired! It was a serious matter for him too, as it was necessary for him to be properly dressed, in order to prove his rank and receive the treatment due to it. I think that we on our side saw the humour of these situations much more than the Germans did, although they seemed equally willing to help out the unfortunate prisoner.

Here is a typical case in point. Early in 1918, Lieutenant Jerrard of 66 Squadron, operating in Italy over the Piave, was shot down in a tremendous fight near an Austrian aërodrome, during which he sacrificed himself to save some of the other members of his squadron. This was such a gallant show that he was awarded the Victoria Cross for it. When he landed on the ground, however, the Germans found him very improperly dressed for a long stay in a prison camp. For one thing, he was not wearing his Sam Browne belt, which to them was the main distinction between an officer and a private. It was therefore vital for him to get one, in order that he would go to an officers' and not to a privates' prison camp. With this in view, his captors flew back to a British aërodrome and dropped a note written in French explaining Lieutenant Jerrard's predicament, and also enclosing an uncensored note from him to his parents, which they asked the British Squadron to forward.



As soon as this note was received at his Squadron, two bundles of clothes were made up—including a Sam Browne belt, shoes, socks, cigarettes and everything that he might require. Aëroplanes then left carrying these bundles, and notes of condolence, which they dropped over the aërodrome where the fight had occurred. It is significant to point out that on the way from the British aërodrome to the German aërodrome these machines were under hot and intense fire from the Austrian anti-aircraft batteries and to note that from the moment they dropped the bundles and started their rush for home not a shot was fired at them, nor did any Austrian machine attempt to attack them. This instance, to my mind, is most conclusive proof that chivalry did exist between the Air Arms.

I have often heard it argued that no friendly spirit could possibly exist between the fighting air forces, when it is acknowledged that both sides have fired upon balloonists who were escaping from their balloons in parachutes. And my answer to this is, that the difference—although a very subtle one—was nevertheless quite distinct in our minds. The first time I heard of balloonists being shot at while descending in their parachutes was in the Spring of 1917 at the Battle of Vimy Ridge. On that day two Germans destroyed five of our balloons, and in several cases stayed to fire at the balloonists while they were parachuting to earth.

WE had at this time received strict instructions that when attacking balloons we were to concentrate upon destroying the personnel, as this was more important than the balloon itself—the reason being that trained balloonists were much harder to replace than the balloon, a substitute for which could be in operation in a few hours. I consider, therefore, that those cases, where observers were fired upon while parachuting to earth, were simply operations of war carried out, in almost all instances, under specific orders. As regards parachute descents from aëroplanes, these were extremely rare during the War. I have never heard of a man escaping from an aëroplane in a parachute who was fired upon by an enemy machine, and I cannot conceive any pilot doing it.

In fights, machines have frequently been forced to land although they have not actually been shot down. The victor in these circumstances would always if possible fire at these machines upon the ground, in the hopes of completely destroying them, but it was seldom, if ever, that he would fire on the pilot if he was running away from his machine. I have never heard of this being done, but I have often heard of episodes where the escaping aviator had been waved to by his victor and left unharmed.

This business of waving to each other was not confined to episodes like the above, and has actually occurred many times in the air. A most interesting example of it was experienced by Major Maclaren, D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., a Canadian ace who was accredited with forty-eight enemy machines destroyed.

One day, while flying over the German lines, he engaged an enemy two-seater, and after considerable manoeuvring got himself within close range of the enemy machine, and in such a position that he could not be fired upon by the enemy observer. Taking aim, he pressed his triggers, but to his annoyance his guns refused to work.

PULLING out of the fight for a few minutes, he thought he had readjusted them, and after some more manoeuvring placed himself in the same position as before. Again he pressed his triggers, but no shot came from his guns. Feeling his ammunition chutes, he discovered that both belts were broken. By this time he had lost his perfect position of being in his enemy's blind spot, but to his astonishment, he saw that the German was not firing at him. He flew closer, and almost alongside, and saw that the observer was standing with his machine gun pointing up into the air, away from him. Suddenly the observer waved to him, and moved his gun up and down, signalling that he had no more ammunition. Maclaren then flew in as close to him as he possibly could without colliding and waved back at him. The German pilot and the observer both returned the greeting, and they parted the best of friends.

Shortly before the Battle of Arras in 1917, there was operating in front of Monchy almost daily a German two-seater which always aroused our greatest admiration. On several occasions, when we got to close quarters, we noticed that the observer of this machine was so big that he could hardly fit into the cockpit. He was, however, very quick in moving about and a good shot, although his pilot was far from being a good pilot. We took such an interest in this huge fat German that he was affectionately nicknamed in our Squadron "The Flying Pig." After one fight in which he escaped by getting down too low to the ground for us to follow—but during which he had put up a very stout-hearted performance—we decided that so far as our Squadron was concerned, he had earned immunity, and we forbade any pilot to shoot to kill him. In other words, we began to look upon him as our own pet mascot. To our great horror, ten days later, however, a new young pilot, who had been informed of the story of the Flying Pig but who in his enthusiasm did not recognise him, attacked and shot him down. We held that night, in our Squadron Mess, a dinner in his honour, and drank his health in the same way as we would one of our own pilots.

There are instances and instances of things of this kind which were almost daily occurrences, and although they were frowned upon at Headquarters as not being in keeping with the general policy of conducting a war, in which bitterness and hatred seemed to be as necessary as machine guns and ammunition, this good feeling could not be quelled.

Two instances of people being really badly shot about and bearing no resentment come to my mind here. One is of Major Keith Caldwell, a New Zealander, and the other of myself. In both cases we had very narrow escapes but felt nothing but admiration for our opponents.

In Caldwell's case, I was standing on our aërodrome in

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CHIVALRY IN THE AIR
Continued from page twenty-one]

France in May, 1917, when I saw him return from the front line, and very gingerly indeed—for him—land his little Nieuport fighter. He taxied slowly up to the hangar and I strolled over to ask him his luck; before I reached him, however, he was out of his machine and striding away towards the officers' mess. I saw the Flight Sergeant follow him, asking for instructions about his machine and I heard a very surly reply from Caldwell—"Burn the bloody thing"—as he continued walking away muttering to himself.

More than curious, I went to look at the machine and found it riddled with bullets. To my astonishment too, the bullets had all come from behind and had evidently in different groups pierced the machine on both sides of the pilot's seat, barely missing him. My surprise was great because "Grid," as we called him, was a wonderful pilot and an extremely courageous fighter.

Still more curious, I was about to follow him to the mess when a telephone message came through from a front line observation post telling of a great duel between a German and a Nieuport which had started at 12,000 feet and been fought all the way down to the ground. The German had the best of it all the way, and all the skill of Caldwell, which was perfect, could not shake the enemy off his tail.

So to the mess I went to hear more particulars. On the way several pilots met me and said, "Don't speak to Grid, he is in a terrific temper." I went up to him, and after three or four questions to which he didn't pay any attention, I said, "That must have been a great pilot you were fighting. How did it happen and who was it?"

He looked up and grinned—"Hell's own fury in an Albatross Scout!" Here was no bitterness—just praise!

NEXT WEEK—

Is Another War Coming Soon?

By

E. Alexander Powell

famous traveler, soldier, and war correspondent

—— AND ——

As *human* a story of married life as maybe you ever read

Son-in-Law

By

Edwin Dial Torgerson

THE other incident occurred to me in a fight with Richthofen—

Richthofen was, as I say, at his best at this time, and one afternoon, flying with my Squadron Commander, Major Scott, and seeing four German fighting machines, I led him in to attack them, arriving at approximately the same height at which they were flying. The next few minutes were almost the most hectic of my life, and gave me the biggest surprise I ever got. Three of the Germans cleared off to one side and the leader (Richthofen) took the two of us on. We at that time had both shot down a number of Germans . . . I think my score was around twenty and Major Scott's about twelve, and we were beginning to feel that we knew more about the game than anybody else, and therein lies the humour of this fight. . . . Richthofen promptly gave us the rudest shock we could possibly have had. His three friends stood off to one side in case one of us tried to get away. He at the beginning of the fight got almost on my tail—which is the ideal place to be—and the only way I could avoid being shot down was to turn immediately across him, giving him the most difficult shot in air-fighting, as I was flying directly across at right angles to him at roughly 100 miles an hour. He fired seven bullets in one burst, all of which ripped through the back of my seat and through the folds of my flying coat. The most beautiful shooting I have ever seen. This didn't make me feel any too happy, and, worse still, a few seconds later he had me in a position where the only thing I could do was to give him the same shot again. I suppose he had seen his tracer bullets going a matter of a few inches too far back, and this time allowed for more deflection and another burst of his bullets came right through, cutting my instrument board and instruments to pieces. He had in the meantime also considerably damaged Major Scott, and had shot through part of his engine, with the result that it was operating at reduced power, making it very difficult for him to fly. On the other hand, Richthofen was not having it all his own way; after that second burst I made up my mind that he was not going to get another crack at me, and I managed a few seconds later to get almost directly behind him, and I opened up with my gun as hard as I could. I thought I had shot him down, as he immediately dived straight towards the ground, and unquestionably I must have shot his machine up very badly, as I was firing at him from less than 40 yards' range. However, our attention was taken by the three other Germans, who attacked immediately, and I do not know what the result would have been in the fight with them, because at that moment another flight of aëroplanes appeared a few thousand feet above, at which the Germans cleared off—and so did we!

We then recognised the flight above as being British and they escorted us home. The last stages of the fight took a few seconds only, and I looked down in the hopes of seeing Richthofen crash, only to see him about 4,000 feet below flatten out and fly towards his aërodrome. He had nearly finished my young life, but no thought other than admiration was in my mind as we flew home.

THE burial of von Richthofen behind the British lines in 1918 was a just and fitting tribute to the wonderful career of that great German soldier. He was buried with the fullest of military honours, and not an aviator in the whole of our flying forces but felt a real pang of sorrow that such a great career should be ended—although it goes without saying that the fact that he had been eliminated from the German forces was to us all a tremendous relief. However (although he probably would not have wished it himself), it would have been to us much more satisfactory if he could have been captured and his life spared.

I have met since the War many pilots of the German Flying Corps and these meetings have confirmed my feeling of admiration for them and their good sportsmanship.

A few years ago I was entertained in Berlin by a large number of these German war pilots . . . . men against whom my Squadron and I had frequently been engaged in mortal combat. Their reception of me is something which I shall never forget, and an experience which I shall always look back on with great pride and satisfaction.

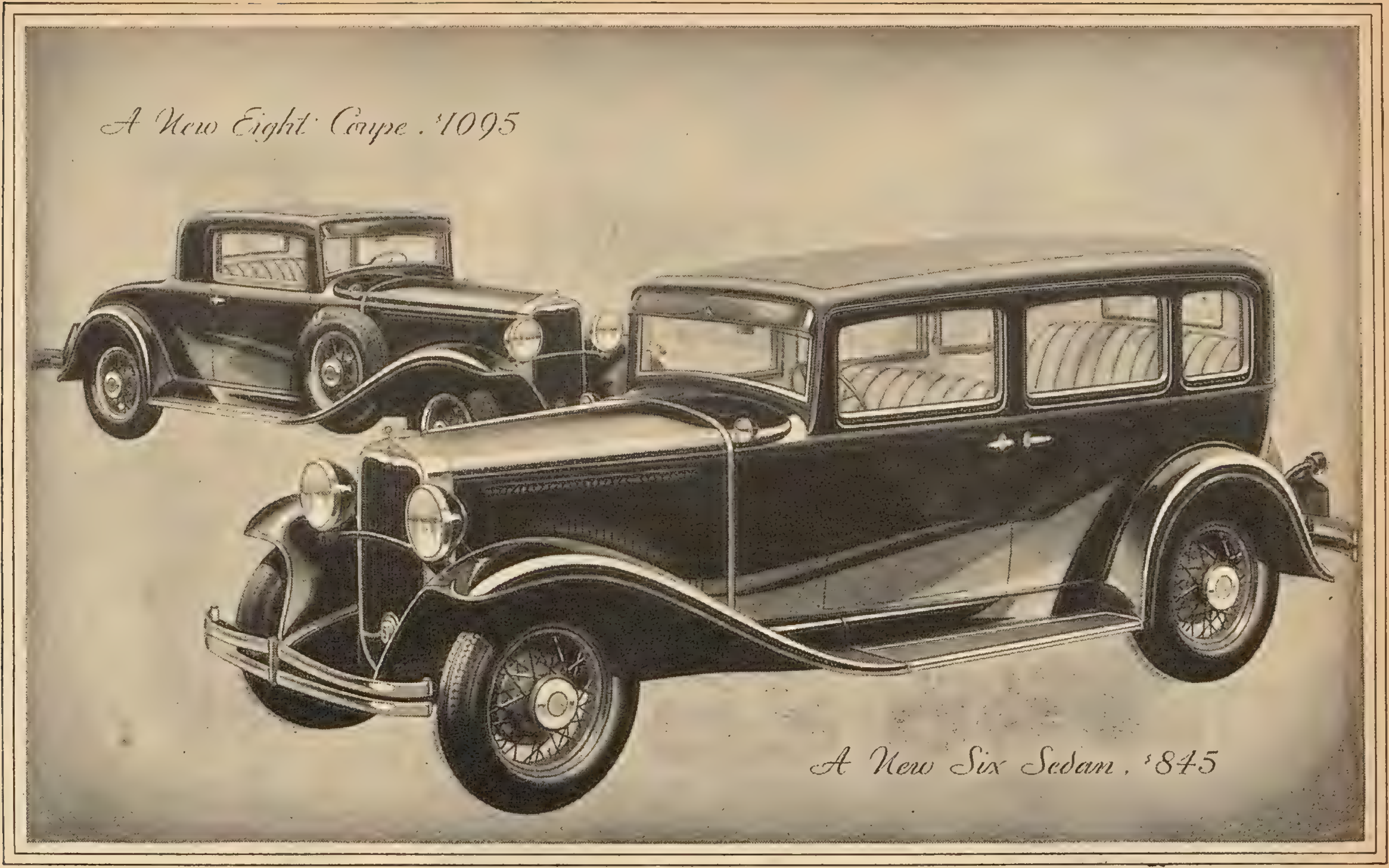
At this luncheon we discussed in the frankest terms all the serious and amusing sides of our experiences. I had been told so often that these flying men—brave and fine fellows—were usually lacking in a real sense of humour, but I found the reverse to be the case. For instance, the first thing we did was to have a group photograph taken underneath a portrait of the Kaiser!

All round the room in which we were lunching were paintings and drawings of fights in the air, and when the time came for me to reply to their toast, I referred to these pictures. I pointed out that, interesting as they were, to me they did not seem to be technically correct. Many good pictures there were which I had seen of fighting in the air, but never like these, which all showed Allied machines being shot down by German pilots, and I told them that in so far as I knew such a thing had never occurred. They appreciated my point but disagreed with me.

Amongst the points on which I was curious and questioned them was by what nickname they referred to us. I explained that we always called them "Huns," it being the most objectionable-sounding name we could think of. Their answer was quick and to the point. They told me they had no special nickname for us, but merely called us "Englishers," as they considered that bad enough!

This was the spirit in which we sat down together, and this was the spirit in which we fought our battles in the air.

THE END



New Beauty now graces
DODGE DEPENDABILITY

In introducing a new Six and a new Eight of distinguished beauty, Dodge Brothers have held fast to their basic principle that the most important thing about a motor car is that it be a *good* motor car. ∞ In giving the new Dodge Six and Eight greater speed and power, Dodge engineers have insisted upon factors of excellence which would insure that this speed and power should be lastingly dependable. ∞ In achieving advanced luxury, longer wheelbases and great riding comfort, Dodge has insisted that these things must be accompanied by even greater basic strength and quality. ∞ Much has been added to these cars in beauty, performance and overall dimensions. Nothing has been subtracted in quality. Yet these cars remain at traditional Dodge price-levels. ∞ The result is value so apparent as to require no strenuous claims nor glowing descriptions—value that the public will be quick to call genuinely great.

DODGE

New Dodge Six $815 to $845, New Dodge Eight $1095 to $1135; Standard Six $735 to $835, Standard Eight $995 to $1095. Prices f. o. b. factory

A Little

And—Alas!—a Dirty and Unkempt Mr. Gilbert

The debonair Ronald Colman and the decorative Loretta Young in The Devil to Pay.

(Reading time: 7 minutes 30 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ The Devil to Pay

CAST

Willie Leeland	Ronald Colman
Dorothy Hope	Loretta Young
Susan Leeland	Florence Britton
Lord Leeland	Frederick Kerr
Mr. Hope	David Torrence
Mrs. Hope	Mary Forbes
Grand Duke Paul	Paul Cavanagh
Arthur Leeland	Crawford Kent

Produced by Samuel Goldwyn.
Directed by George Fitzmaurice.

TO sustain a character like Willie Leeland and to give the utmost in entertainment such a character represents for a solid hour and a half is no mean feat. Ronald Colman gets away with it beautifully in The Devil to Pay. The picture is entirely his. He keeps up a running fire of talk throughout its length. His talk is mostly nonsense but it is good fun. It snaps and crackles, and there is not a dull moment or line.

Willie is the ne'er-do-well son of Lord Leeland and the despair of his life because he refuses to settle down. He is constantly getting into scrapes, but always managing to get charmingly out of them again.

When he meets Dorothy Hope he falls desperately in love, but for the first time in his gay and irresponsible life he is unable to have for the asking. There's a grand duke of a fiancé, and a rich, irate father in the way. However, it ends to your entire satisfaction. The play was written especially for the screen and Ronald Colman by Frederick Lonsdale.

★ ★ Only Saps Work

CAST

James Wilson	Leon Errol
Larry Payne	Richard Arlen
Barbara Tanner	Mary Brian
Oscar	Stuart Erwin
Horace Baldwin	Anderson Lawler
Simeon Tanner	Charlie Grapewin

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by Cyril Gardner and Edwin Knopf.

Again Paramount uses a couple of directors to put over a fast comedy. They've done a good job on this one. They've left it up to Leon Errol to put over most of the laughs and he delivers them like the veteran comedian he is. He is assisted in the second half of the picture by Stuart Erwin. Richard Arlen and Mary Brian carry the love interest. Errol and Erwin chant a comic song, but outside of that there's no music in the piece, although it is a musical-comedy plot.

Leon Errol and Richard Arlen in Only Saps Work.

At the right: Ian Keith and Betty Compson in The Boudoir Diplomat.

★ ★ Way for a Sailor

CAST

Jack	John Gilbert
Tripod	Wallace Beery
Joan	Leila Hyams
Ginger	Jim Tully
Polly	Polly Moran
Flossy	Doris Lloyd

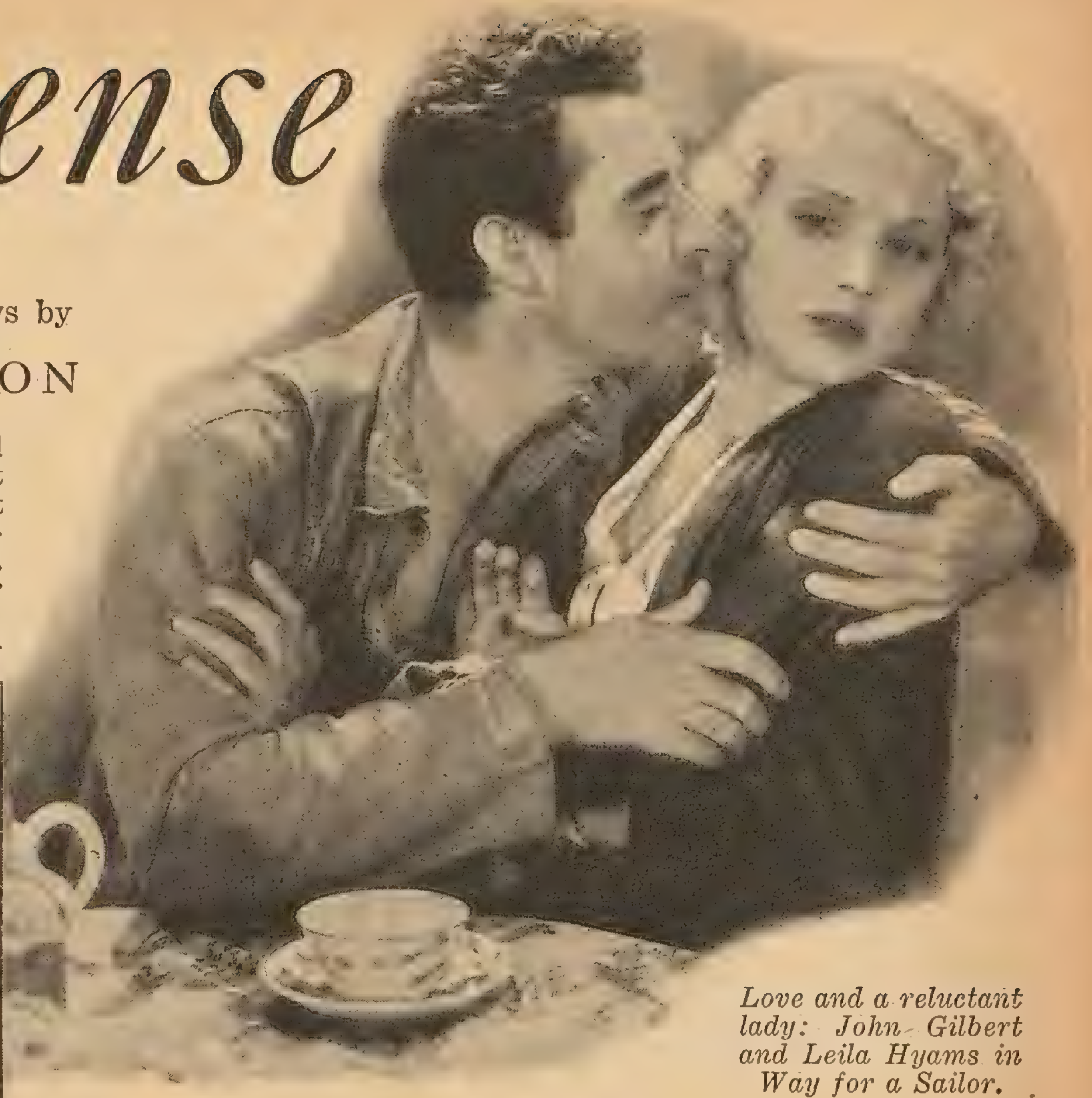
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by Sam Wood.

To all you fans who've been devoted to John Gilbert in the past, I'd

Nonsense

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON



Love and a reluctant lady: John Gilbert and Leila Hyams in Way for a Sailor.

like to say a cheerful and hopeful word about him. Although the part of Jack in Way for a Sailor is not particularly appropriate to the dashing and dapper demolisher of hearts, he makes the most of the character and gives a creditable performance.

But who, when they can see the personable Gilbert in a romantic rôle, cares to have him presented as a dirty and unkempt sailor of the merchant marine? But, aside from the unsuitability of the part, his acting is adequate and his voice is particularly attractive. To my ear it sounds as masculine as most men's voices.

A dramatic moment in Scarlet Pages, as interpreted by John Halliday and Elsie Ferguson.

What if it is of tenor pitch? Did anyone ever disparage Caruso's virility because of his voice? It is too bad that Gilbert has had to suffer because studio executives were evidently too preoccupied with listening to the slams and innuendoes broadcast about their star to trust their own eyes and ears.

Aside from the love story between Jack and a barge-office girl, which is taken somewhat seriously, Way for a Sailor is broad farce and contains a good many laughs, as many fist fights, and a thrilling sea wreck. Leila Hyams is also miscast here.

★ ★ SCARLET PAGES

CAST

Mary Bancroft	Elsie Ferguson
John Remington	John Halliday
Nora Mason	Marion Nixon
Bob Lawrence	Grant Withers
Sister Beatrice	Daisy Belmore
Judge	De Witt Jennings
Gregory Jackson	William Davidson
Mr. Mason	Wilbur Mack
Mrs. Mason	Charlotte Walker
Secretary	Helen Ferguson

Produced by First National.
Directed by Ray Enright.

We have had many pictures of this type, some of them fine dramatic plays and others indifferent productions. The same dramatic devices may be used over and over again and still produce the desired effect of arousing the emotions of the audience, depending on the ability of the director to produce a sense of reality and the actors' power of projecting character on the screen. Our credulity is taxed by the plot of this photoplay, but it has had the benefit of competent direction and fine acting.

Elsie Ferguson gives a finished performance of a modern Portia, who, unknown to herself, pleads in court for the life of her own child. Marion Nixon is given a chance to show her dramatic ability.

(No Stars) THE BOUDOIR DIPLOMAT

CAST

Helene	Betty Compson
Baron Valmi	Ian Keith
Mona	Mary Duncan
Greta	Jeannette Loff
Ambassador	Lawrence Grant
War Minister	Lionel Belmore
Potz	André Beranger

Produced by Universal.
Directed by Malcolm St. Clair.

The title of this picture is a result of one of those inexplicable decrees that comes only out of Hollywood. As a play this story was staged under the title The Command to Love. Will Hays refused to allow Universal to exploit the picture under that title. The Boudoir Diplomat was submitted to him and received his O. K.!

However, as far as this production is concerned, it might have been just as well if no title had been found for it. The direction lacks finesse, and the acting leaves much to be desired.

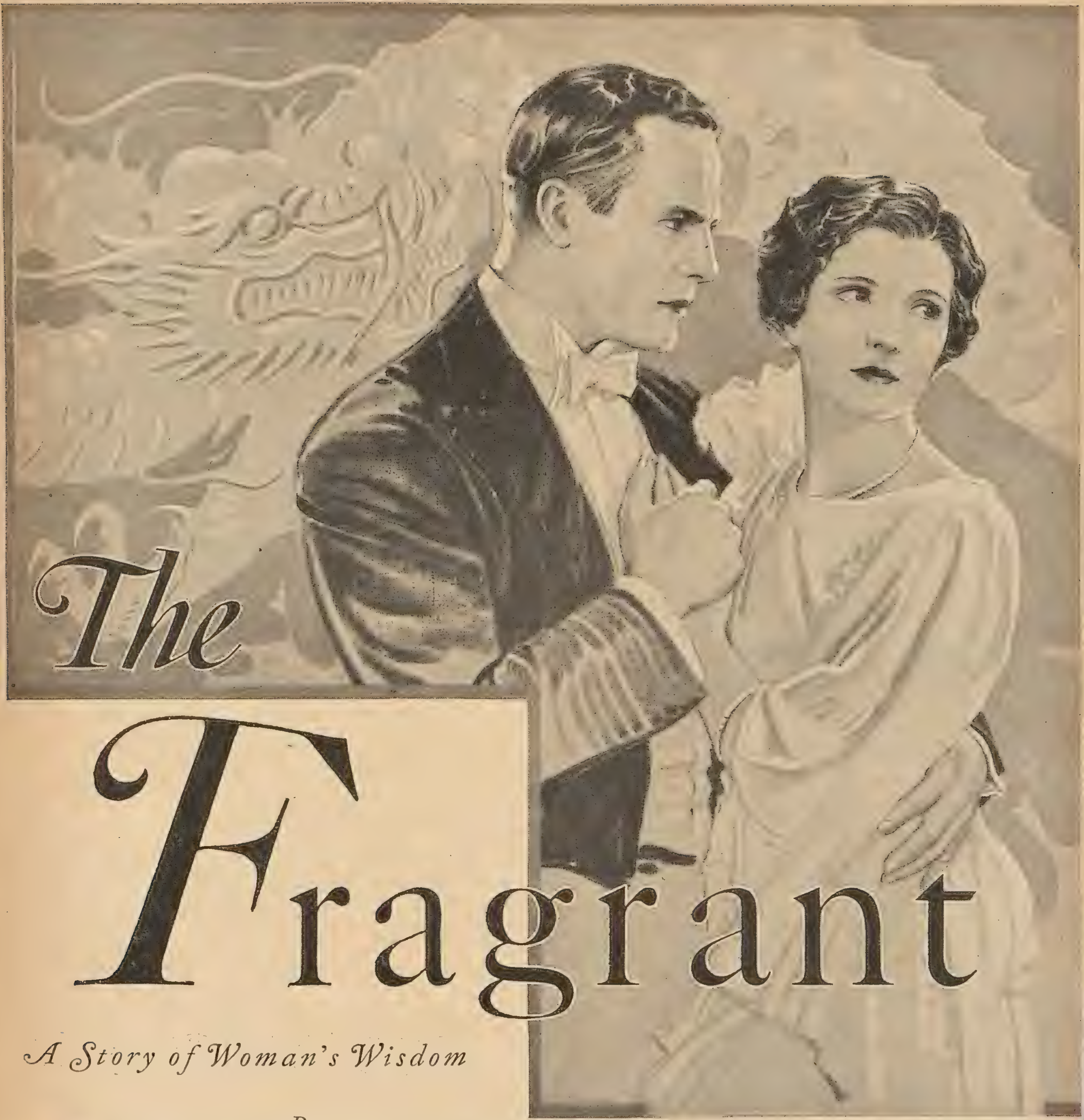
Do you know that—

Lily Damita is back in Hollywood working in the French version of Let Us Be Gay, in the part that Norma Shearer starred in last season?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—None.

★★★—The Blue Angel, One Heavenly Night, Viennese Nights, The Princess and the Plumber, Lightnin', Min and Bill, Morocco, Tol'able David, Laughter.



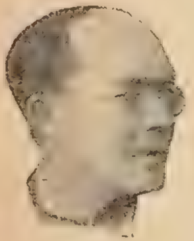
The Fragrant

A Story of Woman's Wisdom

She stopped dead in the doorway.

By

RODNEY GILBERT



a Harvard man from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, who has teaching, farming, blacksmithing, and newspapering back of his fiction writing. He spent seventeen years in China, traveling through it, following its army in war, and writing about it. He has published three books.

(Reading time: 23 minutes 5 seconds.)

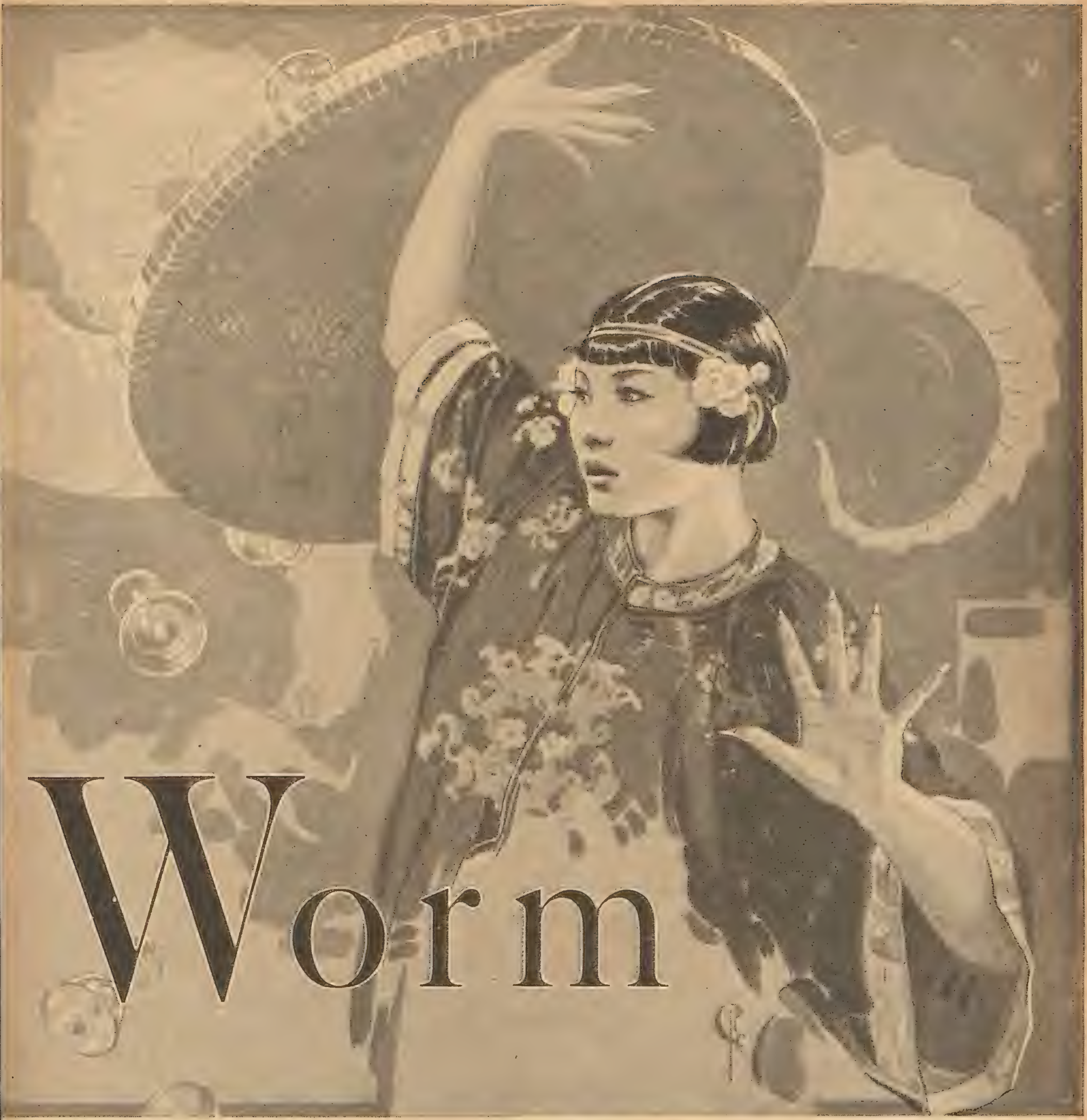
TELL you something about Chinese women? Well, I don't know an awful lot, and I'd hardly know where to start. Yes, they do look shy, and sweet, and docile, I'll admit; and they can be all of that. But you ought to hear the old ones rave and scream, and curse heaven and earth when they're riled—or the young ones, for that matter.

Fall in love? Why, certainly—in their own way, of course. As a matter of fact they're just like other women, as far as I've seen, only more so—if you get what I mean. I mean to say they show it more, if that's clear. It's hard to explain. Maybe it's because they're plainer-spoken about some things—so plain-spoken sometimes it makes you jump.

I never knew but one at all well, and perhaps she wasn't a fair sample; for she was an unusual girl, certainly. That was the Fragrant Worm that I've often talked about. No? I thought everybody had heard that story. Well, then, I must tell you about the Fragrant Worm.

It was up in Shansi that I ran across her, at a little sty of an inn, with a food stall and tables outside, on a mountain road. It was the year of the last bad flood in

Worm



She stared at us a second and then tossed the tray on to the neatly set table and bolted.

Pictures by Charles R. Chickering

the Fen Valley. That was nine or ten years ago. Ten it was, for it was the spring before I was married. Anyway, the roads were jammed with flood refugees moving northwards toward Taiyuan, like the beggars in the old rhyme—"some in rags, and some in tags, and some in velvet gowns."

A district magistrate had started a cotton mill up there and he had an idea that he wanted to buy oil from us in bulk. I had been up to help the agent with the contract when the flood removed both mill and magistrate. I was returning to the railhead at Taiyuan in a chair cart when we stopped at this inn to feed the mules; and I sat out at a roadside table to drink tea, one of a dozen or so doing the same.

While I sat there a refugee family came along, with the household goods and the lady of the presumably missing house balancing each other on opposite sides of a high-wheeled barrow. Paterfamilias was pushing it, and behind him shuffled a rather pretty young girl with big liquid eyes who looked very tired or very sore with destiny.

The barrow was set down for a rest almost in front of me, and the man, a tall, gaunt fellow with an aquiline, red-Indian profile and hollow eyes, began to negotiate a small food purchase. Then he noticed me and dropped his haggling over fractions of a cent to dive into the grimy bundle on his barrow and bring forth a very nice little dark red jar of the sort that we call ginger jars.

"There, foreign excellency," said he, "is something that you will want. Look at the stamp on the bottom.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE FRAGRANT WORM
Continued from page twenty-seven

It's Ming. I know it's real, because it has been in our house for three hundred years. It's all I saved that's worth anything when the water calamity came. What will you give for it?"

"I'm not buying," said I. "In the first place, I don't understand the values of antiques, so I never buy them. Then if it is, as you say, a family treasure, I don't think you ought to sell it."

The fellow stared at me as though he pitied my stupidity.

"You speak our language, excellency," said he, "but you don't know our country, for you don't understand the position I'm in. How am I to walk the roads without food? And who will give me food unless I have money? Perhaps it's otherwise in your esteemed country, but this is China. At a price I must sell anything that men will buy—my right hand, or an eye, if there's a price for it."

"The old woman?" asked a hard-faced muleteer in jest, pointing to the bedraggled and woebegone creature on the barrow, for which he was rewarded by the butt of the joke with a stream of shrill abuse, and all roared with glee. The husband's lip curled, and with a short laugh he said, "I hear no offer, so I'll quote no price."

"What about the skinny wench, then?" asked a fat-faced Tientsin man in the greasy silks of a petty merchant. "Is she for sale?"

The surly look disappeared and the girl's eyes widened as she stared in unblinking appraisal at the brutal fat face of the merchant.

"To know that she would not starve but would be well cared for—certainly," said the father with something like cold dignity. "What will you give?"

"Ten dollars," snapped the greasy one.

"It's too little," said the father wearily. "I can't bargain on such a bid."

"It's enough in this remote country," said the greasy one. "There's a fare to Tientsin on the railway. There are clothes to put on her before anyone would look at her; and such bits of merchandise must be fed and fattened to bring money in Tientsin. At ten dollars there's no certain profit in it. It's a gamble."

The father, to my astonishment, seemed to waver.

"Make it twenty dollars and call it a deal," said he with something approaching a whine.

"But this you can't do!" I cried indignantly. "Even in China there are now laws against a man selling his child to such a—into such a fate. Do you feel no shame?"

All eyes now turned upon me, including the big liquid ones in the girl's peaked face. The father assumed his dignity again.

"The destitute," said he, "cannot afford shame. But if your heart is so tender, foreign excellency, why don't you take the child? You are rich. Give her to your wife as a servant. She has a little temper, but a whipping now and then will improve her."

"I'll give fifteen dollars, and that's the last word!" shouted the greasy one.

"Twenty," said I on an angry impulse.

"Twenty-five," snapped the merchant, scowling at me.

THE father's hungry eyes moved swiftly from one to the other of us. He searched my face appealingly.

"Thirty," said I.

"Befuddled fool!" exclaimed the greasy one, as he rose red-faced to waddle away; but he turned suddenly and addressed the crowd.

"Isn't this a disgrace to our China?" he demanded. "What honor have we left when a yellow-headed savage can buy our Chinese flesh and blood?"

I was after him with a bound, seeing red, but two or three men got in my way while he bolted, telling me not to demean myself by being angry with such scum.

"Now, old Liu," said I, when I had settled down again and had learned his name, "I'm going to give you the thirty dollars because I offered it; but your valuable Chinese flesh and blood I don't want. I have no wife, I cannot take care of a child, so—"

"She's no infant," the parent interrupted. "She's sixteen and she'd serve you faithfully. Why not a Chinese wife while you're in China? When you return to your country you can leave her a little money or give her to a friend."

The girl's liquid eyes were fixed upon my face.

"Now see here!" I shouted irritably, feeling that I was somehow being enmeshed. "I tell you that I don't want her, sixteen or sixty. She looks about eleven to me. I'm going to give you thirty dollars to write me a pledge that you will keep the girl until you've settled somewhere and can find her a husband. I'm a fool. It's throwing thirty dollars away, but, anyway, that pig-faced dealer in women doesn't get her. Draft me a document saying the girl is mine but that she is to remain with you until she marries. Here's ten dollars as bargain money. The rest I'll pay you if you bring the paper to the Fu Tai Inn at Taiyuan tonight or tomorrow morning."

And with that I got up and stalked away, angry with myself for squandering the money when I'd probably never see the man again, and thoroughly disgusted with his cold-blooded attitude toward the sale of his child. I got in a still worse humor when I had rumbled away in my cart, for it then dawned on me that the Tientsin merchant would probably reappear and buy the girl while the assembled loafers had a good laugh at the mad foreigner.

IN this I wronged the father, however, for he was at the Fu Tai Inn the following morning long before I was up, and with him, somehow looking a little neater and certainly not so sullen, was the big-eyed "bit of merchandise." He left her in the corridor when I took him into my room, which was a relief, for the unblinking stare was getting on my nerves.

From his bosom he produced a great sheet of writing on flimsy paper, but this he retained while he launched into a protest against having to keep the girl. Had it not dawned on me, he wanted to know, that after she became my property he was entitled to payment for her keep over what might be a long period? The Liu family was an ancient and respected one. His daughter could not be given in marriage to just anyone. So it might be years before he found her a suitable husband, because men of standing do not marry paupers.

In the end I held the document and he departed with fervent expressions of gratitude and esteem; and also with fifty dollars in good silver.

For an hour perhaps, after he had gone, I sat in my room, checking over a stack of invoices that our Taiyuan agent had brought me the night before. I then donned my hat to go to the agency for a conference; but when I threw open the door and stepped briskly out, with what should I collide in the corridor but the aforesaid small bit of merchandise, meeting my astonished eyes with the aforesaid unblinking stare.

My exclamations were in English, but I got around in time to Chinese. "What are you doing here? What do you want?" I shouted.

"My father sent me back here," she replied in a small, meek voice. "He ordered me to stay and serve the foreign excellency. You have paid him money; he has given me to you; I am yours."

"But where is this father of yours?" I demanded.

"Gone," said she, in the same small voice. "Where, I don't know."

I did some more exclaiming in English before I ordered her into the room and closed the door on a gathering throng of inn underlings. "But he promised to keep you until you were married," I then expostulated.

"He thought I'd be better off in the foreign excellency's hands. Besides, it's not in the document," she hastened to say in a more assured voice. And she was right. I had not tried to read the thing; but now, while she stood at ease by the table, I sat down and plowed painfully through it.

The whole long rigmarole did no more than acknowledge payment for one female person surnamed Liu, with the "small name" of Hsiang Ch'ung—meaning Fragrant Worm, or Sweet Bug, or Scented Insect, as you like—for whose future I was responsible.

"Hsiang Ch'ung," I repeated, as I tossed the paper aside. "But that's only a baby name, a pet name. What is your real name?"

"I've been given no other," said she, and then added coyly, dropping her eyes for the first time in my experience: "If I had a proper name, I couldn't tell you. According to our customs, it is wrong for a bride to tell her man her girlhood name. The master will perhaps give me a foreign name. I shall like that. I like foreign things." I pulled myself together then for a patient explanation.

"Now you listen, Fragrant Bug," I began. "You heard me yesterday when I said that I could not take care of a girl. What do you suppose I am going to do with a half-grown girl in Peking, where I live alone with five servants, all men? And right now, what could I do with you here? Where can I put you to sleep?"

The large eyes left my face to wander over my shoulder to the broad bed on which my blankets were still spread, where they rested with approval.

"That's not a small bed," said she wistfully. "In your country isn't it the custom for man and wife to sleep together?"

"I'll tell you now, and I don't want to have to tell you again," I cried, "that I have not bought you as a wife. We foreigners do not marry children. I'm nearly old enough to be your father and you're not as big as one of our girls at eleven or twelve. If I wanted to marry I'd marry a grown woman. Talk no more nonsense."

HER head dropped at this and she turned half away, but I saw that her eyes were filling with tears. I made some angry exclamation and the child dropped on her knees, raised her wet face, and whimpered: "Please, foreign excellency, don't reject me because I'm small and thin. Don't turn me out. Let me be your servant until I grow bigger. Let me have just a little food and I'll grow quickly and get fat."

"Gosh!" said I, as I grabbed a hand towel to wipe away the tears, and a layer of grime with them, and that ended it.

Our Chinese agent in Taiyuan had no advice to offer that wasn't in line with the Fragrant Worm's own ideas, so I got her to Peking and into my amazed household somehow, without being charged with abduction, or slave-dealing, or any of the other crimes of which I felt guilty.

The initial assumptions of my house "boy" and the other servants were as irritating as the Sweet Insect's own aspirations and the Taiyuan agent's advice; but by dint of much violent language I had my view of the situation accepted, and the girl was installed in a small vacant room across a court from my quarters and far removed from the servants. Clothes were purchased, bathing was enjoined, vermin were expelled, hair oil was tabooed, and the girl was inducted into the elementary mysteries of a foreign household.

As soon as my accumulated work permitted, I began to look about for a school—the easy solution that I had had in the back of my mind all along. I encountered snags at once. Sweet Worm knew about three characters of her written language. Her place was in the infant class, but she was sixteen and all but mature, so no school had a place for her. Besides, it was late spring, the end of a term, and all schools were closing. Nothing could be done until fall, so the only thing to do was to keep the youngster busy and tackle the problem again in the autumn.

I broke the news to her that she was to be useful, and she received it with glee. The "boy" was her mentor. He was a kindly, patient grandfather of fifty-odd and he humored her by allotting her tasks that had to do with me—my room, my clothes, and my meals—so she was an apt pupil.

Fragrant Worm swept and dusted my room, pressed my clothes, and waited at the table; and she did it all with an intelligence and an eager interest in my wants. In two months she was major-domo and the boy's nose was out of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A man *knows* when he's found his RIGHT SMOKE

MEN who have not found their right smoke are discontented, uncertain—but when a man *does* find his right smoke he *knows* it!

If you're not a pipe smoker, maybe you should be. Get a good pipe and some good tobacco, and taste the real satisfaction of pipe smoking.

If you are a pipe smoker, maybe the tobacco you're using fails to give you full-bodied, all-round satisfaction.

Many men have found that a pipeful of Edgeworth is the right smoke for them. Edgeworth is a blend of fine old burleys, and its eleventh process gives a flavor and a coolness that have pleased thousands of smokers. Maybe Edgeworth is *your* right smoke.

You can buy Edgeworth wherever good tobacco is sold. Or just send coupon for a generous packet of Edgeworth—free.

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Tune in on WRVA, the Edgeworth Radio Station.

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Edgeworth is a blend of fine old burleys, with its natural savor enhanced by Edgeworth's distinctive eleventh process. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready-Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes—15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin.

LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va.
I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a *good* pipe.

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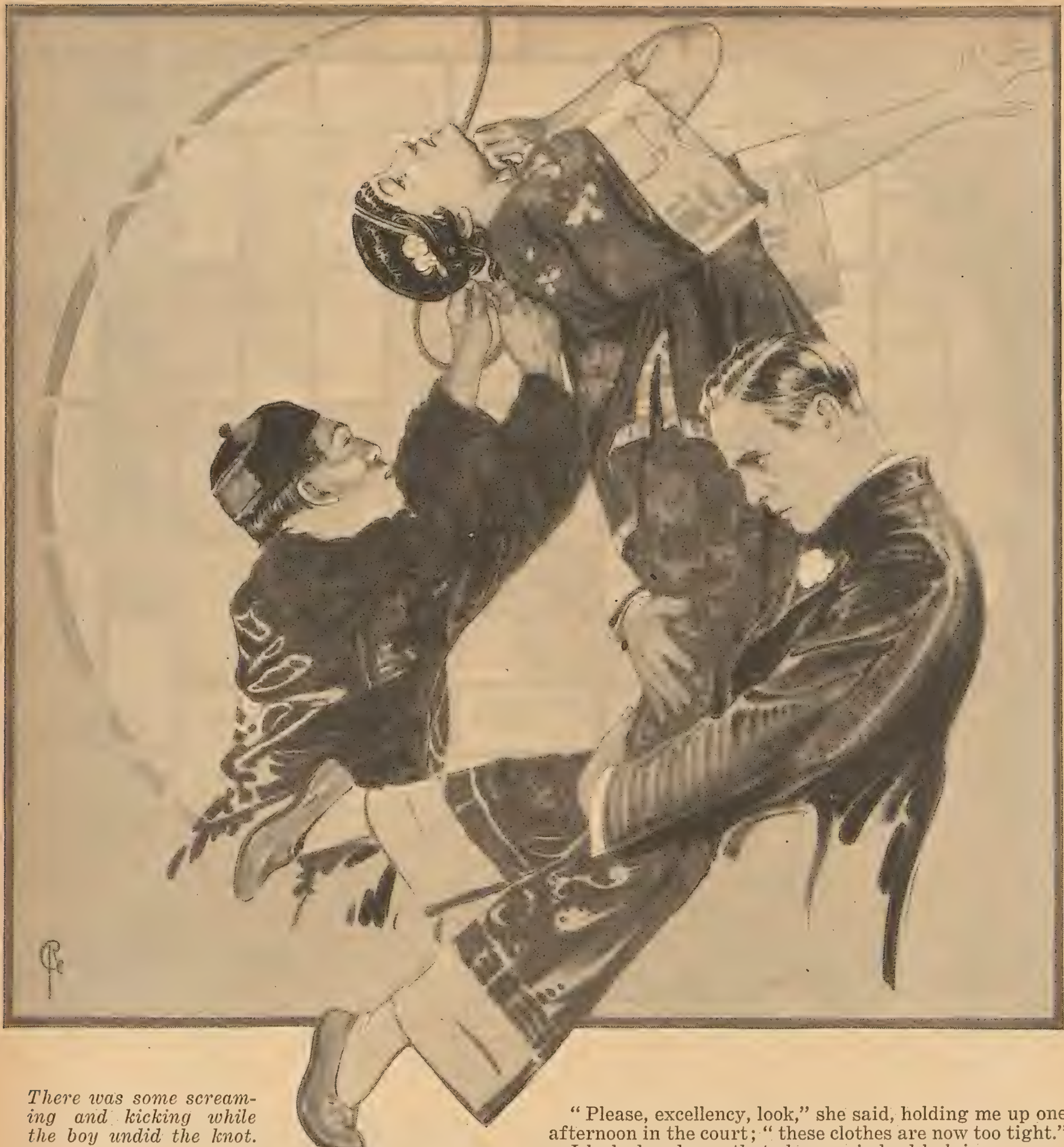


There was some screaming and kicking while the boy undid the knot.

THE FRAGRANT WORM
Continued from page twenty-nine

joint. She elected herself warden of my petty cash and began to thwart the staff in a score of age-old perquisites.

The food bill fell to an absurdly low figure, the laundry bill was halved, a superfluous coolie disappeared, and an unheard-of credit item came into her accounts—an appreciable return upon the sale of bottles, empty cans, old clothes, and the like.

With this perfect service and devotion went a manner toward me that was coy, shy, and sweetly docile. I was much too simple-minded to see omens of trouble in any of these developments. I was just fatuously pleased. I did not even notice that, in keeping with her promise, the young woman was filling out and blooming on unlimited good food. Once or twice she got out to explore the town and made an intensive study of the foreign women she saw.

" Please, excellency, look," she said, holding me up one afternoon in the court; " these clothes are now too tight."

I looked and saw that she was indeed bulging.

" True," said I. " You'd better get some new ones. How much do you want? "

She named a very modest sum, and a day or so later when I came home for lunch I fairly tottered at the vision that presented itself in the dining-room doorway.

" Why, Sweet Worm," I exclaimed, " you've made yourself positively beautiful! "

SHE reddened and the large eyes filled and glittered with pleasure. She had had her hair bobbed and fluffed up somehow, and the new clothes were on the lines of the Chinese schoolgirl costume—a white linen jacket, a pale blue wash skirt, and white cotton stockings.

I patted her shoulder as I passed her, which was a mistake, I suppose, for she looked up at me with the pleading look in her eyes that I've often seen in a dog's, and she whispered huskily, " Excellency, I've grown more than half an inch."

I had sense enough to take alarm at this and I became very gruff and distant for a time.

These things I did not keep to myself, of course. I could not have done it if I had wanted to, for I often had guests in for meals and there was no hiding the Fragrant Worm. Indeed, I made a point of telling everyone about her from the start, and one of the persons who got the fullest reports of the Bug's quaint doings and sayings was Molly.

We weren't actually engaged then, but we were working up to it pretty fast, so I wanted no misunderstanding about the Wormlet. Molly always laughed heartily at my stories of the way the Fragrant Bug looked out for my cash; and she often said, "The poor child!" when I told her how she was trying to improve her clothes and appearance, and how she went about town studying foreign women.

She never showed any irritation but once, and that was when I suggested that her father—he's professor of physics in the university, you know—might help me get the girl into a school in the fall.

"Bosh!" she cried explosively. "Piffle! School? Really, William Jones, you're not the ingenuous boy that I sometimes think you are. You're a plain, downright simpleton. Children go to school to prepare for life. Are you too blind to see that that young lady's whole trouble is that she's overprepared? School! Honestly—but what's the use?"

It was shortly after that that I gave the party. Bachelors eat around a lot in Peking, and they have to give a few dinners every year to make it look as though they were trying to square things. I planned to give a dinner at home and then take the mob to one of the hotels to dance. I think there were eighteen invited. Molly's father and mother were to get there in their roadster, but I was to go for Molly—early, so that we could be back before the others got to the house and she could have a look at the table and put her O. K. on it.

IT was on the way up that night that the question of marriage arose, and we stopped for what seemed a few minutes in a dark place under the Italian Legation wall to reach an agreement and clinch it, as you might say.

When we got to the house all the others had, of course, arrived and the boy and the Fragrant Worm were doling out cocktails. Molly slipped into the dining room to have a look at the table.

Then I found an excuse for slipping after her. I caught her just around the corner, and I was tightening my hold and silencing protests in the only effectual way when who should barge in, coming from the living room with a tray full of empty glasses, but the Sweet Bug.

She stopped dead in the open doorway, in full view of the whole company, from whom Molly and I were concealed, stared at us a second, and then tossed the tray, glasses and all, on to the neatly set table and bolted through into the kitchen with a wail that made my back hair rise. Almost instantly the boy appeared with a frightened look on his face.

"Where did she go?" I demanded.

"Across the court to her room," he said.

Molly gave me a vigorous shove.

"Quick!" she cried tensely.

"Where?" I asked stupidly.

"After her, of course!" she snapped. "You know the Chinese."

I got the idea and charged past the boy, through the kitchen into the court; but he and Molly were close on my heels. The girl's door was bolted on the inside and she had pushed a table against it, but Chinese doors are flimsy and I fairly pulled it to pieces.

We were just in time. She had looped a rope over one of the low beams and tied the end around her neck. As I rushed forward she kicked the chair away, but I caught her before the rope was taut. There was some screaming and kicking while the boy undid the knot.

"Now get out and leave me with her," ordered Molly, with a determined tilt to her jaw. "Tell them that she was taken suddenly ill."

I went back to find the guests standing about, looking perplexed and uncomfortable; but I got them settled again, and in a very few minutes Molly, to my surprise,

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

How French Women Make Up Their Lips to Last All Day

—And Avoid Making Up Every Hour As American Women Do

You use it on your cheeks, too—just a touch with the finger-tips—and thus have the color of your cheeks blend perfectly with the color of your lips.

A French Discovery that Takes the Bother Out of Make-up. No Caking, No Drying, No Unsightly "Lipstick Line"

A WAY has been found that not only gives a perfect lip make-up quicker and easier than any way known before, but that *HOLDS* perfectly *all day long.* Instead of making up every hour, you make up only once or twice a day!

It's a French idea, of course. And in both France and America it is rapidly changing present ways of make-up.

The creation of Louis Philippe, temperamental colourist, whom all of Paris follows in the art of make-up, it banishes all smearing, all caking and drying and *ends completely* the unsightly "lipstick line" most women complain of a few minutes after making up.

WHAT IT IS

It is called *Angelus Rouge Incarnat* and comes as probably the nearest thing to a *permanent* make-up yet discovered. It is different from any American rouge you have ever seen, though its form is the same.

You can use it, too, on BOTH LIPS AND CHEEKS. And thus gain a color harmony that's amazing in contrast to using separate lipstick and rouge—both, invariably, of different color. (Note picture above.)

Louis Philippe, temperamental French colourist, who has made make-up an art—and about whom all Paris is talking. Shown here with one of his famous clients, Betty Compton, of movie fame.

Thus you gain the PERFECT Parisian make-up of today. *And—it lasts for hours.*

No more annoyance of constant making up. No uneven make-up. No caking, no smearing—and so exquisitely smooth that you cannot even feel it.

COMES IN TWO FORMS

All department and drug stores have it now under the name of *Angelus Rouge Incarnat* in two forms: Ordinary lipstick form, and in the charming "Little Red Box." Most women prefer the box form. 9 different colors. Same price as American rouges.

Angelus
Rouge Incarnat
Louis Philippe, Inc.

THE FRAGRANT WORM
Continued from page thirty-one

reappeared, looking wise and serene, and we went in to dinner. To my still greater surprise, the Sweet Bug herself turned up with the soup, a little pale and red-eyed. The women murmured their sympathy and those who could speak some Chinese asked her how she felt. She replied that it was nothing. “Just a sudden sharp pain in the nether belly,” she explained glibly.

“How did you do it, darling?” I asked Molly a couple of hours later when I was driving her to the hotel for the dance. “And such quick work, too.”

“I'm surprised that you don't first want to know what was wrong with her,” she declared with what was meant to be a cynical laugh. “I'm glad you don't pretend to be that dumb, anyway. But you still can't guess how I got her quiet? Why, I promised her something.”

“What?” I asked in alarm.

“Another man,” she replied coolly.

“Who?” I demanded.

“That isn't settled yet,” she replied; “but there's no great hurry. She naturally wants to go to a foreigner; failing that, a general, or a banker, or a successful bandit. She says—and quite rightly, too—that you owe her nothing less, since you don't want her yourself and since you took it upon yourself to transport her from one mode of life into another. You owe her—”

“I owe her?” I exclaimed. “I like that! Is that the way all women reason? What would have become of her if I hadn't picked her up and brought her here? She'd have had a hideous life.”

“Of course she would,” said Molly in a tone that meant that she was condescending to reason with the child mind; “but that would have been simply her destiny, you see, not your fault. You meddled with her fate, so now you're responsible for the fulfillment of it at the new pace you've set for her. That's her argument, and I must say that I think she's right.”

“But what am I supposed to do now?” I asked meekly.

“Forget it,” she replied. “Whatever's to be done I've now promised to do. You and I made a bargain earlier this evening that automatically covers this, so your Fragrant Worm now becomes the white woman's burden.”

AND forget it I did. It was three o'clock when I rolled home. Sometime in the early morning I heard voices and a little bustle in the courtyard, but I rolled over and slept again. It was after nine when I got around to breakfast, and I was about to ask the boy, who served the meal for the first time in many weeks, what the Fragrant Worm was doing, when the telephone rang. It was Molly. We made plans for the afternoon, and then she said:

“I rang up earlier than I should have, after such a late night, because I was afraid you'd miss Hsiang Ch'ung and be worried. I wanted you to know that she's here with me, bag and baggage. She's going to stay here for a while, too. My plans for her? Never mind about that. You bungled your responsibility and it's mine now.”

We were married late in October, and the worst of the commotion was over when Molly got me away from the crowd to have a look at the wedding presents, which everyone had seen but me. By all odds the showiest thing of the lot was a huge old French clock of the kind that mandarins used to buy from the early Canton traders to present at court, with pounds of gold and jewels all over it. Propped against it was the card of General Shang Tu-lang, the bandit adventurer who had then lately made himself satrap of the Suiyuan district and the Mongol frontier.

“Why, Molly, how does this highbinder happen to be favoring us?” I asked. “This looks like palace loot and it's worth a small fortune.”

“Oh, he's an old friend of the family,” she said lightly. “Fifteen years ago papa happened to encounter him when his head was badly wanted and hid him away. He functioned as our house coolie for ten months when I was a little girl and then got back to his gang somehow. He's always trying to do us favors. He did me one not so long ago, though he thinks I did him one. Then, his wife happens to be a friend of mine.”

“Which one?” I asked. “Number one or number ten?”

“TO be exact, she's number four and the latest,” Molly replied with a mysterious half smile, “and the one who rules the whole roost, I'm told. You'll see her by and by and understand why.” And so I did.

At the fag-end of the reception I saw a big car roll up outside, with six uniformed ruffians on the running board, loaded down with cartridge belts and Mauser pistols, and out of that bus got a stalwart Chinese potentate in gorgeous satins, and a little woman. She wore a sable coat and diamond pendants dangled from her ears. I heard someone say that they were General Shang and his wife, but I was called away just then and didn't see their entrance. Their arrival had passed completely out of my mind, in fact, and I was rummaging for a cigarette for a smokeless guest, when a light hand fell on my arm and a familiar small voice said in Chinese, “Excellency, I have a word to say to you.”

I swung around and found myself facing the burly general, standing at attention and displaying fine teeth in a genial smile. Between us was the little person of the big diamond pendants. I believe I staggered and that she clutched my arm to steady me, for I found myself looking into the still liquid but now very merry and self-assured eyes of the Fragrant Worm. I mumbled some kind of feeble response to the very correct felicitations that the amiable big brute was voicing, and was then eaten up with impatience to separate her from him for a moment and put some questions. I thought of the wedding presents and piloted them thither. Then, while he was engrossed in passing what I suppose was a bandit's expert judgment on the loot, I got her a little aside.

“Are you happy? Do you love him, Sweet Bug?” I asked in a whisper. She laughed shortly at a question which no Chinese would have asked, and then pretended indignation.

“What sort of talk is this?” she demanded. “Where are your manners? Of course I love him! Didn't I tell you he was my man, and isn't it the ancient rule in China for a woman to love her man? But honestly,” she went on in a softer whisper, “my fate is ruled by good stars, not to mention good friends. He's really a splendid fellow. He's just like you foreigners, excellency, only better. He can laugh at everything as you do, even himself.

“He's not afraid. He's fierce. When he wants something he goes after it in a straight line, just like your people.

“But with women, excellency, he's different. He's not so soft and stupid.”

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—What President became a senator after his presidency?

2—What is a chamois?

3—What is a nocturne?

4—What is a harbinger?

5—What is a quotient?

6—Approximately how many miles are there in a degree of latitude?

7—What rocky eminence stands at the western gate of the Mediterranean Sea?

8—Who wrote The Charge of the Light Brigade?

9—What is an imbroglio?

10—What is an incubus?

11—What President was the first occupant of the White House?

12—How many states border on the Gulf of Mexico?

13—What is the common name for potassium nitrate?

14—What are gregarious animals?

15—What is a cadaver?

16—What is a papal bull?

17—What is an opus?

18—How long did Queen Victoria of England reign?

19—Where is Johns Hopkins University?

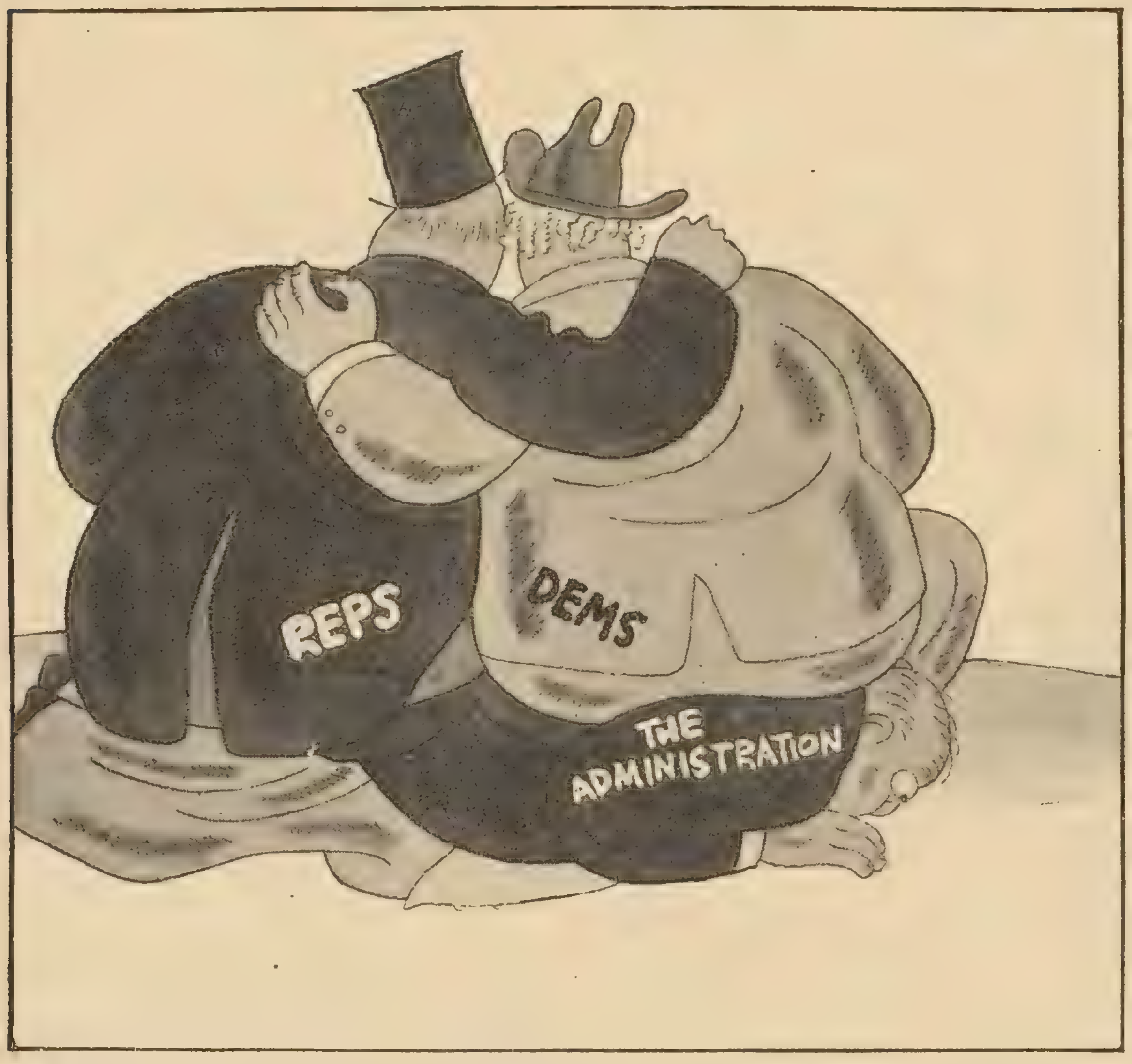
20—Which is farther north, London, England, or Halifax, Nova Scotia?

(Answers will be found on page forty)

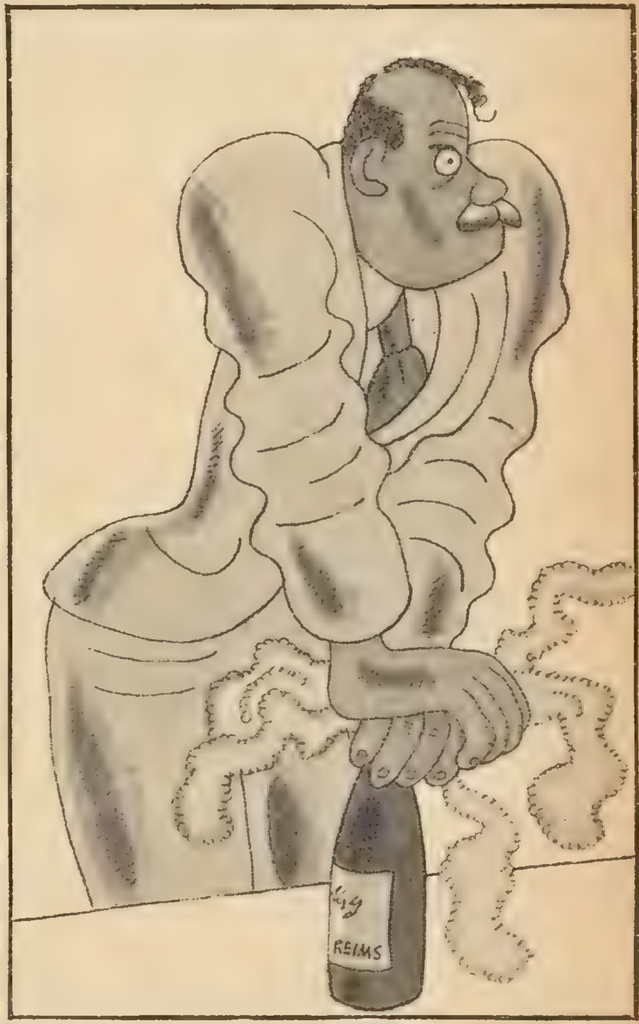
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

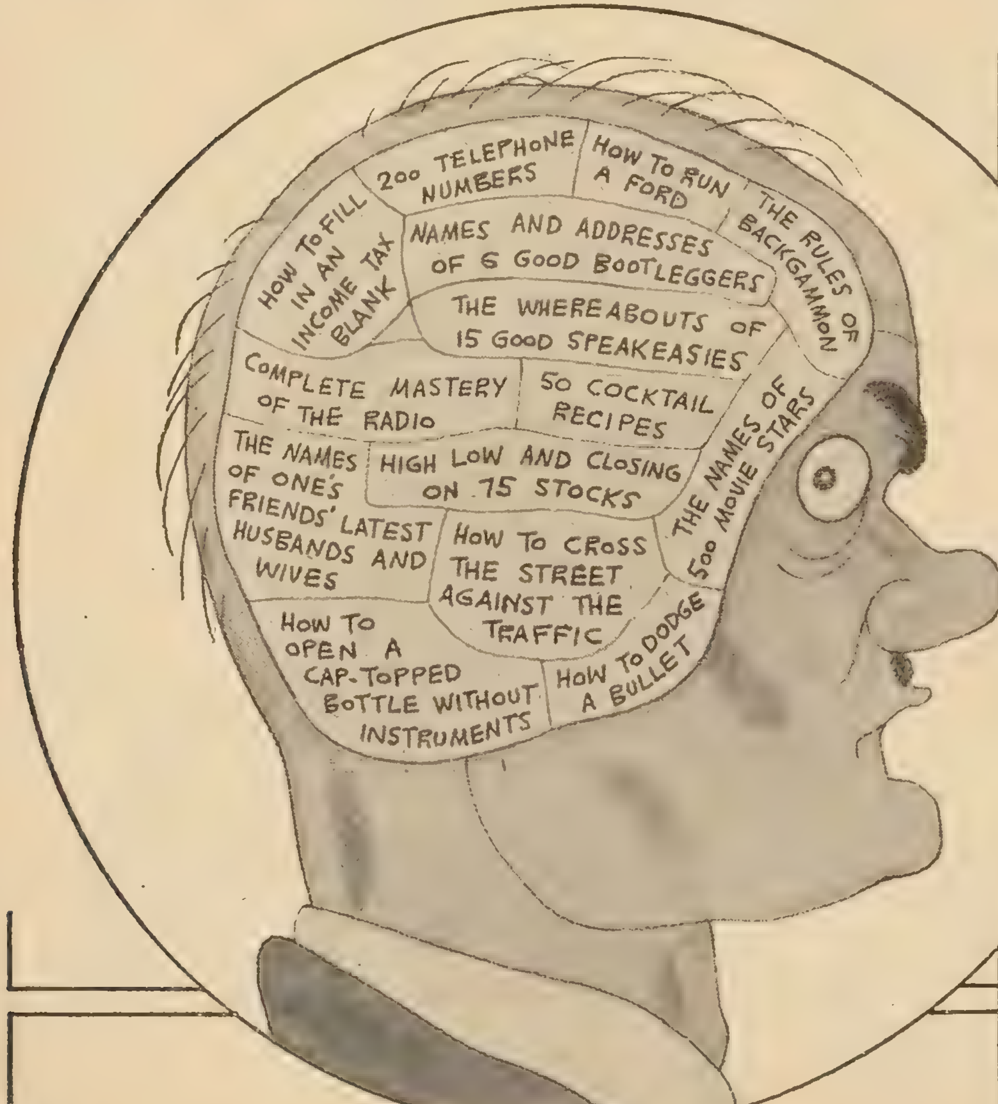
By RALPH BARTON


REPS
DEMS
THE ADMINISTRATION

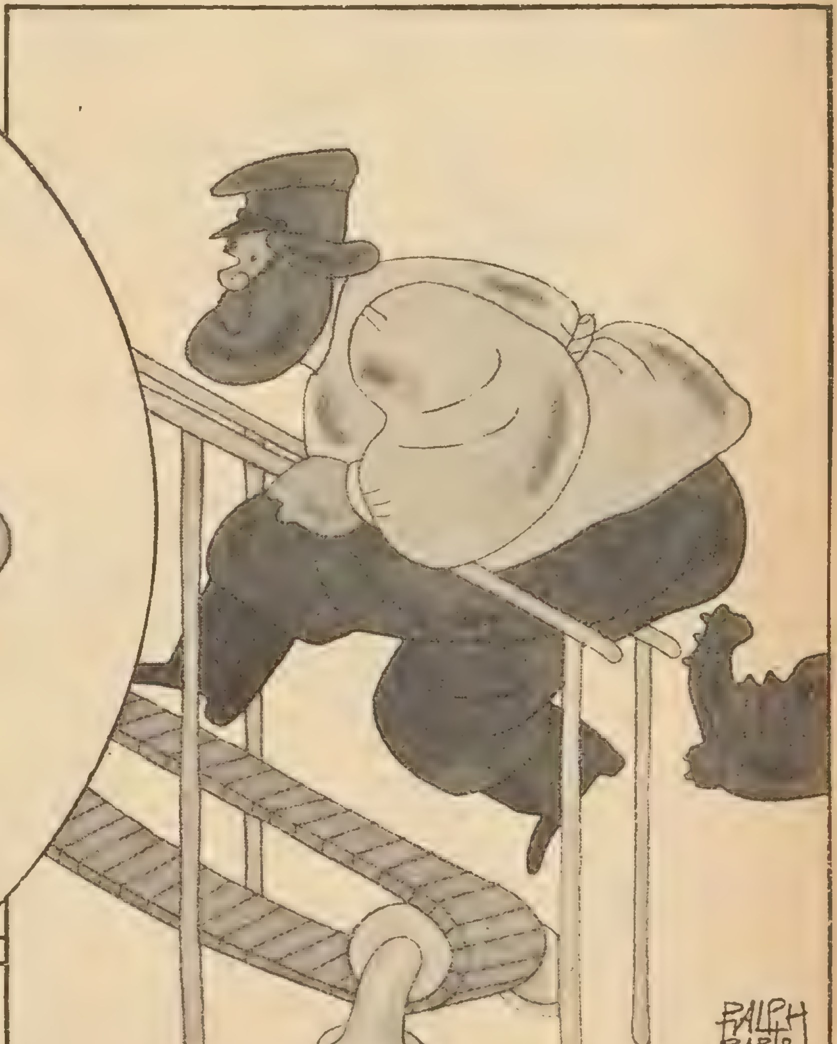
BEAUTIFUL EXHIBITION of the Spirit of Harmony and Coöperation shown by the Seventy-first Congress in its final three months' session.



SPANISH CHEMIST finds way to make champagne from Cuban sugar cane. Our bootlegger found a way to make it out of New Jersey white wine and bicarbonate of soda shortly after Prohibition came in.


200 TELEPHONE NUMBERS
HOW TO RUN A FORD
THE RULES OF BACKGAMMON
HOW TO FILL IN AN INCOME TAX BLANK
NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF 6 GOOD BOOTLEGGERS
THE WHEREABOUTS OF 15 GOOD SPEAKEASIES
COMPLETE MASTERY OF THE RADIO
50 COCKTAIL RECIPES
THE NAMES OF 500 MOVIE STARS
THE NAMES OF ONE'S FRIENDS' LATEST HUSBANDS AND WIVES
HIGH LOW AND CLOSING ON 75 STOCKS
HOW TO CROSS THE STREET AGAINST THE TRAFFIC
HOW TO OPEN A CAP-TOPPED BOTTLE WITHOUT INSTRUMENTS
HOW TO DODGE A BULLET

NO WONDER HE WAS BRIGHT. A few of the things you and I have to know that Aristotle didn't have to bother about.


RALPH BARTON

DEFINITION of the Red trade menace: Worry on our part caused by the fact that something is making the Russian people work while we sit back and complain.

Vox

Thanks a Lot. And Whom Do Your Researches Lead You to Suspect as the Author?

EASTLAND, TEX.—At last you have published a story for the "literati." I doubt seriously the authenticity of "Yellow Saplings by the Lake," but, even if Tolstoy did not write it, it was of far better value from a cultural standpoint than anything else that you have published this year.

My only regret is that you did not place it in the first pages of the issue that contained it.

I know that your trend is that of trying to please the masses, but as you do it I think you should be complimented on attempting to lift them "out of the rut."

Heretofore I had been loath to consider Liberty as something of a "yellow sheet."

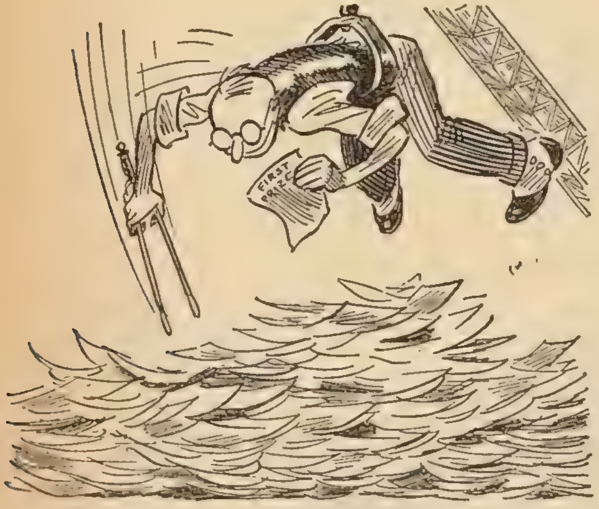
Congratulations on your début into the homes of those who know what good technique means in writing.—*University of Oklahoma Sophomore.*

Competition

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Yes, there *is* one magazine as good as Liberty. It's another Liberty!—*Ross Green.*

Discovered!

LEESBURG, FLA.—I have come to the conclusion that since Liberty can't possibly read all the short short stories, puzzles, and what-would-you-do's, and awards prizes for the most amateurish, childishly crude drawings in those "Funny Faces" contests, the editor of each of these departments throws all contributions into a vast container, and mixes them up good with a stick of dynamite.

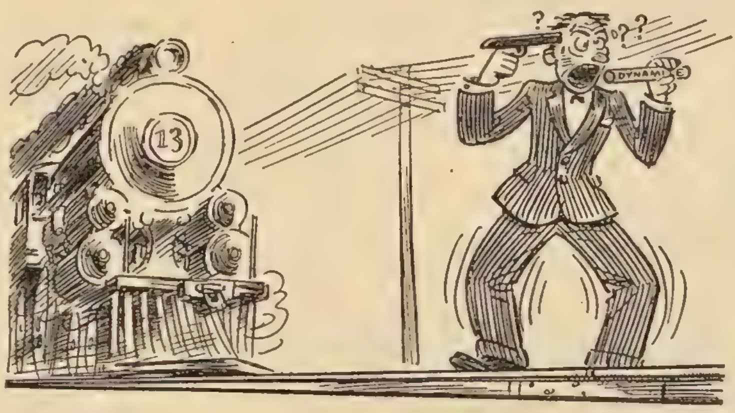


And then, grasping a pair of tongs, he is lowered over them in a crane, plunges the tongs into the mass, and picks out at random one manuscript for first prize, one for second, etc.

That is the only logical way you could select some of the answers you do.—*Frederick W. Weihe.*

Here It Is, with a Picture and Everything

DAYTON, OHIO—Having been unsuccessful in every Liberty contest since you had your original cross word puzzle competition some years ago, and having sent in numerous questions to your latest contest, "Problems of Conduct," at which I have also been unsuccessful thus far, I am appealing to you to give space in your Vox Pop column to the following Problem of Conduct—not that I expect to be successful in having you grant my request, but desperation has seized me!



After years of effort to win a Liberty contest, you become desperate and decide to commit suicide. You take your gun (loaded) and a stick of dynamite and go down to the railroad tracks. You stand on the tracks and a fast train approaches. What would you do? Let the train run over you, shoot yourself, or bite the stick of dynamite? What would you do?

I have at least been successful in getting this out of my system and thank you.—*Raymond G. Rupprecht.*

Indeed No

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—I have recently read an editorial and two or three news items, on a subject not connected with ownerships, etc., in the Chicago Daily Tribune, and, since then, have bet my only hat that the Tribune and Liberty were wholly or partly under the same ownerships.

Do I lose my hat?—*John James.*

Not Knocking Mr. Mitchell or Anything, of Course

SPRING VALLEY, CALIF.—Some two or three issues ago Liberty published an article upon aviation by Bogart Rogers. At the same time, I believe, an editorial was published indorsing the views of Rogers. With both the article and editorial, I, as a true lover of aviation, was in hearty agreement.

Much to my disappointment your December 13 issue contained a statement from one William Mitchell full of more harmful propaganda for military aviation. In the first place, why should Mitchell have been included among the great flyers asked concerning Kingsford-Smith?

He has never been anything but a mediocre flyer. There are hundreds in this country alone who can give him cards and spades in the art. In the second place, he never misses an opportunity to spread his harmful views of the value of military aviation.

In my opinion, he has injured military aviation incalculably by his attacks upon the other military and naval arms, thereby causing the officers in those arms to be antagonistic towards aviation.

It has been my opinion for a long time, also, that Mr. Mitchell originally took his stand for the sole purpose of benefiting himself, because I do not see how anyone in their right mind can consider as a major arm of the service one which is absolutely dependent for its use upon ideal weather conditions.—*Milton Ford.*

Prosperity, and That Poor Worm, the Married Woman

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—After reading your article, "Let's Buy Prosperity Back," by Harper Leech, I would like to ask one question.

How can you buy prosperity back without money?

Let me suggest one way to buy prosperity back.

First, discharge all married women in cases where their husbands are able to work. What would the result be? It would mean more work for men; it would eliminate banditry to some extent—and it would also mean more people would keep house.

It takes money to go housekeeping and that would be one way to keep money in circulation.

Yes, sir! Discharge married women and see prosperity back again.—*Charles Mesena.*

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—A word to R. H. Wheeler in regard to his recent comment in Vox Pop.

Like Adam of old, he seeks to lay the blame of financial depression, which is international, upon that poor worm, the married woman.

When the bonds of holy matrimony become fetters of slavery, then will they be snapped asunder, and the women will continue to live with, and work with, their men without benefit of clergy.—*Indignant.*

Telegram

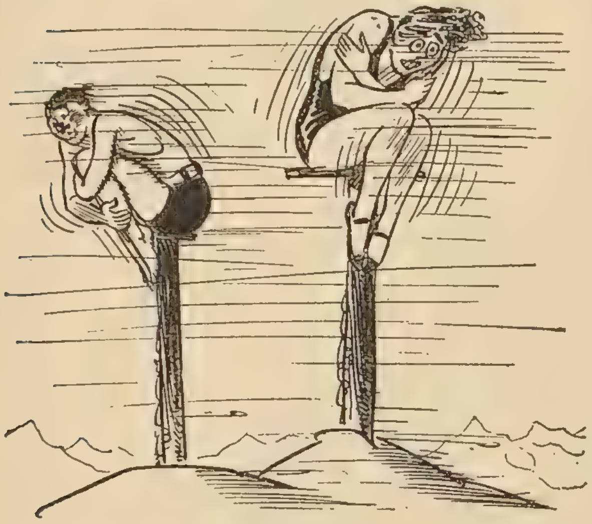
PITTSBURGH PENN
LEECHS LETS BUY PROSPERITY BACK
SANEST SOUNDEST ARTICLE PUBLISHED
L W HOTTELL

Pop

Solemn Thought

CHARLES CITY, IA.—After thinking deeply and hard, I have evolved the following solemn thought:

I wish those yokels who cuss every article, story, editorial, and contest you offer were all " flagpole sitters," in bathing suits, on the top of Mount Everest, in the middle of January.—*Ron the Rogue.*



13 Always Wins

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Dear old Liberty—You have refused exactly 2 of my children's bright sayings, 3 vox pop articles, 1 *good* short story, 3 problems of conduct, 2 of my questions for your Twenty Question column and 1 beautiful rhyme with The Great What-Is-It? matched properly.

If you really appreciate a Liberty-buyer and peruser you won't refuse my thirteenth and let me have good luck.—*Not a Slacker.*

For Drinking Correspondents and Hooch Hound Contributors

HARTFORD, CONN.—After reading Dale Roberts' " Strange Indeed " Vox Pop letter which you honored with a picture in the December 13 issue my blood boiled so furiously it forced this response.

I thank God my children can go down the streets and not see the disgusting sights that I had to witness in my childhood. If only for the future generation alone, prohibition has been a success.

My children do not have to see dirty drunks vomiting on street corners over the gutters or exposing themselves or be in danger of being raped as they passed a strange man.

I come from a family who do not tolerate " drink " and my mother always said that a man who could deliberately make such a disgusting, degenerate spectacle of himself as when drunk had a weak mentality and was an abnormal human.

Tell some of your drinking correspondents to go visit the insane asylums and then come back and rave to Liberty how their rights have been taken from them. Yes, their rights to become public charges! Then this will prove what I said of their mentality.

It is right that bootleg liquor should kill off such freaks of nature as would want to destroy the greatest of nature's creations, the human body.

Tell all these hooch hound contributors of yours to look back at their childhood, the poverty conditions, abuses to innocent members of the family, etc., and ask them if they would like to have their children face such today.—*A Young Mother.*

You're More Than 12

CALGARY, CAN.—Will you kindly print the following short short story in the Vox Pop of Liberty, so I can truthfully say that I have had a story published in Liberty. I am a school girl age 12 and I read Liberty regularly. There are some splendid stories in it occasionally. Well, here is the short short story and I hope that all the Vox Pop readers will enjoy it.

5 Toreadors, 1 Bull;
4 Toreadors, 1 Bull;
3 Toreadors, 1 Bull;
2 Toreadors, 1 Bull;
1 Toreador, 1 Bull;
1 Bull.

—*Miss Holstein Bullock.*

Correction

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—For the benefit of your many readers, I would like to correct an opinion expressed by you in one of your editorials.

You state that the god of Communism is " No-God " and their religion a sort of No-God fetishism. This is a rather distorted idea, and is the result of either prejudice or misinformation.

The god of Communism is Humanity; the religion of Communism may be expressed in two words: Brotherly Love. I can see no reason for continual misrepresentation of Communistic ideals, unless it be fear that the truth would make us all members of their party.—*William Dasmann.*

There's No More Nikki, but Still the Letters Come

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Of all the drunken slush that Liberty, or any other magazine, ever published, these Nikki stories lead the procession. Hardly a line but what " they reached for a cocktail."—*F. J. Hurlbut.*

OTTAWA, CAN.—Drop Nikki and her playmates. It only takes up more room. I get the same kick out of it by reading it backwards.—*Al. C.*

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—I've been scarcely less interested in Vox Pop's reaction to John Monk Saunders' Nikki stories than in the stories themselves. From discussions I've heard among my friends, it's to be expected.

The reaction is natural. Your readers are going to see only the profanity, the drinking, the strange, disordered setting. Not one in sixty will see the point behind the smart cracks—because not one in sixty has had the experience to judge.

The trouble with America is that not enough of it went to war. But what does the rest of it think that a major war did to the lives of its adolescent boys—nothing?

I've swigged Martinis with Shep Lamberts and Bill Talbots all the way from the Ritz bar to Mitchell's; I've even known a Nikki. . . .

To me the story, behind its raw humor and its reportorial exactitude, is ineffably sad.—*C. S. Chandler.*

EASTON, PA.—It took me a long time to find out what the Nikki stories were all about, but at last I have discovered the formula. Simply take drink for drink, highball for highball, and cocktail for cocktail with the characters of the story, and you won't have a bit of trouble. It's great! Let's have more of them!

Only one suggestion—how about bringing them back to America? They have an unfair advantage over us in being where the real stuff is so easy to obtain.—*G. W. C.*

KEARNEY, NEB.—Will you kindly thank Mr. Saunders for those lovely little episodes of Nikki and her war birds for me?

I don't as a rule care for war, bandits, heroism, racketeers, or bootlegger stuff—but Nikki and her pals are fine—true to nature.

Sounds sort of crazy, but peculiarly so—something like the speech of a wise man sounds to a fool—if you get what I mean.

There is a depth of study in it that touches the heart—something that doesn't appear directly on the surface.
—*S. M. B[illegible]tt.*

Good-by

The World's Champion Tells of His Career from 1927 to 1930, and Why He Is Quitting the Tournament Game

By BOBBY JONES

As Told to O. B. KEELER

(Reading time: 14 minutes 17 seconds)

BOBBY JONES, nursing a secret ambition to hang up six national championships in a row, ended the 1927 season with five on the hook. In Liberty last week he told about a defeat and two victories. Now he recounts his fortunes of 1928.

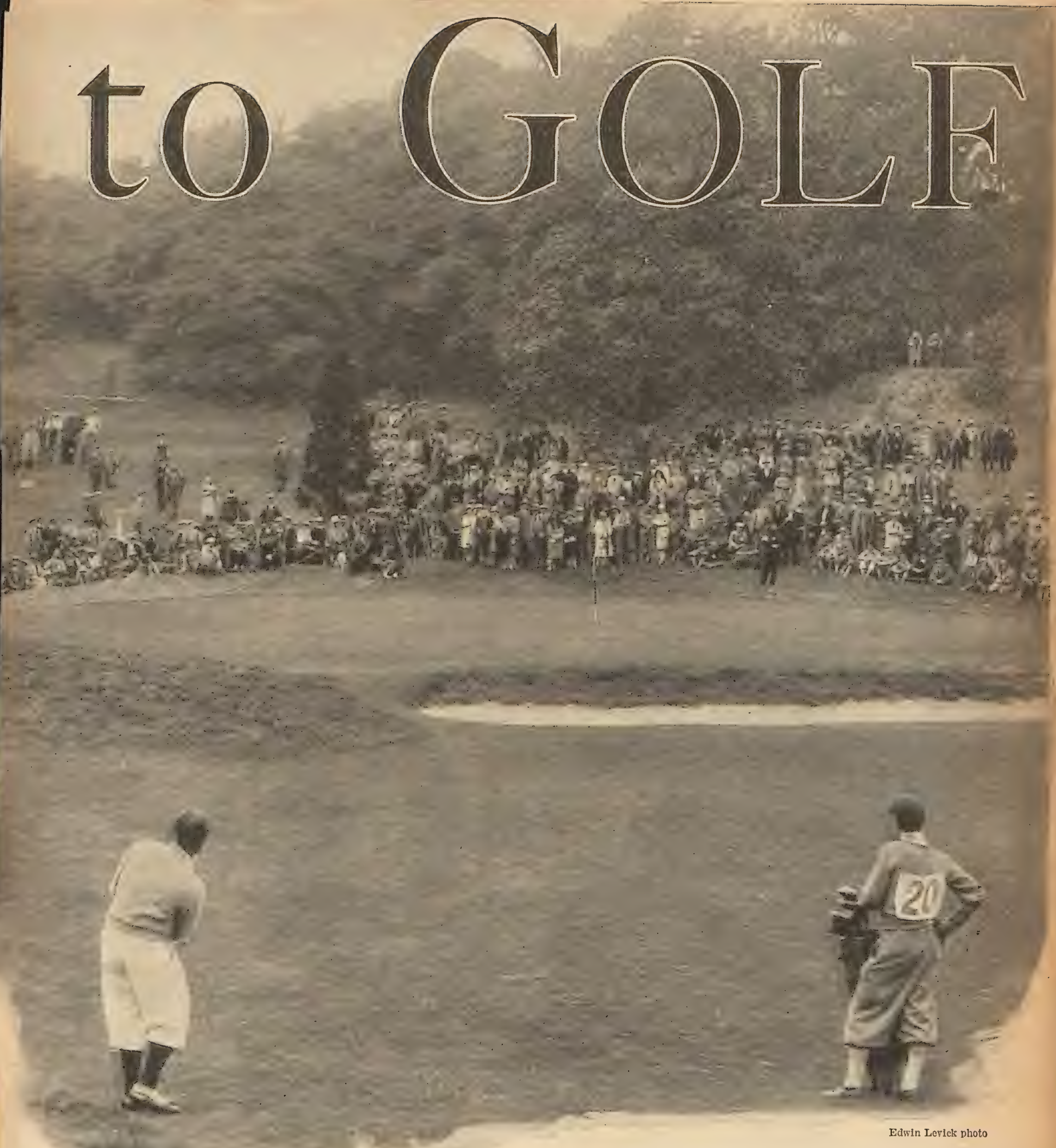
PART TWO—OLYMPIA FIELDS AND BRAE BURN

THE national open championship of 1928, at the Olympia Fields Country Club—my first major competition of that year—left me in the position of runner-up to Johnny Farrell after a play-off, and with an unusual cluster of harrowing memories. It seems I always have a jinx hole in every championship, and at Olympia I had two. Then, just when I seemed to have the title in my pocket, I collapsed in the middle of the last round and lost seven strokes to par in five successive holes, which wiped out an apparently commanding lead and left me in a tie. And in the play-off, at thirty-six holes, Johnny got me down a stroke, and when I finished with a coupl birdies in the desperate effort to get it back—Johnny picked a couple of birdies, too, and held on to the stroke. It isn' harrowing, though, to lose in a match like that. After al was young Roland Hancock who must have been the most th oughly harrowed contender in that tournament.

Lots of remarkable things happened in that tournam For example, Walter Hagen in the second round required strokes in the first nine holes, under lowering skies but with a drop of rain, and then, in a sweeping downpour, did the nine in 32, and was a dangerous contender right to the fin

My jinx holes at Olympia were the third and the ninth. the latter, I never did get a par 4. And I collected at le three 6s at the third, a slightly dog-legged affair to a sm plateau green set among beautiful trees—they were beauti if you had reached the green safely—that should be reac with a drive and a long pitch, or perhaps a Number 3 iron.

to GOLF



Edwin Levick photo

Jones making an approach shot to the fifteenth green at Brae Burn.

It wasn't such a tough hole if you got a decent drive over a sort of bluff. It simply had my goat.

I started the tournament with a fair round of 73 and a lot of capable contenders ahead of me. Frank Ball, professional at my home club, and Henry Ciuci were leading with 70; Leonard Schmutte was 71, and Leo Diegel, Horton Smith, John Golden, and Bill Leach each had 72. Of this formidable array, only Leach and Ciuci finished in the first seventeen, and they were tied for sixth place at the end. Olympia Fields was a problem that puzzled everybody. It rained the afternoon of the second day. I played in the morning, the starting times being reversed according to schedule, and with a 71 went into the lead. It was in the afternoon that Walter Hagen put on his show. He reached the turn in a bad 40 and then came the downpour. I must say I was quite confident that Sir Walter would be counted out, as I watched the torrent from the clubhouse veranda. How he did it I'll never understand, but he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GOOD-BY TO GOLF
Continued from page thirty-seven

came home in 32 strokes through a veritable cloudburst and remained very much in the fight.

A 73 in the third round left me two strokes ahead of the field, with a score of 217. Ciuci was next with 219; Hagen had 220; Farrell and George Von Elm were 222; and Roland Hancock had 223—six strokes behind the lead. Ciuci extracted himself from the situation with an 80 in the fourth round, but the rest of us had a wild mêlée.

I started my last round with a birdie, and with another at the fifth, I seemed to be "in." The jinx third hole was behind me; I was past the really tough part of the course two under par, and I knew I had a good lead.

Now I'll confess something.

P. & A. photo

Johnny Farrell sinking a putt at the eighteenth green at Olympia Fields.

T. Phil Perkins shooting from the fifth Brae Burn tee.

Acme photo

I had been driving erratically all through the tournament, and that necessitated difficult and sometimes impossible second shots. In a word, I had been fighting the course. I was worn out and—what was worse—I was tired of struggling. I was in the most dangerous frame of mind a competitive golfer ever encounters: I told myself that, by gum, I'd just coast in from there on my big lead.

Well, it was a good lesson. I never tried any coasting after that, no matter what the situation.

Beginning with the sixth hole, par for the next five holes is 3-4-3-4-4.

My card for those holes showed 5-6-4-5-5.

And that was just seven strokes lost to par on five holes. Funny, how smartly you can boot away a big lead in a golf championship!

THE trouble came at the short sixth, where, pursuing my recently adopted policy of coasting, I took a No. 4 iron and spared the stroke instead of hitting decisively with a mashie. My left elbow relaxed too soon—I quit on the stroke, and the ball was pulled to a ditch from which I did well to get a 5.

This jarred me plenty. So I tried to steer the next drive down a narrow fairway and pulled it neatly into the woods back of a tree. I pitched out sideways, managed to get on the green in 3, and then took three putts. No. 8, a very long one-shotter on which I had my only 2 of the tournament, cost me another stroke; I missed the green with my spoon, chipped badly, and took two putts. The ninth cost me the usual 5, and the same thing—failure to get home with my second—netted me a 5 at the tenth.

Having coasted out of the lead, I began playing golf once more and scrambled in with a 77. Hagen and Macfarlane, with bad rounds, lost the chance I had offered them, but Farrell with a fine 72 caught me 5 strokes in the last round and we were tied at 294. Hancock—poor kid!—had us both licked when he came to the seventeenth tee of the last round after some of the finest golf of the tournament. Par for the last two holes is 4-5 and that would have given Hancock a 69 and a total of 292. But the suddenly imposed strain of jumping into the lead, and (I fear) an inconsiderately enthusiastic gallery, wrecked his game and he finished 6-6, when 5-5 would have won. He was third, with 295, and Hagen and Von Elm were tied for fourth place at 296.

THE play-off next day was a rather remarkable business. I picked up a stroke with my usual birdie 4 at the first hole and thereafter I was never in the lead again until the thirteenth hole. Johnny played steadily and beautifully, and I'd present him a couple of strokes at a time, work like a dog to get them back in the next four or five holes, and then hand him a couple more. He had me, 70 to 73, at the end of the morning round. I caught him on the first two holes of the afternoon round, going 4-4 against his 6-5, and then lost two strokes with my second 6 of the play-off at the wretched third hole—my jinx. I got them back gradually, you might say, and squared—and then lost two more strokes with another 6 at my other jinx hole, the ninth.

This sort of thing was getting on my nerves. It may have been getting on Johnny's nerves, too, for he started home 5-5-5 and I went 4-4-4 and was in front for the first time since the first hole. It was a great dog fight and the customers didn't seem to mind the rain at all. Johnny immediately squared with a 2 at the short thirteenth—his third deuce of the match—we halved the fourteenth and fifteenth, and I went down for the last time at the short sixteenth. I thought I had hit a very good shot there, my pitch landing just past the pin. But the ball trickled over into the heavy rough, while Johnny was well on. I chipped from the rough six feet short and missed the putt.

One stroke down and two holes to play—par 4-5—and Johnny didn't give me much of an opening at the seventeenth. His pitch stopped five feet from the stick, while I was thirty feet away. Luck was with me. I hit the ball a bit too firmly, but it struck the back of the cup, hopped up, and fell in. We halved in a birdie 3.

I still had a chance, and it looked like a good one when Johnny's second at the last hole was sixty yards from the green and in the rough, while my drive and brassie left the ball just off the green in a smooth hollow at the left. Johnny pitched on, ten feet from the flag, and I chipped dead for a birdie 4. It was up to Johnny to sink that ten-footer to wash me up, and I wish to say that he showed extraordinary nerve control.

Just as he started his backswing for the putt, a movie camera began to whir—a sound beside which, to a tense golfer, the buzz of a rattlesnake is bland innocence itself. Johnny checked the stroke, stepped back from his ball, and, while officials suppressed the cameraman, smiled! Then he sighted the line again, stood to the ball, putted—and down it went!

They said it was the greatest play-off on record—finishing with two birdies each, and a one-stroke margin. Johnny scored 70-73—143. I had 73-71—144, the same as my first two rounds in the competition.

So one of my two chances that year to extend the string of national championships slipped away on that beautiful putt of Johnny's, and I went back home to do some work and six weeks later to start trying to get in shape for the Walker Cup international match at the Chicago Golf Club, for it was Great Britain's time to send a team. I had been named captain of our side, so I felt a lot of responsibility.

We had never lost a match with Great Britain in the four we had played.

I started practice at the Biltmore Forest Country Club, at Asheville. Then I went to Chicago and played, with the members of both teams, a little informal round at the lovely Old Elm Club before we all went over to the Chicago Golf Club at Wheaton.

I think I never played golf so easily as in all these rounds and in the international match. The scores ran so well that I became nervous approaching the national amateur championship at Brae Burn, which came ten days after the Walker match. I have found it a dangerous thing to be too well on my game just before a tournament.

As suggested earlier, you can't hold top form long at a time; at least I can't. O. B., who was with me, recorded ten consecutive rounds, at Biltmore Forest, Old Elm, Flossmoor—where we played a one-round tourney for the Warren K. Wood Memorial trophy—and the Chicago Golf Club, in the following figures: 69-71-69-68-68-68-67-68-67-70. This is an average of 68.5, or a matter of 35 strokes under 4s, in ten rounds.

THIS, for me, is too good to be true—certainly too good to keep up. And the round at Flossmoor was a funny one. I started in the last foursome of the day. Johnny Dawson had already finished with a 71—par for the course, of nearly 7,000 yards, is 72—and it looked as if he were safely in front.

So far as I was concerned, it looked especially safe, for I started loosely, pitched into the lake at the short seventh, and at that point was 3 over 4s.

I suppose that 5 at the tiny seventh annoyed me; anyway, it took my mind off of any other troubles I had, and on the eighth hole I started on the longest string of 3s I ever collected.

Following is the card of the Flossmoor course, with the curious score I shot that afternoon:

Par (out)	535 444 344—36
Jones	445 445 533—37
Par (in)	534 344 445—36—72
Jones	333 334 344—30—67

This included seven consecutive 3s, one of them a most shocking theft—from a bunker by the tenth green I chipped out for an eagle 3. Beginning with the eighth hole, I did nine consecutive holes in 28, par for them being 35. I had twenty-eight putts. I rather regretted missing a long one at the last green. If that had dropped, I'd have had a 29 for the nine. I've never broken 30 for nine holes on any regular course except in the middle somewhere.

So I was playing pretty well when the international match started, with a thirty-six-hole match at foursomes, each pair playing the same ball, the first day, and thirty-six-hole matches at singles the next day.

As team captain, I called a conference the evening of the day before the match, and we all agreed that in foursomes the thing to do was to get the jump—to win the first hole that was won.

We pledged ourselves solemnly to go right after the Britons at the start.

As it turned out, however, our No. 1 team, Sweetser and Von Elm, took three putts and lost the first hole to Tweddell and Perkins; our No. 2, Evans and myself, halved the first hole with Hezlet and Hope and lost the second, third, and fifth; our No. 3 team, Ouimet and Johnston, halved the first hole with Storey and Torrance

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Average Age of Liberty Buyers

. . . . 36 YEARS

IT is far easier to induce men and women to form different buying habits when they are young enough to put progress ahead of precedent—old enough to have the money to buy wanted merchandise. Dr. Daniel Starch found the average age of the buyers of Liberty Magazine to be 36 years.

In 1931 Liberty guarantees 2,500,000 average net paid circulation. No increase in rates. You can reach this vital, alert Liberty market of six million readers ★ only through advertising placed in Liberty Magazine.

★ *Average number of readers per copy—2.4 persons (Standards of Living. Report of a National Survey of Liberty Readers, by Daniel Starch.)*

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

99% single copy sale means that every copy is bought to be read.

GOOD-BY TO GOLF
Continued from page thirty-nine

and lost the next three; and our No. 4 outfit, Gunn and Mackenzie, lost the first four holes.

Despite this shocking departure from our plan of campaign, we eventually won all the matches; and next day won seven of the eight singles, capturing the team match 11 to 1. And then we went to Brae Burn.

Watts Gunn's first comment on the course of the Brae Burn Country Club, West Newton, Massachusetts, where the national amateur championship was played September 10-15, was that there were too many "natural" holes on it—that is, 7s. He made a grand fight to qualify there; and I found that that long string of rounds in 70 or better had used up a lot of golf.

As a matter of fact, I was playing very badly, took a 77 for the qualifying round, and was highly uncomfortable until I had passed the turn of the second round, which I did in 74. George Voigt, with great cards of 71 and 72, was the medalist, with 143; Harrison Johnston was next, with 144; Don Moe was 149; Ross Somerville, 150, and I tagged along with 151. The top score to qualify was 157.

I was still very much afraid of the eighteen-hole matches, but got by the first one, with J. W. Brown, 4-3, and then met Ray Gorton, a Brae Burn member and holder of the course record.

We had a wild and slashing sort of bout on the first nine and played some of the most unhallowed golf ever seen in the amateur classic. I reached the turn in 42, and was square. Then the fireworks started.

The tenth hole is 491 yards and Ray smacked a brassie second twelve feet past the stick and sank the putt for an eagle 3, while I was getting what I considered a very good birdie 4. The eleventh is 463 yards, but is rated a par 4 on the card. I sliced a long drive far into the rough, and Gorton, straight with his drive, was well on the green with his second. I had to play past a small tree and over some embarrassingly tall trees to go for the green, nearly 200 yards away. I took a No. 4 iron and socked the ball as hard as I could hit, forcing the shot to gain the necessary elevation. It carried the trees and stopped five yards from the flag. Gorton, apparently not in the least perturbed, sank a twenty-footer for a birdie 3, and I holed my putt for the half.

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THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

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And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 220 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

THAT iron shot was, perhaps, the best I ever played in competition. I was still 1 down, however, and squared at the short twelfth, but Ray immediately went up again with a birdie 4 at the 470-yard thirteenth, holing a good ten-footer while I missed one of about the same length. We halved the 556-yard fourteenth in par 5, and Gorton was bunkered with his pitch at the fifteenth, and I squared again. We halved the sixteenth in par 4, and came to one of the trickiest holes in golf at the seventeenth — a 255-yard par 3, with a drive from a hilltop tee to a rather small green in the valley.

This was a close call. I shoved a brassie drive to a bunker and Gorton was short. He chipped two feet from the flag, and I tried a controlled explosion which left me seven very long feet away. I have experienced few sweeter sensations than when that putt sank for a half.

The home hole at Brae Burn had aroused a lot of comment, mostly critical, by reason of a hazard, consisting of a brook and a bank, 220 yards from the tee. I made up my mind to carry that brook, and carry it plenty, and wheeled off a long slice, well over the hazard, but tucked up against a cross-bank at the right, so that I had to play out sideways. Gorton here missed a grand opening by popping his drive high in the air and into the thick woods at the left. He played out short of the brook, and a long brassie, his third shot, left him still more than a hundred yards short of the green.

I FELT sure I had him then, and played a comfortable pitch twenty feet past the flag for my third, while his pitch was fifteen feet past the pin in 4. I rolled my approach putt up dead and almost in his line—and then he sank the putt for a great half! It certainly was just as well for me that he blew up at the first extra hole. My drive was straight, a half pitch from the green, while he sliced into some more forest, this time back of a woodpile. He had to play out sideways and his third was at the back of the green, while my second was four yards from the pin. At that, he gave me heart failure once more: his forty-foot putt hit the cup for a 4, but switched out. I took my two putts and drew the first long breath in thirty minutes.

We took up the thirty-six-hole matches next day, and the boys were good to me. I beat John Beck of England 14-13; Phil Finlay 13-12; and in the final round won from the British amateur champion, T. Phil Perkins, 10-9.

Those eighteen-hole matches killed off our former champions at a great rate. There were six in the tournament, and Von Elm, Sweetser, Evans, Marston, and Ouimet all went out the first day. And I was so near out I could hear the little birds singing all afternoon.

Yet it was in this tournament that I collected the largest aggregate margin of holes-up on record in the national amateur. In two eighteen-hole matches, one of which went to the nineteenth green, and three thirty-six-hole bouts, I finished forty-two holes up.

This closed the year 1928. I went home with the comfortable feeling that I had achieved something definite. I had been national champion six years in succession. But I didn't say anything about it.

After all, what of it?

Bobby Jones will tell next week how he captured the 1929 open at Winged Foot, only to be upset by Johnny Goodman at Pebble Beach.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 32

1—Andrew Johnson.
2—A small goatlike antelope of Europe and Asia.
3—A musical composition expressive of sentiment appropriate to evening or night.
4—A forerunner; a precursor.
5—The number resulting from the division of one number by another.
6—Sixty-nine.
7—Gibraltar.
8—Alfred Tennyson.
9—A complicated and embarrassing state of things.
10—A person or thing that oppresses or burdens.
11—John Adams.
12—Five.
13—Saltpeter.
14—Those that tend to flock or herd together.
15—A dead body; especially a human one.
16—An edict by a pope.
17—A musical composition or a set of them.
18—Sixty-four years.
19—In Baltimore, Maryland.
20—London.

Dilemma

A Short Short Story

By

MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

who was born in Chicago and, when not adventuring, lives there. She has won fame as an explorer and hunter of big game in the Belgian Congo, Sumatra, and Indo-China.

She had heard two nurses whispering and giggling together.

Picture by MARTHA MOORE

(Reading time: 4 minutes 57 seconds.)

DARKNESS. A whirling darkness vibrant with deep humming sounds like the faraway roaring of an airplane. A darkness that became suddenly streaked with revolving lights that steadied into one immense blare of infernal radiance pouring from the clustered lamps overhead in the high ceiling. A nurse's voice, "She's coming to, doctor."

Out of the darkness hung a physician's face, swathed in white linen, looking down at her.

She knew now. She was coming out of the ether. She was on the table in the hospital room. With an immense effort she found her voice.

"Did I—talk?"

Cool fingers were on her pulse. The nurse murmured soothingly, abstractedly, "Oh, no—you're all right now. Everything's all right. It's a fine boy."

Into the white light came a lifted blanket with tiny red squirming hands waving above it and a puckered little face showing over the folds. The mother's head, after one quick look, sank back. It was all right. It was all over—and she had not said anything.

The terror of babbling under anæsthesia! That was why she had begged so not to take anything. But it had been a hard case. Of course the hospital regulations kept her husband from that room, but one never knew when a stray word from a doctor or nurse might get about. And to have anyone know her secret—!

God, the relief! That fear had ridden her. Almost, she felt, she had expiated all the wrong that she had done. And her whole life, from now on, would be a continued expiation. Robert, her husband, would never know. Her two little girls would never know. This little son would never know. . . . Jim and she had parted—forever. He was in Europe now with his invalid wife. Their brief, desperate snatch at happiness was over.

IT was a tragic irony that Robert was so happy about the baby, this baby of whose parentage she was so unsure. He would be delighted that it was a boy.

He was, indeed. He loved to come to the hospital at the hours the child was brought to her, and chuckled at the black-headed mite that he called the image of his father, who had been dark. He named the child Robert the Third. Young Bob Bartlett, he called him.

The day he was to take his wife and child home he came early from the office and hurried up to the room. He found it vociferous with voices. Katherine, ready dressed, and a swarthy, foreign-looking couple were in the center of some perturbed nurses, internes, and doctors, with two babies, undressed, on a table before them.

Katherine's eyes were panic-stricken. "She thinks there's a question of identity," she whispered.

Out of the babble, which the superintendent's voice tried vainly to dominate with assuaging authority, Robert Bartlett pieced the excited sentences together. The woman, Mrs. Koblinsk, a well-to-do restaurant-keeper's wife, was a patient in the same hospital and her child had been born at almost the same time as Katherine's. Both babies were boys, both dark. Mrs. Koblinsk had already taken her baby home, but a cook in the restaurant had been told by one of the women in the hospital kitchen that she had heard two nurses whispering and giggling together over an awful mistake they had made the night the boys were born: in defiance of the rules they had carried them into the same room to put on the identifying tapes and had confused the labels. They had known it at once, but before they could undo it a head nurse had entered, and rather than run the risk of punishment for disobeying rules they had said nothing. This was what the woman in the kitchen had pieced out of the talk she had overheard. . . . The nurses denied it utterly.

"BUT it's God's truth! I feel it," Mrs. Koblinsk was insisting hysterically. "She wouldn't make that up, like the nurses said, just for spite or to get herself into the papers. You gave me the wrong baby. Oh, doctor, ain't there a right way to tell—"

"There's a birthmark on one of these children," said the doctor. "But there's no birthmark in the records."

The head nurse was almost in tears. "I don't believe that's an oversight, doctor. The mark may not have been colored first. Each father was shown his own child at once. Did either of them remember a mark?"

Both fathers now stared down at the mark she pointed to—an odd double cross of raised blue in the side of one of the little boys—and shook their heads.

"I dunno. Maybe it ain't there, like the lady said," Mr. Koblinsk murmured. He looked uneasy and embarrassed at the predicament. "A man wants his own son, yes?" he murmured propitiatingly to the group.

But Robert Bartlett's indignation boiled over. "Certainly I would have noticed a mark on my son when I first saw him. I observed him carefully. And this child we have is undoubtedly ours—the image of my father. This whole thing is farcical—induced, I suppose, by a dwelling on that unfortunate case the papers made so much of. I can certainly certify to my child—and so can his mother."

The eyes of the perturbed group shifted to Katherine. She was staring down at the two tiny boys. Before her dilated eyes was that strange blue cross.

Such a mark was on the body of her lover. . . . And that was the boy that had been given to the foreigners.

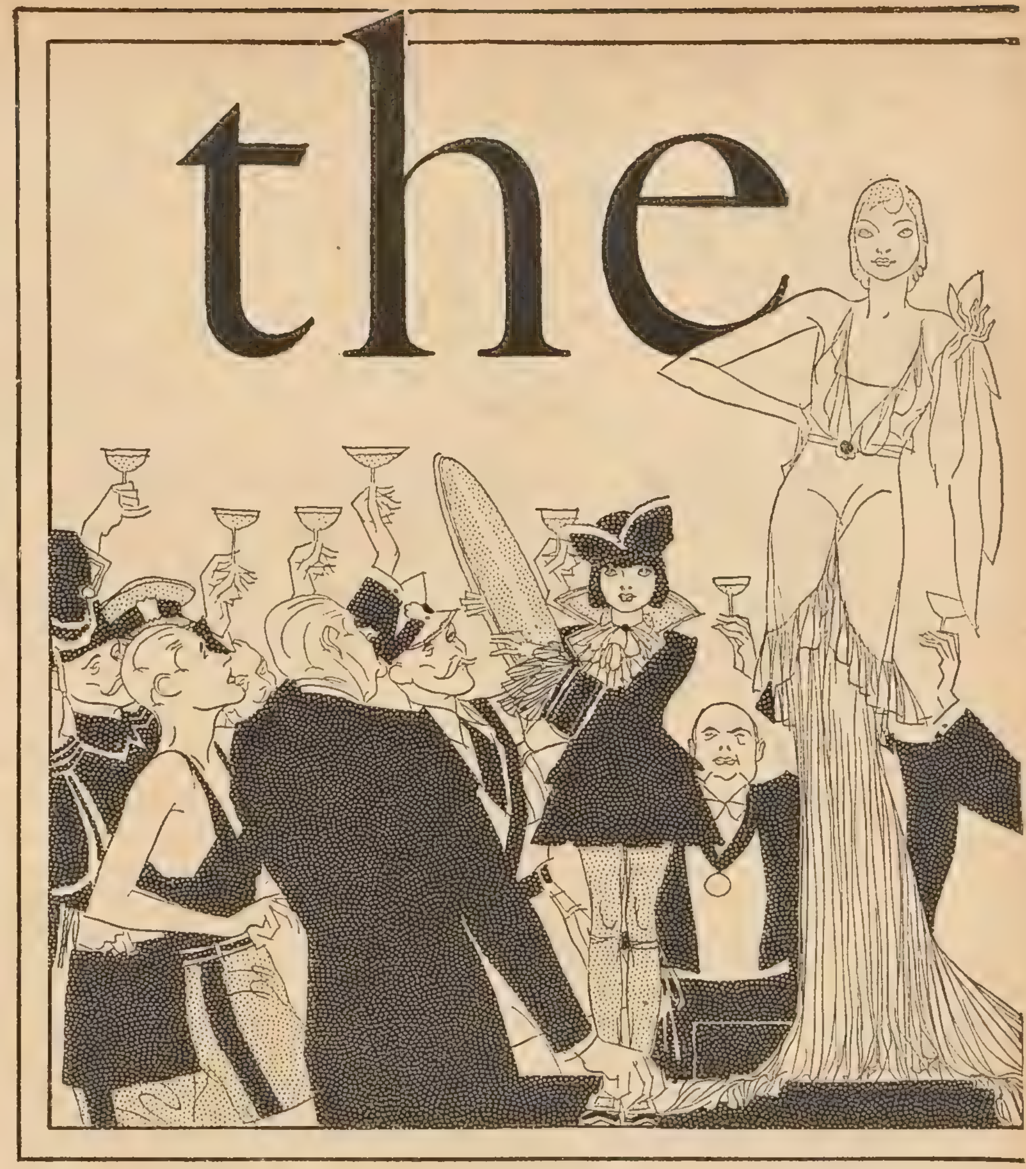
Her own son. Her own flesh and blood. . . . But she could identify him only by that mark. To speak—and destroy herself! To wreck her husband's love, to lose the two dear little daughters—

Or to see her baby, her precious baby, pass forever into the keeping of these ignorant strangers, utterly at their mercy, while she herself mothered an alien child—

Decide. . . . She must decide. They were waiting for her to speak.

THE END

To the



By ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

Expert linguist, sophisticated cosmopolite, and daughter of the late Prince Peter Kropotkin.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 38 seconds.)

MIDDLE-AGED folk have been getting a grand boost lately. Men over forty-five are the most useful workers, according to the New York Industrial Safety Commission. Middle-aged students (many of them taking correspondence courses) show the best result in examinations, the University of California has found. And most interesting of all are the conclusions reached at the University of Michigan, where the earning capacity of women has just been investigated on a basis of data taken among 14,000 women.

I talked about this with Miss Frances Cummings of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs. Miss Cummings has been speaking publicly on the subject. Working women, it appears, increase their earning power steadily up to the age of fifty. A pleasant statistic. But nearly half of the women who work after forty support one or more dependents either wholly or partially. Moreover, sixty-eight per cent of those who live at home were shown to contribute their entire earnings to the support of their families. Of these a number are young women who will marry later.

The older women are the ones whose situation is precarious. It is generally acknowledged now, Miss Cummings told me, that discrimination is shown against older women when they seek new employment. Discussing " Age and the Job " at a meeting of the American Woman's Association, Glenn Bowers, industrial relations counsel, declared that gray hairs do not bring prestige to women in business as they do to men. Loss of " it," he said, is the impression conveyed when a business woman's hair grows gray. This problem of merit versus looks is being tackled all over the country.

IN an old trunk inherited from her father-in-law, a farmer's wife recently discovered one of the fifty-five first copies of the Declaration of Independence. This finding of lost treasures in old trunks is a thrill our own descendants will seldom have.

Many of us remember rainy days spent rummaging through family " junk " in an attic and the pleasure of dressing up in quaint old things left over from bygone generations. There will be no such fun for children in the future. With the passing of roomy private houses, the habit of hoarding our discarded belongings is on the wane. In the cramped apartments of today, sentiment must give way to the exigencies of space. Necessity has brought about our modern mania for " scrapping things," but I wonder sometimes if we do not carry it too far.

Purchases were made more deliberately in our grandmothers' day, when opportunities for shopping were not what they are now, and it appears to me that we may be inclined to neglect some of our selective powers just because shopping has become so easy.

" Oh, if I don't like it I'll throw it away." One constantly hears women say that. (I say it myself often enough.) Scrapping things is all very well, but careless buying is not very good exercise for the development of taste.

HENRI MATISSE, the renowned French modernist, is in this country painting street scenes. For some reason he has picked Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Few of us can gratify our craving for modern pictures by purchasing Matisse canvases. But there is a comparatively inexpensive field of modern art which deserves more popularity than it has. I refer to photographs. Photographs of skyscrapers, of machinery, and of industrial processes have become real works of art. I know a rather " advanced " apartment where some of the furniture is modern, some antique. The up-to-date note has been achieved largely by modernistic photographs framed in narrow moldings of gold or black. A most beautiful, spacious, and restful effect has been attained.

Photographs of this kind appear frequently in the press and can be obtained at a reasonable cost.

A GERMAN lady was entertained at a luncheon party recently by a friend of mine. With a good deal of unction, the visitor told the other women all about the wonderful " home training " schools they have in Germany. She enumerated the various branches of homecraft that could be studied—cooking, hygiene, and so on. Behind it all was a very obvious smirk which implied that American women are not in the same class with German girls when it comes to being " home bodies."

The most annoying thing about this kind of attitude toward American women is the fact that Americans themselves have acquired the idea that we are not domesticated just because a small number of us prefer dancing to cooking or contract bridge to home management.

But there is actual proof to the contrary, and we might

Ladies!

as well begin to blow our own trumpet a little. Here's the proof:

The Federal Board of Vocational Education tells us that there exist in America today five times more home economics classes than there were in 1918. That is, in the public day schools. The number of evening classes and part-time classes has increased seven times in the last twelve years. Cooking and sewing lessons given in American high schools are much more comprehensive than those given in other countries. There are also plenty of classes which deal not only with elementary domestic arts, but also teach the basic knowledge of home life, family relationships, child development, etc.

My own experience of America and other countries has shown me that only a small minority of American women are not interested in home life. On the contrary, I find that American women know more about home management, cooking, and child care than the women of any other country. Don't let anyone get away with sniffy stuff about the superiority of European housewives.

THERE'S a nice extravagant fashion on the way—we'll see it when the first fine days of spring begin. White tailored cloth suits are going to be the thing.

Dry-cleaners will certainly welcome this fashion, even if no one else does. And, by the way, plenty of these white suits—we're sure to wear them—will get spoiled by these same cleaners. I don't know why it is, but I have certainly come across more bad cleaners in this country than good ones. There *are* good ones, of course, but their bills make you wish you never had to wear anything except cotton frocks. Why should we face financial ruin because we sometimes spatter our salad dressing?

But to return to the white suits—they really do look extremely smart, especially with all-over écru lace, or eyelet-hole embroidered lawn blouses. An "all white season," I'm told the summer will be. However, the summer is a long way off. In the meantime, most of us want to freshen up the clothes we have. So I'm going to give some advice—unasked for, but sound.

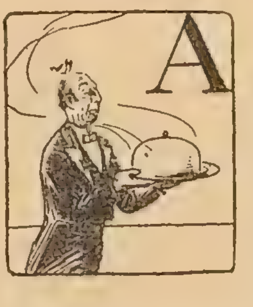
If you want to smarten up some dress by adding new collar and cuffs, new flowers, or a new belt and buckle, never, never buy anything except the very best you can afford. You only make the nicest dress look shabby by using gaudy and cheap accessories, and of course this is even more true when you put such accessories on a worn dress. One of the smartest girls I know always manages to give her clothes the most charming expensive-looking lingerie touches. She gets the effect by making up her collars, jabots, and cuffs from fine hand-worked lawn handkerchiefs.

THERE is always something pathetic about the old age of those who have been public idols in their prime. Usually their retirement is drab, or at best, merely peaceful. But that of Maud Allan, the famous dancer, struck me as being dramatic in its pathos.

In Regent's Park, London, stands a bleak old mansion. Once upon a time there were brilliant evenings at Holford House, as the place is called, with lights blazing from every window of its 150 magnificently furnished rooms, and splendid cars driving up. Today the drive is overgrown with weeds. The tumble-down gatekeeper's lodge is boarded up. The massive front door never opens. The rooms are empty and thick with dust. Only at the back of the mansion is there a sign of life. There in two rooms lives Maud Allan, alone save for an elderly maid.

There, alone, in a studio lined with mirrors, Maud Allan dances with her own image—for the ghosts of her vanished public.

She first came to live at Holford House at the peak of her career, just before the war. The mansion was still elegant then, and the dancer was still famous. After the war the owners of Holford House found themselves unable to keep the place up. They offered the estate for sale, and Maud Allan was asked to vacate. By that time her glory, too, was passing. Soon all that remained of her fame was the house where she had lived during her days of greatness. So, rather than lose the last reminder of herself as she had been, she bought Holford House and shut herself up in its faded splendor to dance away the twilight of her life.



A FRIEND of mine is lucky enough to have a talented butler who thinks up novel ways of serving appetizers before dinner. The other evening he brought around a large whole grapefruit into which were stuck, porcupinewise, little wooden skewers topped with delicious sizzling-hot bacon rolls. Inside the bacon was a large pimiento-stuffed olive wrapped round with a sliver of anchovy. These appetizers were so good that everyone neglected the cocktail glasses. And that is a point to keep in mind.

Here are two more ideas:

Scrape some fresh horseradish very fine, or rinse some bottled horseradish with fresh water and drain as dry as possible. Mix the horseradish to a paste with butter, and spread, not too generously, on squares of white bread, and lay a thin slice of smoked salmon on top.

The other appetizer is made this way: Mash some Roquefort cheese to a paste with butter. Add chopped watercress. Spread thickly on fancy-shaped slices of rye bread and chill well before serving.

Keeps Hair Neat

Rich-looking — Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice a week . . . or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

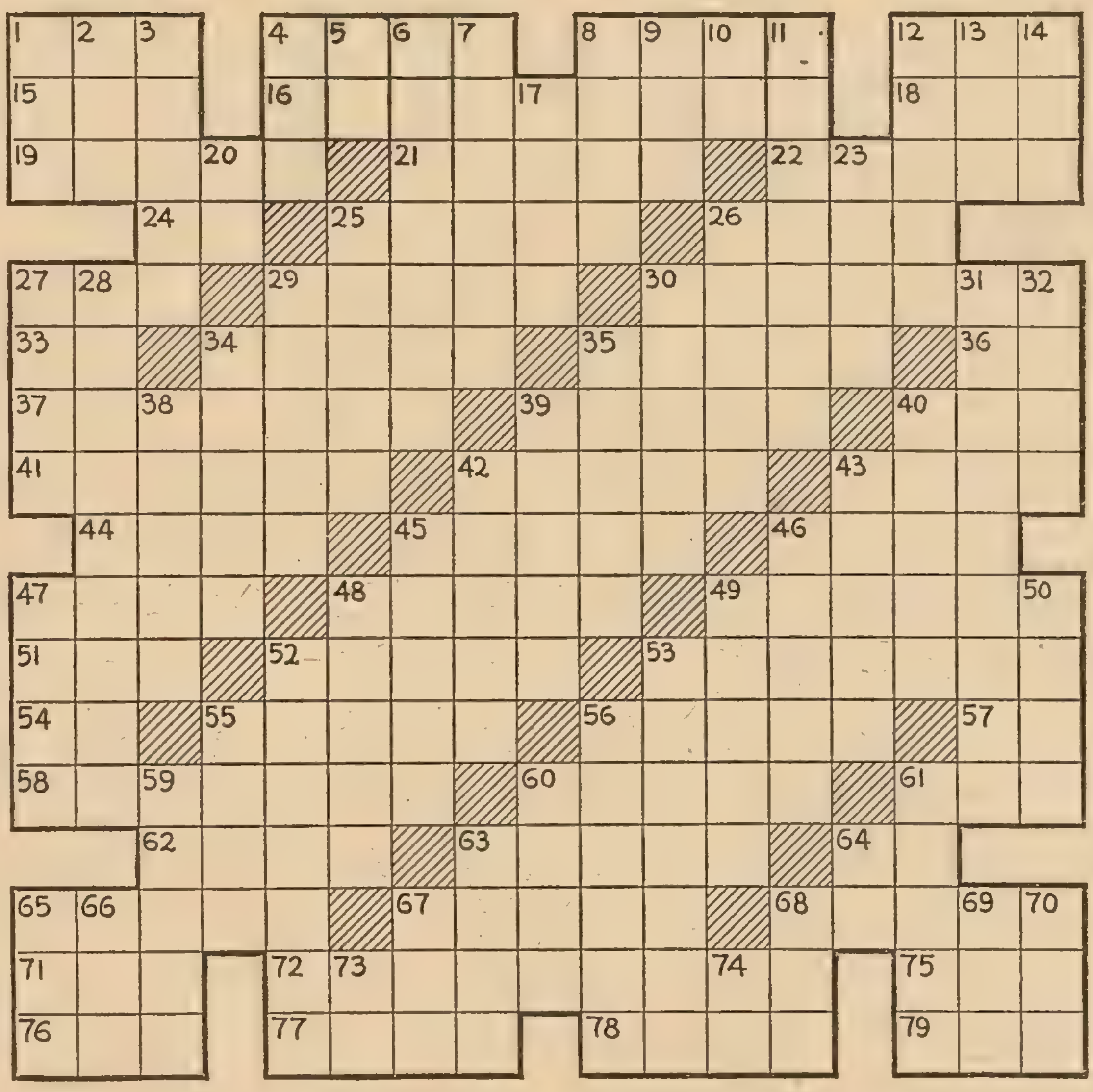
Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

Glostora

Two Puzzles *for*



HORIZONTAL

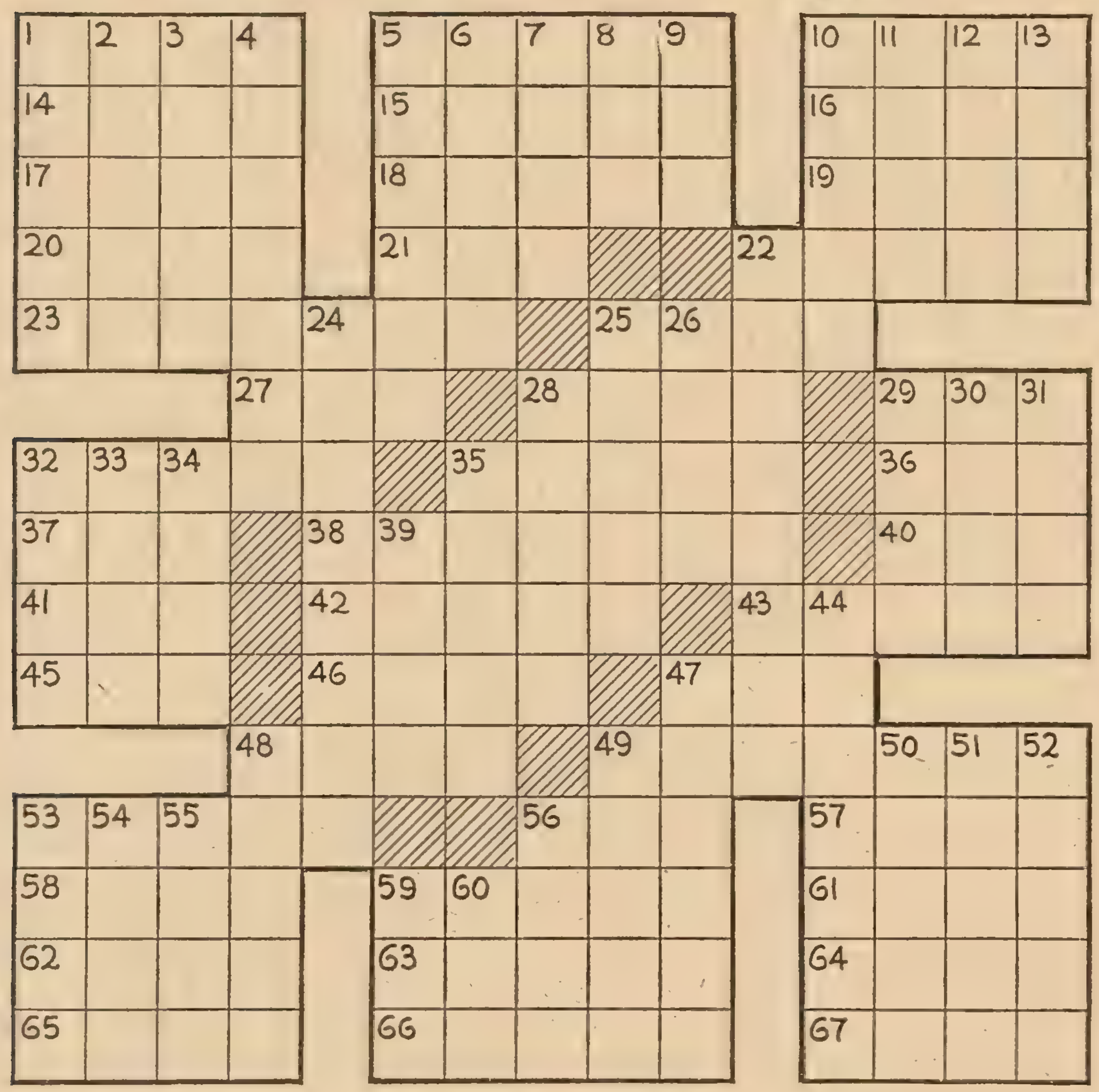
1 A tree
4 Imitates
8 Open space about the base of a building
12 Receptacle in which goods are kept
15 Recline
16 Placing in a central position
18 Ill temper
19 Decree of a former Turkish sultan
21 Ranted
22 An arm of the sea
24 A river in Italy
25 Shuts up; confines
26 A deer
27 Existed
29 Boxes or stalls, as in a theater
30 Persons of long experience
33 One indefinitely of a number
34 Becomes withered
35 Ejects; throws out
36 Exclamation of inquiry or slight surprise
37 Broke suddenly
39 Steps over a fence
40 Self
41 Shaved or shorn
42 An alloy
43 Slide
44 Tiara
45 Peels
46 Slender
47 Vigorous; spirited
48 Moist
49 Dishes
51 Corroded
52 Purgative medicine
53 Three-pronged spear
54 A state (abbr.)
55 One who hauls
56 Set of bells
57 Toward
58 Those who show trained skill
60 Slip
61 A snake
62 A gift of charity
63 To range in a row
64 Over and in contact
65 Combining form meaning divided
67 North Carolina town
68 Bear patiently
71 Consume
72 Nudity
75 Iniquity
76 Measures of area
77 Ardor; dash
78 A plant
79 Termination

VERTICAL

1 The adopted son of Mohammed
2 Title of respect
3 Piles
4 A playing card
5 Measure of length used in Brazil
6 Violently angry
7 Platforms
8 Greek god of war
9 Cause to be quit of
10 Type measure
11 Stir up
12 Space next the skeleton in the bottom of a ship
13 Anger
14 Free of charges
17 Evenings
20 Syllable sounded in solmization
23 Horses
25 Removed the heart of
26 Motionless
27 An insect
28 Commentator
29 One who is afflicted with leprosy
30 Watches narrowly
31 Military units
32 Store
34 Render oblique
35 Charger
38 Woman's name
39 A narrow piece
40 Select class
42 An island of the Philippines
43 Sole of a plow
45 Whimpers
46 Muck
47 An incarnation of Vishnu (Hindu myth.)
48 Stops
49 Lofty self-respect
50 Cease
52 A flower
53 Slimmer
55 Part of a sword
56 A dependent
59 Pieces of pastry
60 Wheelless vehicle
61 Aromatic seeds
63 Solar disk (myth.)
64 River in Siberia
65 Edible seed
66 River in Switzerland
67 A weight of Turkey
68 Peer Gynt's mother
69 Noise
70 Termination
73 An element (symbol)
74 Japanese measure

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy

Cross Word Fans



HORIZONTAL

1 To prepare for publication
5 Pertaining to the poles
10 Deity in Hindu mythology
14 To load
15 Ascend
16 Part of a Japanese costume (plural)
17 A Roman road or highway
18 To endeavor to persuade
19 Character of an old Teutonic alphabet
20 Rip
21 Let out or cause to flow by piercing
22 Matched
23 Made an effort to perform
25 A city in Lincoln County, Missouri
27 Vulgar fellow
28 Labor that oppresses the body or mind
29 Feminine personal name
32 Tardier
35 Declaim
36 Piece forming the upper part of an apron
37 Eggs
38 Formulates by thought; contrives
40 Cardinal number
41 Something prized for great beauty
42 Alter so as to fit a new use
43 Doctrine
45 Sooner than
46 Wind between a stiff breeze and a hurricane
47 By; in place of
48 Borders
49 Brings to an inferior state in rank
53 Loses freshness, color, or brightness
56 Billow
57 Breathe quickly or laboriously
58 To own or acknowledge frankly
59 Fusible substance
61 Rise and fall of the waters of the sea
62 Rouse the passion of resentment in
63 Decree of a former Turkish sultan
64 Enough
65 River in Germany
66 Met defiantly; challenged
67 Moisture condensed upon the surfaces of cool bodies (plural)

VERTICAL

1 The choice or select part
2 The fruit of a palm (plural)
3 Notions
4 Platform of earth
5 Struck or beat gently; tapped
6 A nymph of mountains and hills
7 Lacking firmness or strength
8 Small venomous snake of Egypt
9 Immerse, as flax, hemp, or timber
10 Fish of the eel kind
11 To reach or touch with an end
12 Baseball team
13 Employed
22 Meddled with unwarrantably
24 Amounts measured in yards
25 To brown
26 Prescribed form of conducting religious service
28 Edible part of a ruminant's stomach
29 Black
30 Trailing or creeping plant
31 Instigate
32 Box or stall, as in a theater
33 Declare
34 To bring to a state of subjection
35 Ellipses
39 Kind of cheese
44 Became active, as a geyser
47 Rang
48 Chopper
49 Author of Peg Woffington
50 An English novelist and poet
51 Enrich; invest
52 Boils
53 A game at cards
54 Greedy
55 Charity gift
56 Asterisk
59 Surrounded by
60 Period

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy

ACHING ALL OVER?

When a cold has settled in your joints and every move is painful, take Bayer Aspirin and get relief! Don't limit your use of these tablets to headaches. They are just as effective when you ache all over; when you've rheumatism, neuritis, sciatica, lumbago, or any similar ailment.

There's scarcely ever an ache or pain that Bayer Aspirin won't relieve—and never a time when you can't take it. The tablets with the Bayer cross are always safe. They will not depress the heart, or otherwise harm you. Use them as often as they can spare you any pain or discomfort.

That's the beauty of Bayer Aspirin. It has a reputation. It has medical endorsement. *You know what you are taking.* So, look for Bayer on the package—and the word Genuine printed in red.

After the pain has gone, you are always glad you bought Bayer! At all drugstores.

BAYER ASPIRIN

Little SISTER

A Story of Sacrifice

By

GRANVILLE FORTESCUE

Pictures by ERNEST FUHR

(Reading time: 15 minutes 10 seconds.)

WHEN Margaret Carr kissed Dora good night, she got a distinct odor of whisky. Her first impulse was to push the child from her with a sharp accusation. But a second, stronger impulse bade her hold her sister more closely to her breast. Dora broke from her arms.

"Good night."

"Good night, kid." Margaret noted that Dora lowered her eyelids as she left the room. She stood silent. As from a great distance, she heard another door bang across the hall. She sat on her bed, her eyes wide.

Dora drinking! Why—why—impossible! The child was barely sixteen. Even if one had the right to disregard outdated restrictions, still—sixteen! When Sara Crimmins had told Margaret she'd seen Dora drinking glass for glass of champagne with two Yale boys at the Denton wedding, she had disbelieved it. Sara was a notorious gossip. Yet—

These thoughts raced through Margaret's head as she undressed. Getting into bed, she reached out one hand for a book, paused, then turned out the light. She stared into the black. Dora drinking! That was the fact.

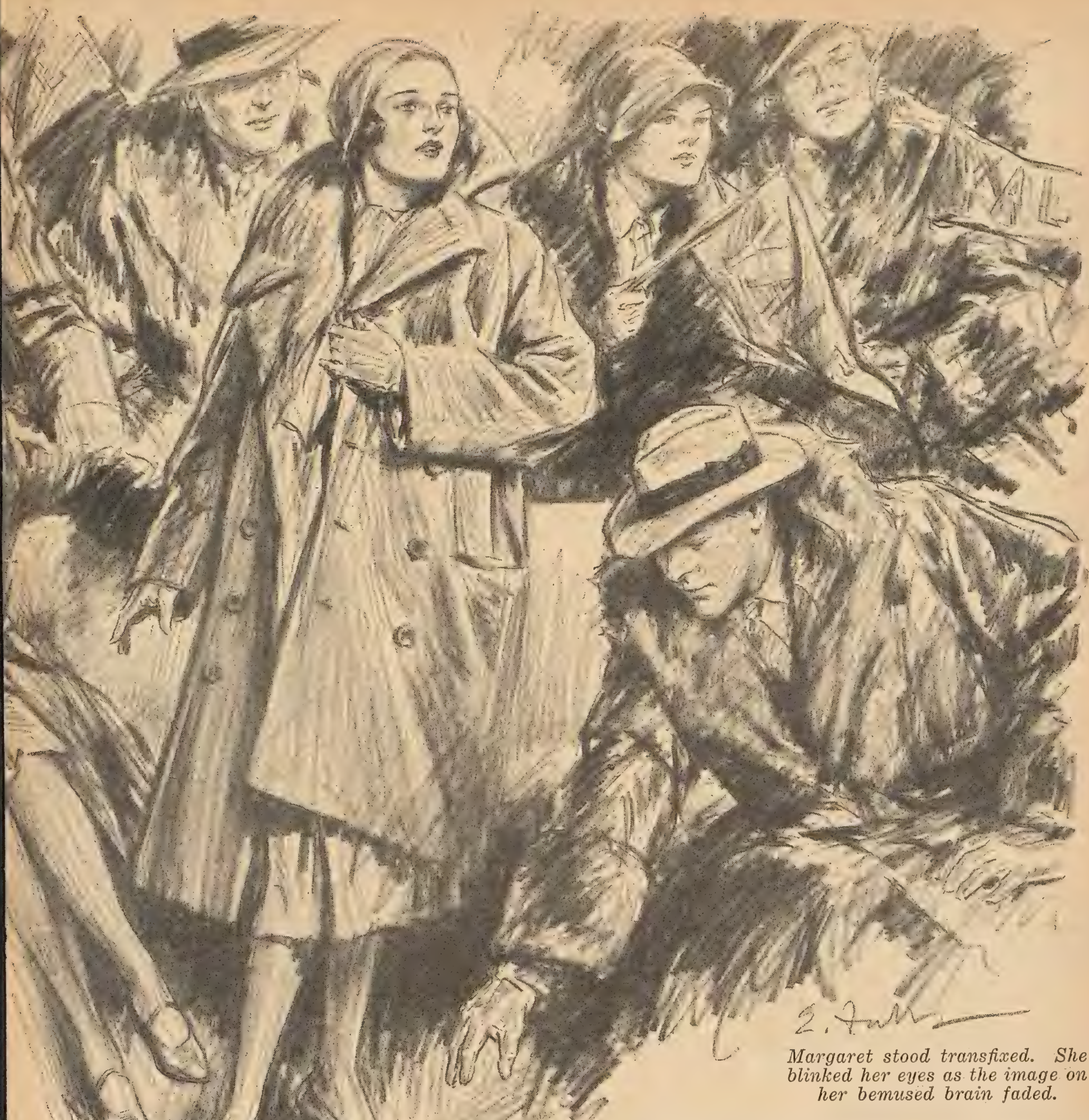
Reviewing the instances of the past summer, one by one, she fixed on enough evidence to convict. The night of that ping-pong party, when the youngsters reveled in ginger ale and cakes, Margaret had noted the line of gin well down in the bottle next day when she made cocktails for her father and herself. She recalled on three distinct occasions how Dora had rushed in from some afternoon date, dashed into her clothes, and come down to dinner, flushed—excited. The child had raced the conversation, her words tripping, an unnatural glow in her eyes. At the time Margaret had thought this just a natural excitement, but now, judged from this new evidence, she realized the girl had been drinking.

Margaret Carr prided herself on her logical mind. Since her mother's death she and her father had discussed without quarreling the divergent standards of the older and the newer generations. She fixed on her own line of conduct—a liberal one, yet limited. Margaret's philosophy held that to exceed all limits was an indication of unintelligence. Since her eighteenth birthday she smoked, drank—yes, petted when the right boy was present; but even at the wildest party—that party at Bill Whiten's duplex apartment when four boys had fallen down the stairs and two girls had been violently ill in the kitchen, and the rest of them maudlin and amorous—Margaret had cut out the gin and ginger ale as soon as she felt she was losing control of herself. Yet Margaret boasted she scorned inhibitions.

But Dora—how could she handle Dora? How could she stop the kid's drinking? Frank discussion—arguments—forbid her? The child would laugh in her face, come back with the cry of inconsistent, illogical. Turn her own conduct and philosophy against her with bitter resentment. What's more, Dora would be justified. No, she must find a surer, safer, more subtle method.

CRAFT. Did she—Margaret Carr—when the problem of the generations came home to her so vitally, become intellectually dishonest? Was she just another hypocrite, after all? Tossing her head, Margaret half muttered, "To hell with this reasoning! Dora is dumb. If she'd been on Bill Whiten's party, God help her! Daisy Small disappeared for twenty-four hours with one of the boys—it might have been Dora!"

Should she consult John? No. John, with all his fine qualities, still lived under the repressive influences of the past generation. All his pretense to liberal views was blah. In the intimacies of their engagement, Margaret had found John to be as inhibited as his Puritan



Margaret stood transfixed. She blinked her eyes as the image on her bemused brain faded.

forbears. John Stanton couldn't help. It was her problem. With such thoughts clogging her brain, Margaret fell into restless slumber. . . .

"Margaret! Margaret! I've got something to show you!"

The words came to Margaret through her dull senses, accompanied by a fist tattoo beaten on her door. "You'll be so envious!"

Dora crashed the door. Margaret turned her head on the pillow to look at her sister. The child was wearing pyjamas of tea-rose filmy material that only served to shadow the curves of her figure. She was very straight and slim. Her immature breasts rose proudly below her symmetrical neck. The light yellow hair was sleep-fluffed and a sleep flush deepened the color of the child's cheeks.

Dora trailed some satin folds over her arm. "Look at my new dress. Don't you think it's becoming?" She held the dress up under her chin. The blue shadowed the violet eyes.

"I suppose you think it matches your eyes."

"Well, it does, doesn't it? And I've just got to wear blue sitting on the Yale side with Charlie."

"Charlie Keep?" Margaret's voice had a rising inflection as she sat up in bed. "That little pip!"

Dora tensed instantly. "Don't you call Charlie names! He's certainly better than your boy friend John Stanton—the big boob! Wouldn't even go to the game with you. Making me get a blind date for you!"

Margaret felt that discussing John and Charlie would only create antagonism. She must avoid that—now—even if she had seen Charlie stupidly drunk at the Jungle Club.

"Who is this blind date?"

"Oh, you wouldn't know."

"Friend of Charlie's?"

"Uh-hum."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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LITTLE SISTER
Continued from page forty-seven

"Yale boy?"

Dora busied herself straightening a fold of the blue dress. "He was—two years."

Margaret checked this line of inquiry. Charlie's record at New Haven had been rather unsavory, and if this blind date was his friend—well—

"Wh..t are you going to wear, sister?"

"I haven't decided."

"Do choose something trick. I don't want you to disgrace me." Dora was already half out of the door when Margaret hurled a mule at her.

"Get out, you little pig!"

The door slammed.

In spite of these flip interchanges, Margaret knew she was sure of Dora's affection. Margaret's plan to cure Dora rested on this admiration. It had come to her suddenly in a wakeful period of the night. It had come as a kill-or-cure remedy. Yes, just that. It would kill Dora's respect for Margaret, but if it would cure the child it was worth it. . . .

"HELL, this rain spoils everything!" Dora rubbed the rain-spattered automobile window, peering out at the sodden Connecticut landscape. "And the paper said 'Fair.' That weather man's all wet!"

"Like the weather—ha-ha!" Jim Burden, the blind date, offered this witticism. "Cheer up, kid; here's something that'll make the wet weather wetter." Jim rummaged among the picnic baskets and rugs on the motor floor. He brought forth an elaborate leather case. "Doc Volstead's best cold cure. How about it?" He waved the case before Margaret.

"Wait for lunch, shall we?"

"Shucks, don't let's wait for lunch! Eh, Dora?" Dora was still peering out of the window.

"Stop, Charlie, stop!" she exclaimed suddenly. "There's a divine spot. A big barn with a table in it."

Charlie clamped on the brakes. The big brown limousine halted before what was evidently a milk-route station. A shelter over a long table.

The four debarked from the car. The girls rushed to cover while the boys with much chatter carried the picnic baskets, thermos bottles, and flasks to the table.

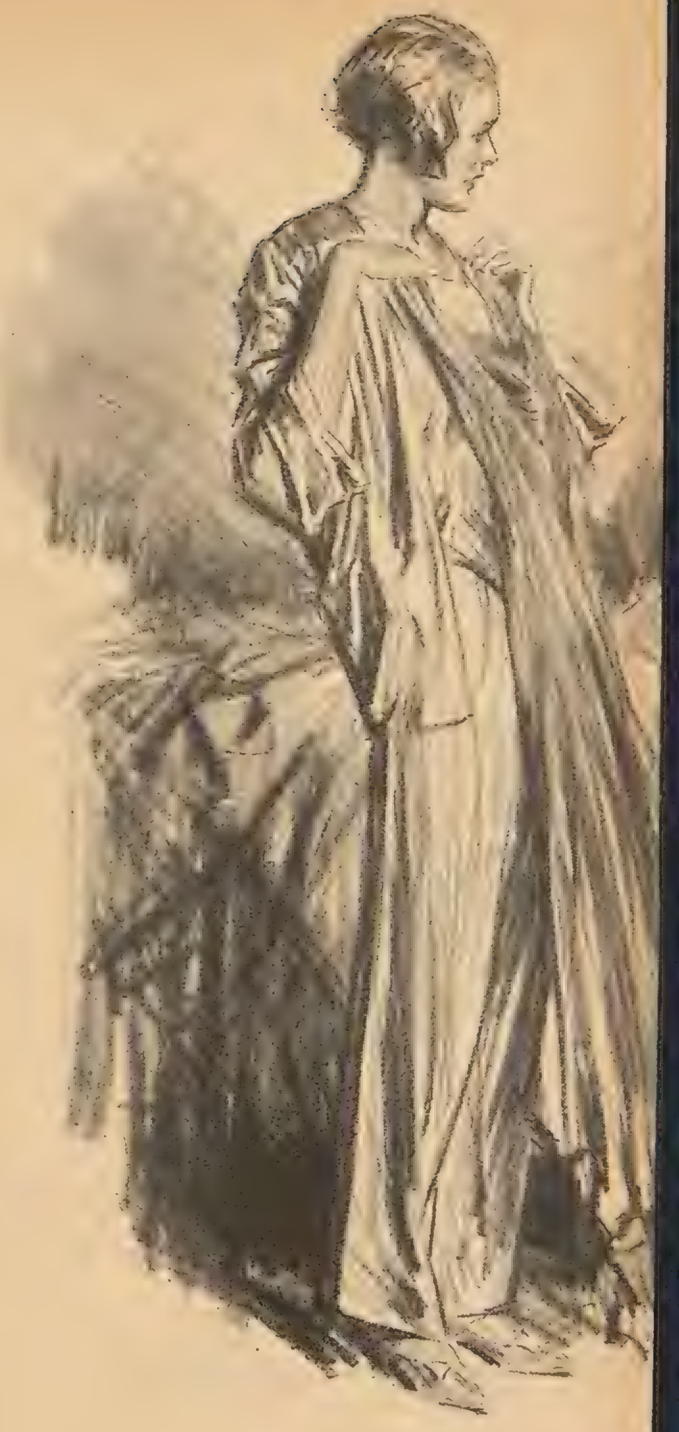
"One—two—three—four," counted Jim, pouring four cocktails. "Step up, ladies, and try our cockle-warming cocktails—brewed from tiger's blood and brimstone."

Margaret seized a silver-gilt cup. Without a pause she drained it.

"Ah—not a bite in a barrel! Once again, blind date! Encore, says she, breaking into French."

"Say, big girl, you're starting out like Jim Burden's best customer." He refilled Margaret's cup. "Lap that off!"

"Hi! We're a lap behind!" protested Charlie Keep. "Barge in, Dora!" He handed Dora one cup and swept up the other. "Here's to Yale!" he called, holding his cocktail on high.



"Yale! Yale!" responded Dora and Jim. Margaret was already drinking. She finished before the others, and, tapping her cup against Burden's flask, announced, "I'm neutral. One more for the Army. Good old Army!"

"Fair enough, big girl," replied Burden. "Yale's only my step-Alma Mater." He refilled three cups. Margaret felt Dora watching her. The child still sipped her first cocktail.

"DRINK up, little sister!" urged Jim, squinting down the flask. "This bottle was born twins."

"And twa Hi'land lassies stand awaitin' yer attention," added Charlie, pointing to two bottles of Scotch whisky flanking the picnic lunch. Dora shook her head.

"Eats first. We'll be late for the game. Hand me a stuffed egg, Charlie."

"Sure, kid." He handed Dora the plate with its pyramid of paper-wrapped eggs. "And how about a flock of lettuce sandwiches? The world's best blotting paper."

"Better hand the big girl those, boy," Jim muttered *sotto voce*. "She's laying the foundations for an Empire Building souse."

“Look at my new dress. Don't you think it's becoming?”

“Don't worry—she never slops over,” replied Charlie.

Margaret overheard his words. They strengthened her confidence in her plan. She and Jim finished the second bottle of cocktails.

Entering the Bowl and making their way laughing and wise-cracking to their seats among the well dressed, cheering throng, Margaret noticed with satisfaction Dora's close-lipped mouth. The child had made her second cocktail with one dividend last out lunch. Twice she ventured a gesture to restrain the elder girl. Margaret heard her whisper to Charlie, “Quit piping the booze so fast.”

The football game had entered the second period, and the figures cavorting across the sodden grass registered indistinctly on Margaret's retina.

“Which is Yale?”

“The blue boys,” responded Jim, “with the white helmets.”

“White helmiks—oh, yes, I see 'em!” Then, glancing toward the other goal, Margaret shouted, “Oh, look at Army's helmiks! All gold! Look, Dora, look! Army's got gold helmiks!”

“That's where the taxpayers' money goes,” chimed in Charlie.

“Army boys all kings—all kings with crowns—golden crowns.”

Suddenly the seventy thousand spectators rose to their feet. Wild, confused yells filled the Bowl. A Yale back had caught an Army pass, and was viciously tackled. A chorus of “Boos!” rose from the Yale side.

MARGARET stood on her seat, shouting, “Crown him, Yale! Crown him!”

Her words brought a laugh from the crowd engulfing the four. Even Dora smiled, but settled again into sullen silence.

“Say, kid, you're wetter 'n the Hudson. What's matta?” demanded Charlie as the half ended. “Low blood pressure?”

“No, high. So high I'll scream if that soused sister of mine doesn't quit making an ass of herself.”

“Aw, you're wetter 'n a sea urchin! Marj's jes' enjoyin' the game. What you need's a sniff stifter—ha—I mean a stiff snifter. Try this on your tonsils.” Drawing a long, wide flask from his coonskin-coat pocket, Charlie unscrewed the top and offered the flask to Dora. She pushed it away.

“Bury that. The very thought of booze makes me airsick.” Dora turned her head.

“Aw—aw—you're wetter 'n—'n—rain in the ocean,” protested Charlie. But Dora had not heard. She stared fixedly at a tall figure in a polo coat two rows below their seat and across the aisle. Charlie offered the flask to Margaret.

“Put this on your palate, Marj—help y' hear the band better.” Margaret smiled fatuously at the Yale band maneuvering across the gridiron.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

How to Lose Fat a Pound a Day on a full stomach

—Do—
Just These Two Simple Things . . . Fat Melts Away

MODERN science has recently made important discoveries in fat reduction by which the normal, overweight person can lose from four to seven pounds weekly *on a full stomach.* Hence, it is now foolish to stay fat. *Without a single hungry moment,* you can now see yourself grow thin day by day, see the coarse lines of overweight replaced by the refined lines of slenderness, safely and comfortably.

What You Do

You do just two simple things: Keep your system free from waste matter, toxins and depleting poisons by taking two teaspoons of ordinary Jad Salts in a glass of water a half hour before breakfast every morning. Then, *eat your fill—as much as your appetite can stand—*of the following foods:

For breakfast — one or two whole oranges. Two slices of whole wheat or bran bread toasted—or rolled oats.

For lunch—a good size piece of any lean meat. Then see how much spinach, sauerkraut, cabbage, green peas, broccoli or fresh turnips you can eat. Eat *all you can comfortably hold* of these foods. Eat plentifully, too, of all green salads. Eat for dessert, any fresh fruit—except bananas.

At night—eat another fill-up meal as above. Cut down on butter and sweets by half. That's easy. For with your stomach filled with other foods, you will never miss them.

4 to 7 Pounds Gone in Week

If you are a normally overweight person, you may show a weight difference of as much as three pounds the first day. For the Jad Salts in themselves will reduce the *moisture-weight* of your body that much. For *remember, something over 70% of your total weight is moisture.* That puffy, “too-tight-in-the clothes” feeling you have will also go at once.

Then *eat well* of the foods outlined above. Soon you'll be free of the embarrassment of being called “fat”. And do it all *on a full stomach.* Your health, too, will be better. You'll feel peppier than you have for years.

Ask Your Doctor

If in doubt about the safety of this way, ask your doctor. Show him this article. He will tell you it is safe. For it performs two necessary and important functions;

The Jad Salts clear the intestinal tract and system of the excessive toxins most fat people have. The change in diet—the *filling of the stomach to its limit*—with foods that turn to strength and energy instead of fat, decreases your fat day by day. The salts clear your system and cut moisture-weight. The change in food takes off the fat. Clip this out for the diet. You can get the Jad Salts at any drug store.

The Figure Every Fat Person Would Like to Have

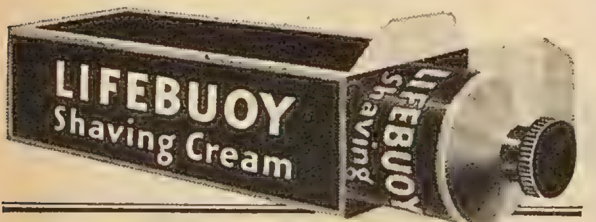
NO MORE
"TENDER SPOTS"
FROM SHAVING

New lather soothes, protects

TENDER spots that hurt from shaving go like magic when you use Lifebuoy's double-dense lather—you get the quickest, cleanest, most comfortable shave ever.

Make this test yourself

Lather with Lifebuoy Shaving Cream. Shave as you always do. Feel how smoothly the razor coasts over the tender spot. See how the toughest beard comes off cleanly, easily—without pull, scrape or after-irritation. Lifebuoy lather soothes, lubricates, protects. Get the big red tube of Lifebuoy at your druggist's. Or write for a free trial tube. Address Lever Brothers Co., Dept. G-1, Cambridge, Mass.



STOP BOBBY'S COUGH

Before it Weakens Him to the Danger Point!

Never take a child's cough lightly. You can't tell where it will end. Many a serious sickness has started with "just a cough." For a cough is not only distressing, but weakening as well. At the first sign of a cough or chest soreness in old or young, always give good, dependable old "Piso's for Coughs."

Piso's does the five things necessary to stop a cough and repair the damage done. It checks the cough spasm, loosens the mucus, opens the air passages, soothes the inflamed tissues, and at the same time, has a tonic value that tends to build up what the cough tears down. Only Piso's supplies these five vital effects and it contains no opiates and does not upset the stomach. Safe to give, even to babies. All druggists sell Piso's in 35c and 60c sizes. Be sure you ask for "Piso's for Coughs."

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142 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

LITTLE SISTER
Continued from page forty-nine

"Oh, th's th' band! I thought the Yale team had kittens."

Again the crowd laughed. As Margaret put the silver flask to her lips, the polo-coated figure turned and stared at her. Dora watched them. Suddenly Margaret felt the magnetism of the two hard black eyes. The flask fell clattering on the concrete seat.

"Careful, big girl," called Jim, retrieving the flask. "You're staging a dry raid."

Margaret stood transfixed. She blinked her eyes as the image on her bemused brain faded. She felt like one groping for a lost name or a forgotten face. She became silent, staring across at the gray patch of cadets in the opposite stand. Her mind was a turmoil.

Slowly her habit of brain control reasserted itself. She sat down suddenly. "I'm drunk. I'm drunk," she repeated to herself. She groped through her sodden memory. "There's a reason—a reason." A deep line formed between her eyes as with drunken intensity she tried to recapture the reason. She felt dizzy now.

"Want to go home," she announced abruptly. "Bored. All this just child's play. Come on, Jim, take me home." Margaret stood up, reeling.

"We'll all go. Come, Charlie." Dora drew up her collar to hide her face.

"What's the idea, Dora? Second half jus' starting," protested Charlie.

Dora had already turned. She was making her way toward the aisle. Margaret swayed as she followed, keeping her hand on Charlie's back. With great deliberation she moved from step to step down the aisle. Suddenly she staggered, tripped, and fell full length on the concrete. Her thick coat saved her. Jim and Charlie caught her up instantly. Margaret was stunned.

Dora, a step below, turned, watching the two boys support her swaying sister. She shuddered as she heard a voice behind her saying:

"The girl's drunk. Another noble experiment."

NEXT morning Margaret awoke sick and nauseated. Her temples throbbed, but greater than this physical pain was the heavy cloud of depression smothering her. She had slopped over. Picture after picture of yesterday's record came to mind.

"As a horrible example I must have been a knockout," she thought. "That exhibition should have disgusted not alone Dora but the whole grand stand."

Again she saw herself sipping from a flask. Slowly her brain built up this picture, finally flashing a polo-coated figure and the black eyes staring into hers.

"My God! That *was* John!" No, it couldn't have been. John had telephoned he was going over the plans of a house with a prospect. No. The man in the polo coat was not John. It was just her drunken imagination.

The maid had drawn her bath and was now pulling back the curtains, letting the October sun flood the room. Margaret blinked. The maid was standing at the foot of the bed.

"Beg pardon, miss, but a telephone message came just as you left yesterday. From Mr. Stanton, miss. Saying he was motoring to the football game with his friend, and he'd see you there."

MARGARET felt a great void where her heart had been. John—her fine, clean-thinking, decent John—had seen her drunk. She flung off the bedclothes, bathed, freshened herself, and sat down to write:

DEAR DEAR JOHN:

What must you think? Anything that I write will sound like a silly alibi. I cannot attempt to measure the disgust—perhaps repulsion—you feel. Yet it must have occurred to you that there was some explanation, some reason, beyond the obvious one that I deliberately made a drunken hog of myself. If I believed you thought otherwise of me, I would not be writing this letter.

Yet I did deliberately assume the rôle of drunken hog—for Dora's sake. That sounds fishy, John dear, as I write it, but if you come to me this afternoon I will tell you my story.

I know how you feel about our crowd and I know your standards. But, by your love for me and mine for you, don't let your New England conscience condemn me unheard.

As always, dearest, MARGARET.

Margaret's fingers trembled as she worked the letter into its envelope and rang for the maid.

When she had dressed Margaret went downstairs to the library. She picked up a book, sank into one of the deep leather chairs, and tried to read. But her mind scorned the page. What would John think? What would he say? Of course he'd believe her. Would he? She glanced at the softly ticking clock on the mantelpiece. It was after four now. And she had sent the letter at one. He should be here. The distant ringing of the doorbell set her nerves trembling in response.

Ah, there he was! She listened. Presently in the next room she heard voices. Dora's and some of her crowd. She relaxed. Again the bell rang. This must be John. She sighed. A soft knock on the library door, and the maid entered with a note on a tray. Margaret recognized John's writing. She tore open the envelope. Her own letter, unopened, fell to her lap. She closed the book, hiding the letter between its pages. Her face was drawn, her eyes sunken.

Her little sister's sharp accents interrupted her reverie: "No, Charlie, I'll not go. I'm off the speaks. What's more, after yesterday— My God, Charlie, wasn't Margaret rotten? Disgracing me before all that crowd! After yesterday, I'm done with booze for life!"

Margaret felt the tears rising in her eyes.

THE END

Problems of Conduct

What Would You Do?

$100 Each Week for the Best Question
$200 Each Week for the Best Answers

Here Is This Week's Question

for which $100 has been paid to
THOMAS SELLER
2201 Pacific Avenue, San Francisco, California

You are a young man, engaged to a young woman whom you love deeply. Your parents, who have reared you in comparative comfort all your life, have recently suffered financial reverses that will cause them to live in meager circumstances—almost in poverty—for the remainder of their lives. At your present salary, which can increase but slowly for several years to come, you can either support the girl you wish to marry, or help support your parents.

Would you consider that you owe it to your parents to destroy your happiness for at least ten years—perhaps forever, since you feel you have no right to ask the girl to wait—or would you marry the girl and let your parents struggle along until you are able to support your wife and also contribute to their subsistence?

Answers to this question must reach us before midnight, January 31. They should be as short as possible—brevity will count in their favor. In no case should they contain more than 1,000 words.

THE RULES

1. Liberty invites its readers to submit problems of conduct similar to the problem which appears on this page. One of these will be published each week, and for those published $100 each will be paid to the persons who send them in.

2. Liberty invites its readers also to submit answers to these problems as they are published. For the answers which, in the judgment of the editors, are the best submitted each week, $200 will be paid, the $200 to be divided among the senders, and these answers will be published.

3. Problems and answers should be written on one side of the paper only —typewritten if possible—and should be brief. Problems stated in 150 words or less are preferred. Answers should not in any case contain more than 1,000 words, and should usually be much shorter than that. Brevity, always, will count in their favor.

4. It is understood that the decision of Liberty's editors will be final, both as to prizes awarded for problems and those paid for answers.

5. Entries—both problems and answers—should bear the sender's full name and address, and should be sent to PROBLEMS, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

HOW would you answer the question on this page? Can you suggest a better one, or one as good? Try your hand at either—or both. As indicated in the rules below, Liberty is paying $100 each week for a suggested problem of conduct, and offering $200 for answers to each of these problems.

* * *

This week we are publishing four answers to the problem which appeared in Liberty for December 20, and dividing $200 among the senders, whose names appear below. The problem was:

If you were afflicted with a malicious malady and had but one year to live, would you want your physician to tell you the truth about it, or would you prefer not to know?

The Winning Answers

By MRS. THOMAS F. WEST
Salem, Virginia

I AM the mother of six fine children, and if I had but one year to live, I'd certainly want to know it, so that I could crowd into that one year all the tenderness, the care, the training, and the love that ordinarily would cover many years.

I'd want my children to have the sweetest, finest memories of the mother whom they had for only a little while. And I'd want to be the best kind of helpmeet to my husband, giving him a year of devotion, encouragement, inspiration, and comradeship.

I believe I'd be able to pack the year full of these things more successfully if I knew it to be the last year I'd have in which to serve my loved ones.

By M. F. McDONALD
63 Temple Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

BETWEEN the hopes of the man who knows merely that he is to die sometime, but knows not when nor how, and the hopes of one condemned to hang next Friday, there's surely a vast difference. The hope of long life gives the former confidence, tranquillity—mental health. The latter's knowledge of impending doom overwhelms him with despair, terror—mental disease.

Because of a malicious malady, I have but one year to live. Not knowing my fate, I have hope. Knowing it conditions me somewhat as the man condemned to hang. Wherein lies the benefit of the additional affliction?

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

4,000 Cases Excess Fat

One Doctor's Record

Many people are still doubtful about this new way of treating obesity. That is, by combating results of a gland weakness, which permits too much food to turn to fat.

Physicians the world over now recognize and employ this scientific method. One specialist has card records on over 4,000 cases.

Consider also how excess fat has been disappearing lately. Not by starvation, not by over-exercise, not by harmful drugs. A major factor is this medical discovery.

Consider also Marmola prescription tablets. A world-famous laboratory prepares them to supply this needed factor in right form. People have used them for 24 years—millions of boxes of them. Users have told others the results, and the use has spread enormously. No method not effective could exist and grow for 24 years.

It is folly to doubt a method so endorsed, so tested, so enormously employed. In every circle there are people who can tell you what it does. So can any doctor.

You should employ Marmola if you overweigh. Or else consult a doctor. You owe that to yourself. Supply that lacking factor to the blood. Each box of Marmola contains the formula and explains how and why it acts.

Go get a box today. Price $1.00. It may point the way to new joy in living, new beauty, new health and vitality. And the way is so easy, so cheap.

MARMOLA
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS
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FOR CROUP World's Greatest REMEDY

Roche's—world famous for Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Bronchitis. Rub on chest. Economical. At druggists. Write E. Fougera & Co., New York, for free circular.

MILLIONS Sold at $1.90 It *must* be good

ROCHE'S English Embrocation

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Absorb all blemishes and discoloration by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin fleck off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly reduce wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce Powdered Saxolite and 1 half pint witch-hazel. At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

Would it not accelerate the ravages of my ailment, and still further curtail my short span of life?

I would prefer not to know. What about the trite adage: "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise"?

By DONNA McKENTY
238 Roslyn Road, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

I BELIEVE it was St. Stanislas who, in answer to the question put to him by a fellow student as to what he would do if he had only a few minutes to live, replied: "I would remain here in the recreation hall. . . . I am doing my duty." Truly a noble answer. But how many of us, knowing we had only a year to live, would not change our mode of existence?

I would infinitely prefer my physician to tell me if such were the case.

1. Because I could put my material affairs in shape, leaving my loved ones protected and provided for.
2. I could do many things in the course of a year to change others' lives for the better.
3. From a spiritual viewpoint (assuming a faith in immortality), I could make peace with my Creator and die happily at the end of this given period.

Given the initial intelligence to carry on without inflicting sorrow on friends and relatives for that year, how splendid to shuffle off this mortal coil with everything in readiness . . . lamp trimmed and burning!

By HENRY F. WAGONER
426 South Elm Drive, Beverly Hills, California

IF, because of the malicious malady with which I am afflicted, I have but one year of life remaining, why should I care whether my physician tells me the truth or not?

Actually I expect to live for many more years. Possibly I may step in front of a street car or become involved in an auto crash tomorrow. Or a careless laborer may drop a bit of stonework or a steel girder upon my head as I pass some new building.

These things are not probabilities, of course. Yet they are reasonable enough possibilities, so that I have to always be ready to leave this world tomorrow, if called. Hence I must live each day as though expecting to go tomorrow; that is, in one sense. I owe it to my family to have my financial affairs always in the best possible shape. I owe it to myself to have my moral (or spiritual) affairs in order.

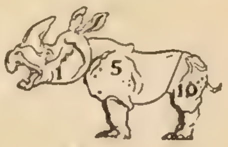
Could I order my affairs better if I knew that I had not one day more than a year to live? I doubt it. And undoubtedly that knowledge would so weigh on my mind as to prevent my being the happy, optimistic companion that my family has the right to demand I be, and my associates the right to expect me to be.

No; on the whole, I would rather not know.

Answers to the question in Liberty for December 27 will be published next week.

$500 *in* Prizes for the Game of *The* Great What-Is-It?

HERE is the group of winners who share in the awards for putting together, naming, and writing rhymes about the Rhinoceros-Frog-Cow pictures (shown herewith, correctly assembled) which appeared in our December 20 issue:

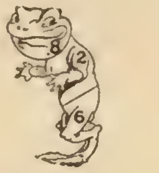


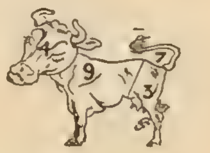
FIRST PRIZE—$100

to Joshua W. Watts, 67 Brinkerhoff Street, Jersey City, New Jersey, who sent in the following rhyme:

FROG

The frog for cash will never lack;
He's always sure of one green back,
And really he's a funny bloke,
He likes to live, but wants to croak.





SECOND PRIZE—$50

to Marie Le Nart, 3409 McKinley Avenue, El Paso, Texas, whose rhyme was:

COW

She's blue. Alas! they took her milk
Away to pasteurize it;
And when she saw a bottleful
She couldn't recognize it.

THIRD PRIZE—$25

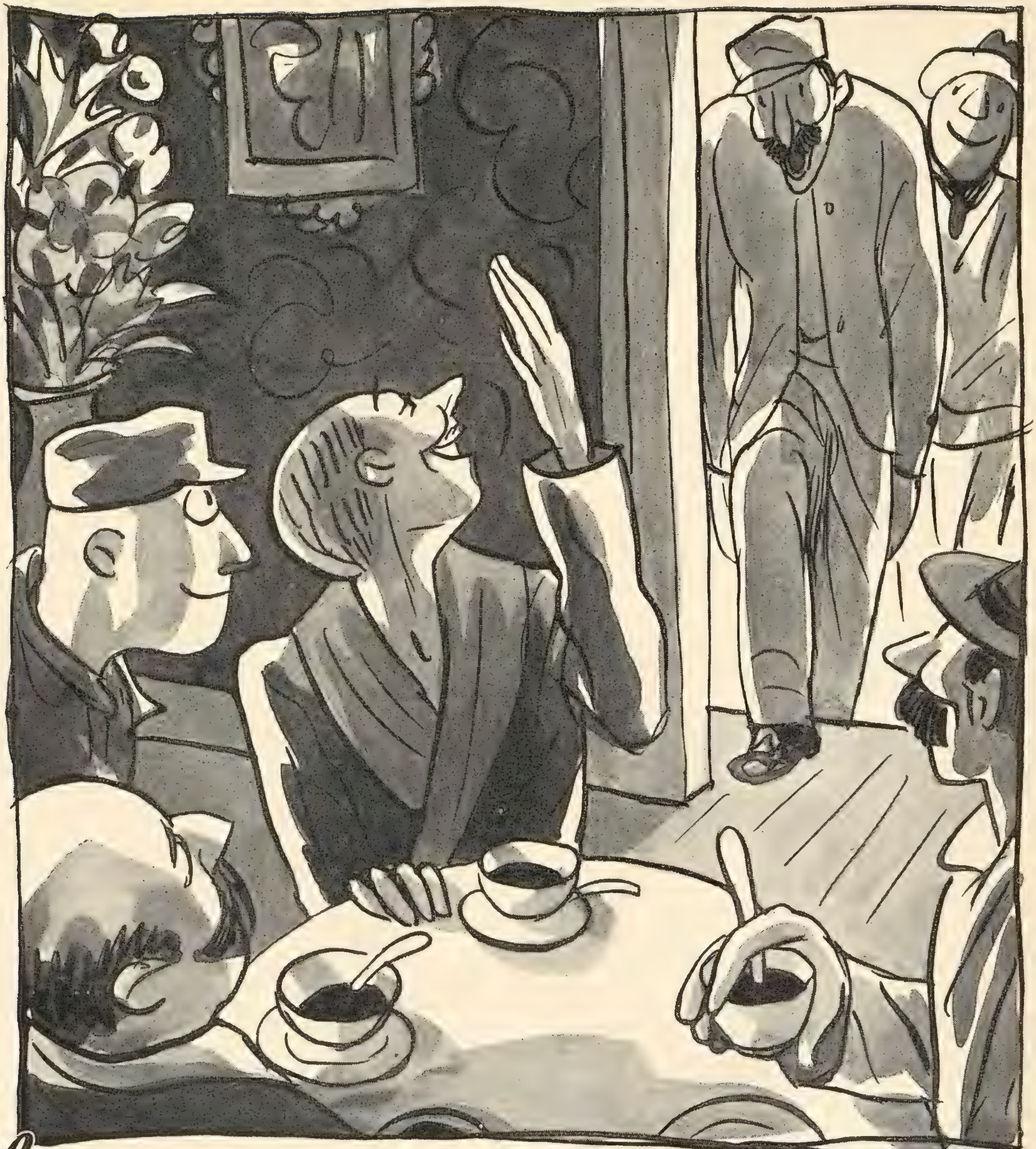
to Miss A. M. Crombie, 1515 Chomedy Street, Montreal, Canada, whose rhyme was:

RHINOCEROS

The rhino has a hide so thick
His conscience, even, doesn't prick,
And when about the place he barges
He doesn't pay his way—he charges.

$10 PRIZES to Laural Arthur, Trenton, N. J.; E. Bandy, Hines, Ill.; J. W. Cole, Ridgefield Park, N. J.; Mrs. R. L. Condy, New York, N. Y.; Jack Curtiss, Los Angeles, Calif.; Ben. J. Finman, Tampa, Fla.; John J. Hall, New York, N. Y.; Price Harrington, Kansas City, Mo.; Lydia S. Johnson, Minneapolis, Minn.; L. H. LaMothe, Montreal, Can.; Adalia MacLachlan, LaCrosse, Wis.; R. F. Melody, San Antonio, Tex.; V. R. Morse, Portland, Me.; A. B. Roan, Pasadena, Calif.; Archie C. Tilden, Seattle, Wash.; R. Burge Toney, Louisville, Ky.; H. M. Utley, Los Angeles, Calif.; J. L. Vassaw, Spokane, Wash.; Charles L. Way, Brookline, Mass.; Mrs. Joseph A. Witte, Utica, N. Y.

$5 PRIZES to Marguerite G. Bibens, West Rupert, Vt.; Gilbert R. Brackett, Des Moines, Ia.; Estella J. Bradley, Glendale, Calif.; Mrs. D. V. Fuller, Butte, Neb.; C. A. Goldsborough, Manistee, Mich.; Jewel Gray, North Little Rock, Ark.; Mrs. Ralph E. Hawes, South Sudbury, Mass.; Winfield S. Hastings, Chicago, Ill.; Haney W. Hill, Fort Lewis, Wash.; F. G. Hindle, Saskatoon, Can.; Amanda Hosford, Washington, D. C.; Irene E. Ives, Seattle, Wash.; Estelle B. Kauffmann, Sacramento, Calif.; Tyne Laukka, Negaunee, Mich.; George Miller, Wooster, O.; Mrs. Kelso A. Morgan, Omaha, Neb.; Robert Plate, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. R. Romney, Jr., Salt Lake City, Ut.; Elizabeth Sawyer, Searsport, Me.; Theo. M. Spelman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Pet Sullivan, Palm Beach, Fla.; Barbara Thomas, Washington, D. C.; E. N. Tuckerman, Hartland, Wis.; Goldie Warshaw, Montreal, Can.; Sara Wyatt, Atlanta, Ga.



At this point the furnaceman, Mr. Thurple, arrived in the painter's automobile.

The Helping Hand

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by PETER ARNO

(Reading time: 5 min. 55 sec.)

I HAVE always tried to be as public-spirited as I could and yet save out a little time to myself for running and jumping. That is, when the Fuel Administration wanted us all to save coal, I saved coal with a will; when it was Anti-Litter Week, I anti-littered; when the nation was supposed to be devoting itself to eating apples, I drank applejack until the cows came home—and very funny-looking cows they were, too.

So when the head of the Unemployment Commission came out over the radio and asked every good citizen to set about " sprucing up "

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE]

his home and give employment to as many men as possible, I saw my duty and set about doing it.

My house could stand a little "sprucing up," for we have been hoping to sell it for eight or ten years (centrally located in Westchester County, three minutes from the station, colonial type, four master's bedrooms and three masters, servants' quarters at the foot of the plantation equipped with banjos and corn pone, two chimneys, of which one is imitation; just try naming a price and see what happens), and when you expect to sell a house any minute you more or less put off "sprucing up." So I figured that I could help out the situation considerably merely by fixing up the house so that the owls didn't fly in through the roof at night.

Aside from having the roof patted down, I decided that a couple of eaves troughs could stand a little humoring; that one of the master's bathtubs might very well be given a new porcelain filling; that the furnace could easily be looked into by an expert, possibly using a ferret to get out that clinker which got stuck in the grate four years ago; and that we needed a new lock on the front door (or perhaps it was a new key; at any rate, the front door couldn't be locked).

This shaped up like quite a boon to the unemployed of the town. All that remained was for me myself to find enough work to do to pay for it.

Very funny-looking cows they were.

We had quite a little trouble in finding a carpenter and a plumber who could promise to come before the following week (no matter how serious the unemployment situation, no individual carpenter or plumber can ever come before the following week, doubtless out of habit), and the locksmith and the furnaceman just didn't seem interested. But we finally got a little group of experts who agreed to drop in the next day and see what could be done.

IN the meantime, we had discovered that the electric range needed tampering with and that a fresh coat of paint wouldn't hurt the back porch. So we engaged an electrician and a painter to come in the next day also.

The next day was one of those crisp late fall days when everyone feels so good that he wants to stay right in bed under the blankets all the morning. I was surprised, therefore, in my bathrobe by Mr. Margotson, the carpenter, and Mr. Rallif, the electrician, who arrived together at eight thirty. This started the thing off on an informal basis right at the beginning, and as Mr. Shrank, the locksmith, came a few minutes later, it seemed only hospitable to ask them if they wouldn't like a second cup of coffee before starting to work. At this point the furnaceman, Mr. Thurple, arrived in the painter's automobile (I didn't quite catch the painter's name, but I think it was Schnee; at any rate, I called him Schnee and he seemed quite pleased), and so our little coffee party was now six, including the host, which just filled the breakfast table nicely.

"Do you take cream in your coffee, Mr. Margotson?" I asked. Mr. Margotson and Mr. Rallif having been the first to arrive, it seemed to me that they should be served first.

"It's strange that you should have asked me that," replied Mr. Margotson, "for I was saying to Mrs. Margotson at breakfast only this morning, 'I see in the paper where a man says that cream *and* sugar together in coffee set up a poison which sooner or later results in a toxæmia!"

"Don't you think," put in Mr. Thurple, helping himself to cream and sugar, "that we are, as a nation, becoming a little too self-conscious about what we eat and drink? As a nation, I mean."

Mr. Schnee, or whatever his name was, laughed a low, tinkling laugh. This, although Mr. Schnee said nothing, somehow broke the ice and we all laughed. I had never seen five more congenial and delightful men together at one table (six, if you want to count me; I couldn't very well have said it of myself). As soon as we all had our coffee cups well poised, the conversation became general and drifted from dietetics to religion and then quickly back to dietetics again. When Mr. Ramm, the plumber (true to the jokes in the funny papers, the last to arrive), came bursting in he found us deep in a discussion of whether or not ransom should be paid in kidnaping cases.

"THE late Mr. Ramm!" taunted Mr. Thurple, the furnaceman, who had already established himself as the clown of the crowd by having seven cups of coffee. At which sally Mr. Schnee again laughed his low, tinkling laugh and set us all off again. As soon as Mr. Ramm had recovered from his embarrassment at being the butt of Mr. Thurple's joke, I set the round of the day's activities in motion.

"How many here play badminton?" I asked, springing to my feet.

"I," "I," and "I," came with a will from three hearty throats, and Messrs. Margotson, Rallif, and Thurple had their coats off and their sleeves rolled up as an earnest of their intentions.

"Take me, I like backgammon," said Mr. Ramm.

"You're my man then," said Mr. Shrank. "I am the backgammon king of Locksmiths' Row." It looked for a minute as if we were in for a rather nasty argument, but Mr. Schnee's low, musical laugh came again to the rescue, and the party was on. The room which had been full of men only a minute before was now emptied in a trice, some rushing pell-mell to the badminton court and some to the backgammon room.

Luncheon was a gay affair, with favors for those who had won at their various games and speeches of acceptance which convulsed even the low-laughing Mr. Schnee.

"I am sorry, gentlemen," I said, in part, when it came my turn, "that I have got you all here to do certain jobs to which you are severally suited by training and study, for I find that I have not the money to pay you with, even if you were to carry out your commissions. But what there is of good cheer and good fellowship in this house is yours, and we are all going to make the most of it while it lasts."

That was a month and a half ago and they are all still living with me. We are the best of friends and still the small boys at heart that we always were. The house is in much worse condition than it was before; but, as it turned out that they all had more money than I, I am not worrying. They have each promised to buy a story from me as soon as I can get around to writing it.

Some further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A Great Increase in Unemployment

Tommy, who had heard a great deal about the unemployment situation, came home from kindergarten one day and announced:

"I don't have to go to school tomorrow, mother. I'm laid off till Monday."—Miss Eldora Dalton, 509 E. 114th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

* * *

Taking No Chances

Little Miles had coaxed his mother all morning to be allowed to go in the car with his daddy. At last mother said he might go if he would sit still and not make any noise. After a few moments the child turned to his mother and said:

"Mama, if I get cold can I shiver?"—Mrs. Juanita Jones, 1448 Westmount Blvd., Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

FUDGE

A New FOR THE LOVE o' LIL

LIL had rainy afternoon blues, but not on account of the weather. It was the atmosphere of her own home that had her on edge. The place sounded like a school yard at noon and why her house should be a magnet to draw all the children of the neighborhood was more than she could understand.

"Be careful with your muddy rubbers!" she warned as she heard them being dropped on her hall runner. "Take them out to the pantry and let them drip."

"The rug'll soak up the water," Gwen giggled, "an' after it's soaked up all the water from all our rubbers—you'll be able to call it a sponge."

She was quite delighted with this announcement and a juvenile chorus screamed out, "Sponge, sponge!"

"Keep still," Lil told the children, scaring them with her sudden appearance at the doorway. "If you yell like that, you'll wake up the baby."

"He's awake by now," Red Hancock laughed, "an' I know who woke him up. She did!" Out shot his finger in Gwen's direction.

"Don't point," said Lil, sensing a battle. "It's a rainy day and I should think that you'd just sit around and read instead of making such a rumpus."

"What's a rumpus?" little Ulysses wanted to know. "Who's making a rumpus? I don't see a rum—"

"Rum?" Gwen yelled like a pirate on a plank.

This rainy afternoon gathering sounded more and more like a war to Lil, so she hurriedly decided upon a truce in advance. She'd lived through rainy afternoons before and she knew their aftermath of scratched furniture, split cushions, broken water glasses, mussed-up rugs, and chalk marks on hardwood floors.

"Is anybody hungry?" she asked.

"Hungry!" they shouted at once.

"I'm so hungry," Gwen added, "that I want to be the first to peek in your ice box." And she headed for the pantry door before Lil could grab one of her curls.

"I'll make fudge," she said, following Gwen, "if three good children will sit quietly on the pantry floor."

The sudden silence was a great relief. Lil went to the cupboard and took out sugar and chocolate and a big blue saucepan. The children sat on the green linoleum like images on incense burners. Milk, butter, measuring cup, stirring spoon, and a carving knife to splinter the chocolate. Then she put the pan on the stove.

This week's cover picture.

"I smell it," Gwen whispered. "Gee, if my mother ever bothered to make fudge for me, I'd grab her around her fat double chin an' give her a kiss."

"Don't get too confectionery," Red laughed.

"There's too much noise for fudge," Lil said.

The noise ceased. Lil stirred and spun threads with the chocolate. Finally she buttered a plate, poured out the fudge, and cut it into squares.

"Now," she said as the children rushed to the table, "open your mouths and shut your eyes—"

"An' give us something to make us wise!" they yelled, looking like robins waiting for worms.

(Next week's cover adventure: Baby for Sale)

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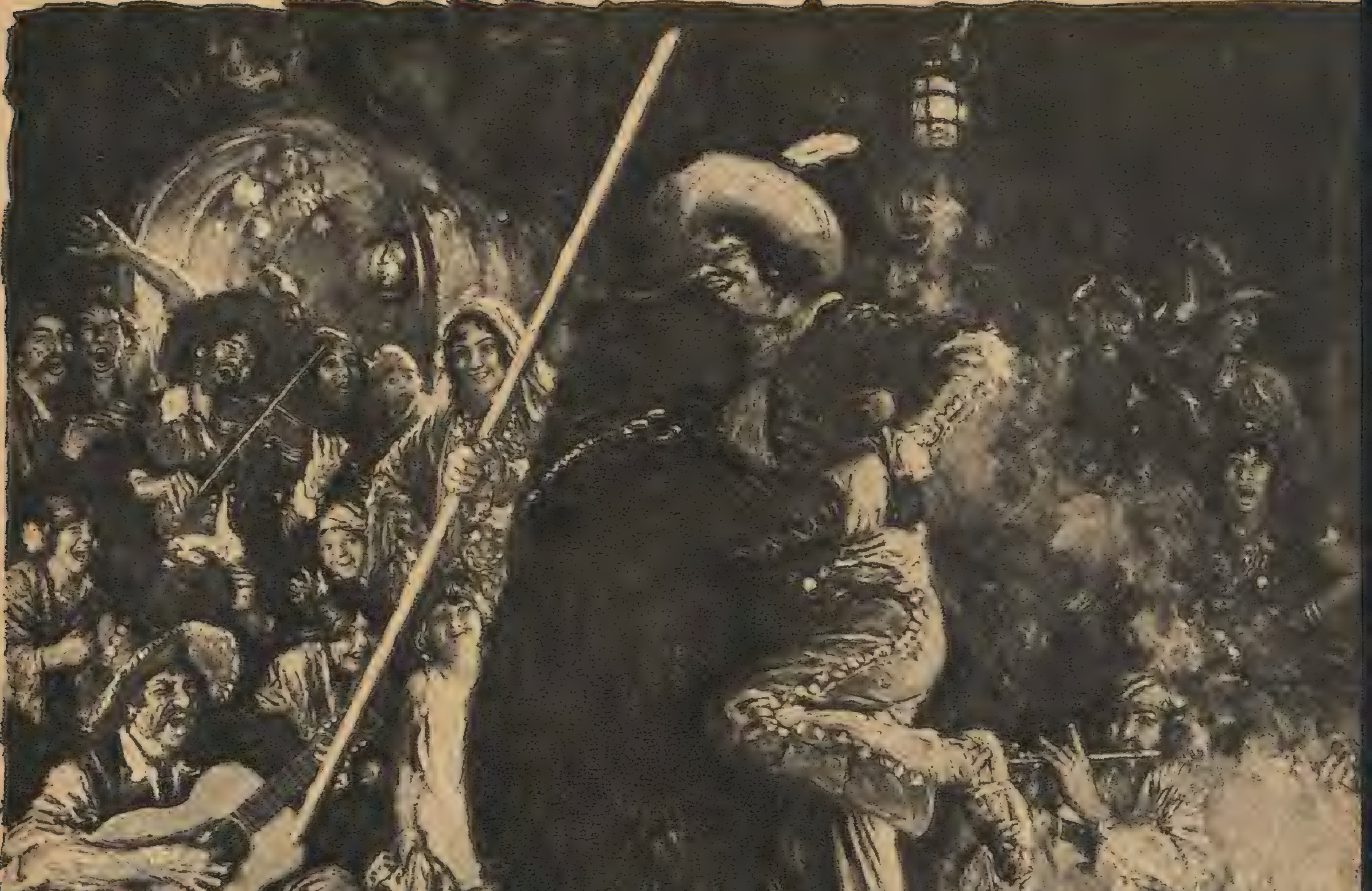


Pictures by
NORMAN PRICE

Silver

A Romance of

By ROBERT W.

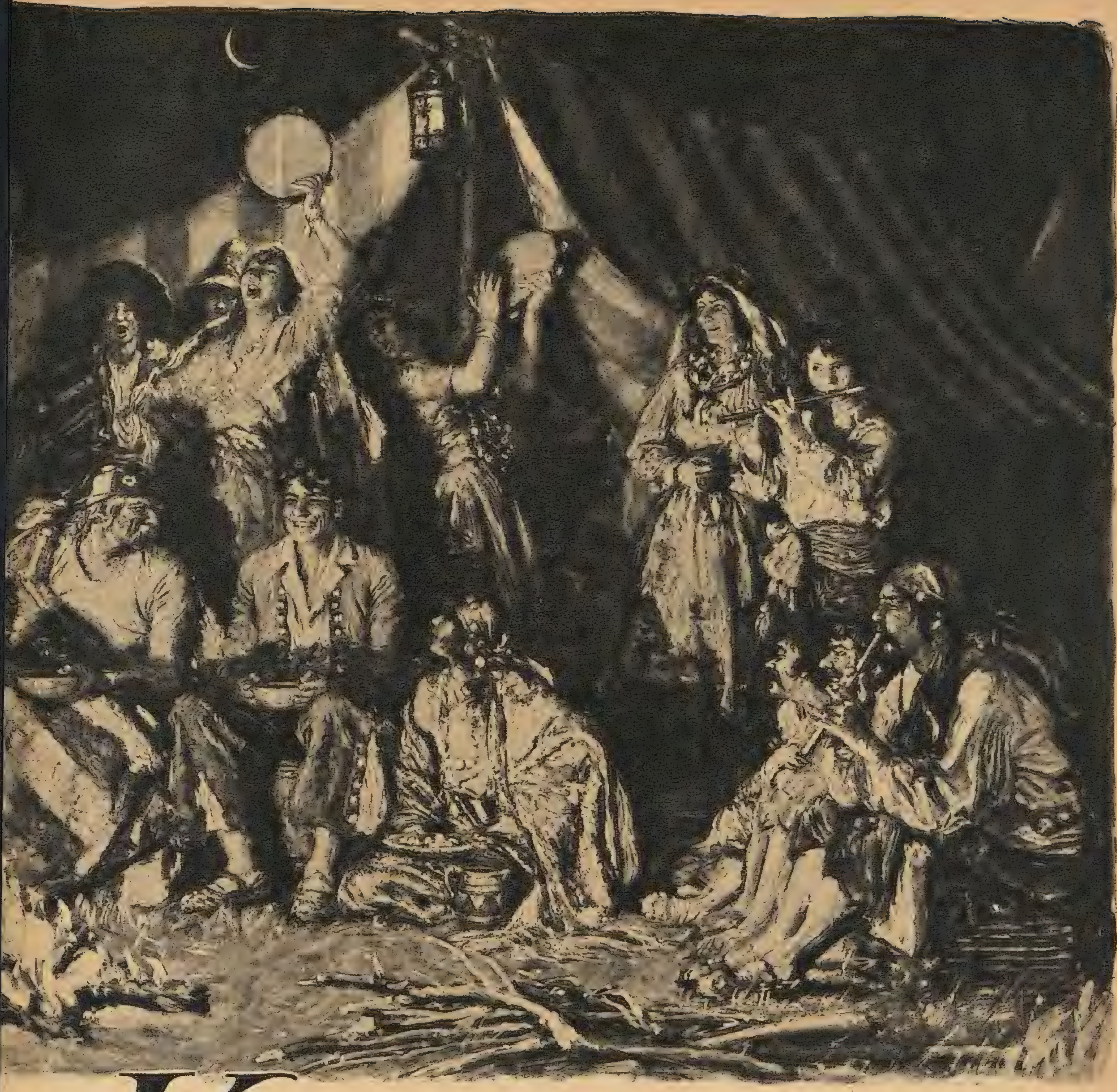
(Reading time: 33 minutes 30 seconds.)

THIS is the story of what happened to Captain Maddox, of the United States Intelligence Department, during the Mexican War.

He had been sent to parley with Comanche Indians, and was with them when one of them displayed the smoked hand of a white woman and the daguerreotype of a child.

Maddox was convinced that the slaughtered woman must have been mother of the girl Silver Knees, a dancer living with a band of bear-training Gypsies.

Later, the captain and his scouts came upon the bear trainers. Silver Knees was with them. He showed the girl the daguerreotype which he had bought from the Comanche.



A young man jumped up, cuffed one of the big black bears, and, as it rose to its hind feet, began to wrestle and dance with it to the rhythm of the fiddles and tambourines.

Knees

the Rio Grande

CHAMBERS

"Mother of God," she exclaimed in amazement, "this is I myself!"

You can begin here and understand what follows.

PART THREE—A RIDE WITH DEATH

"ARE you certain, Silver Knees?"

She stared at the picture, her lips trembling with emotion. "Yes—that is my blue gingham dress—and my new shoes—oh, holy Virgin, I remember them—I was only seven or eight—God knows. . . . This picture was taken—" She pressed her hand to her forehead in an effort to recall. "I rode in a blue-and-yellow wagon with my father and mother—through a wide, noisy street on a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SILVER KNEES
Continued from page fifty-seven]

very hot day. . . . In a place of windows that smelled of strange odors they sat me down upon a high chair and put behind my neck two cold prongs of iron to keep my head still—" After a strained and quivering silence: "Oh, Don Juan!—my blue gingham dress! . . . And my mother who kept whispering: 'Don't move! Kek! Sit still—yes, this way—ava adova, si!'"

"Then your mother *was* Gypsy!"

"Ei. . . . Now I can remember. . . . There were two men there with a box on three legs and a black poncho. . . . One man showed me a toy bird which chirped; the other thrust his head into the box—which frightened me—and I remember whispering to my mother, 'Daia, Daia, tengo mucho calor! Oh, what is he doing with his head in the box—'"

"What was your English name?" I asked.

She wiped her eyes with her shawl and shook her head. It seemed so long ago that the nuns had christened her Encarnación. It had been so long, so many, many years, since the Romaniæ had named her Silver Knees. . . . And now her names in the nav gajikanes were completely gone from her mind; only the nav Romanes remained. . . .

Very gently and cautiously I questioned her. She still retained hazy recollections concerning the Indians who had killed her parents, and the Mexican soldiers who had taken her from the Indians and given her to the nuns of the Incarnation. I did not tell her what the Comanche, Lame Wolf, had told me about the death of her parents, or about the iron box and the papers. I meant, when opportunity offered, to search the chaparral at the three springs, and try, for this vagabond child's sake, to learn something concerning her.

"Your mother," said I, "certainly must have been Gypsy if she talked Romanes to you."

"Oh, yes, brother, she was of the Zincali—a true Gitana."

"But you once told me that you never heard your father speak the Gypsy language."

"No, brother."

"Do you remember him, Silver Knees?"

"Faintly. . . . Tall and fair."

"He spoke English?"

"We spoke English and Spanish."

"Except when your mother talked Gypsy to you?"

"Ei."

"You remember how she looked?"

"Yes. . . . Spanish. . . . Slender and smooth to touch. . . . I remember she used to sing:

"La chimutra se ardela
A pas erachi;
El calo no abillila,
Abillila la Romi!*

"And she often played games with me, like Anda la rata—you know?

"Anda la rata
Detras de la caja,
Anda la gallina
Detras de la cocina—

"You know how children play it with a rebozo? And how it ends with:

"The moon runs
Behind the cactus—"

SHE was leaning close against my shoulder, her cheek against it, her ankles gathered in her hand.

"Is your honor truly a Gypsy and my brother?" she asked wistfully, "—that you are so kind to me?"

"Do I not speak like one? And I am truly your brother, Silver Knees. . . . Do you travel south with the Zincali bear tamers tomorrow?"

"Ei, prala. Where else am I to go?"

"Janes tu lil?—can you write?"

She laughed tearfully. "Yes."

I pulled out my notebook and wrote my name and address and rank, and tore out the leaf and gave it to her: "Headquarters of the First United States Army of Observation, Department of Military Intelligence," said I, "or Number 609 Bleecker Street, New York, if you don't hear from me. . . . And when the war ends—if, indeed, it ever begins—then I shall wish to see you, Silver Knees."

"Not before that, Don Juan?"

"I always shall be glad to see you—"

"Then I shall come to you again, Don Juan, if God wills it," she whispered ardently, edging her lithe body closer and on to my knees, and imprisoning my neck between her warm little arms. There fell a silence between us. Then: "Mother of God!" she whimpered, "I love you with all my heart."

I didn't quite know how to respond to this gathering emotion. Her hot little mouth was pressed against my forehead.

"Oh, brother," she whispered, "I feel so strangely excited in your arms. . . . Debla quirindia! What shall I do?"

I tried to laugh. "You are a Gitana," said I. "Plubi rulisarra—"

She both laughed and wept at that. "If you mean my white knees," she murmured, "the word is siarias. I fear you are no Gypsy, after all, Don Juan." She kissed both my eyes, then convulsively pressed my head in her arms and crushed her mouth against mine.

THE swift embrace left us breathless and dumb for a moment; then she stammered: "What have I done, my sinastro! Tuyslo! It is bad. It is madness. Now you will not believe that nobody ever has unloosed my girdle."

She slipped out of my arms, breathing brokenly, and sat up on her haunches in the starlight.

"Madre de Dios!" she wailed. "I know not what ails me with this man, but I want him for my lover!"

I turned over on my side, rested my head on my hand, and looked down at the Great River of the North flowing in silver splendor below.

This sort of thing wouldn't do. This young Gitana—this passionate adolescent—was too terribly attractive. Close quarters were to be avoided with such a child.

"You are as still as a river, señor captain," she whispered.

"'A noisy river often has a still mouth,'" I quoted laughingly. "There is another Tzigane proverb—'Passion, bridled and cruelly bitted, carries the caballero to the stars!'"

She flung herself down on the flowering herbage near me. "Only that I am a Gitana," said she, "I'd slip that bit and bridle for you! Alala!"

I said nothing.

"Ei," she repeated, plucking flowers and biting the petals, "—if I were not Gypsy."

"But you are."

"Ei. . . . Prala, you would never marry me, would you?"

"No, Silver Knees."

"Because you are a rom?"

"No, I am not married."

"Then because you are a gentleman and a great caballero? If I were not a Gitana I would be your mistress, because I love you, muchacho niño."

"I am no guruju, Silver Knees."

"And I no jaba; I am a jaña. Furi! What am I to do?" she wailed, rolling over twice and coming up face to face with me.

"Silver Knees," said I sharply, "your language is filthy!"

"I don't care! What do you want me to do with my—"

"Go with your bear tamers to Mexico City," said I coldly, "and don't use such words to me—"

"Ful!"

"Don't use such language, I tell you!" said I angrily, "or I'll send you about your business!"

"May I not mention the guchiba, señor?" she said impertinently. "Oh, I can see very plainly you despise me because, like all Gypsies, I use frank and honest speech—"

"Your father didn't. You are half Gentile."

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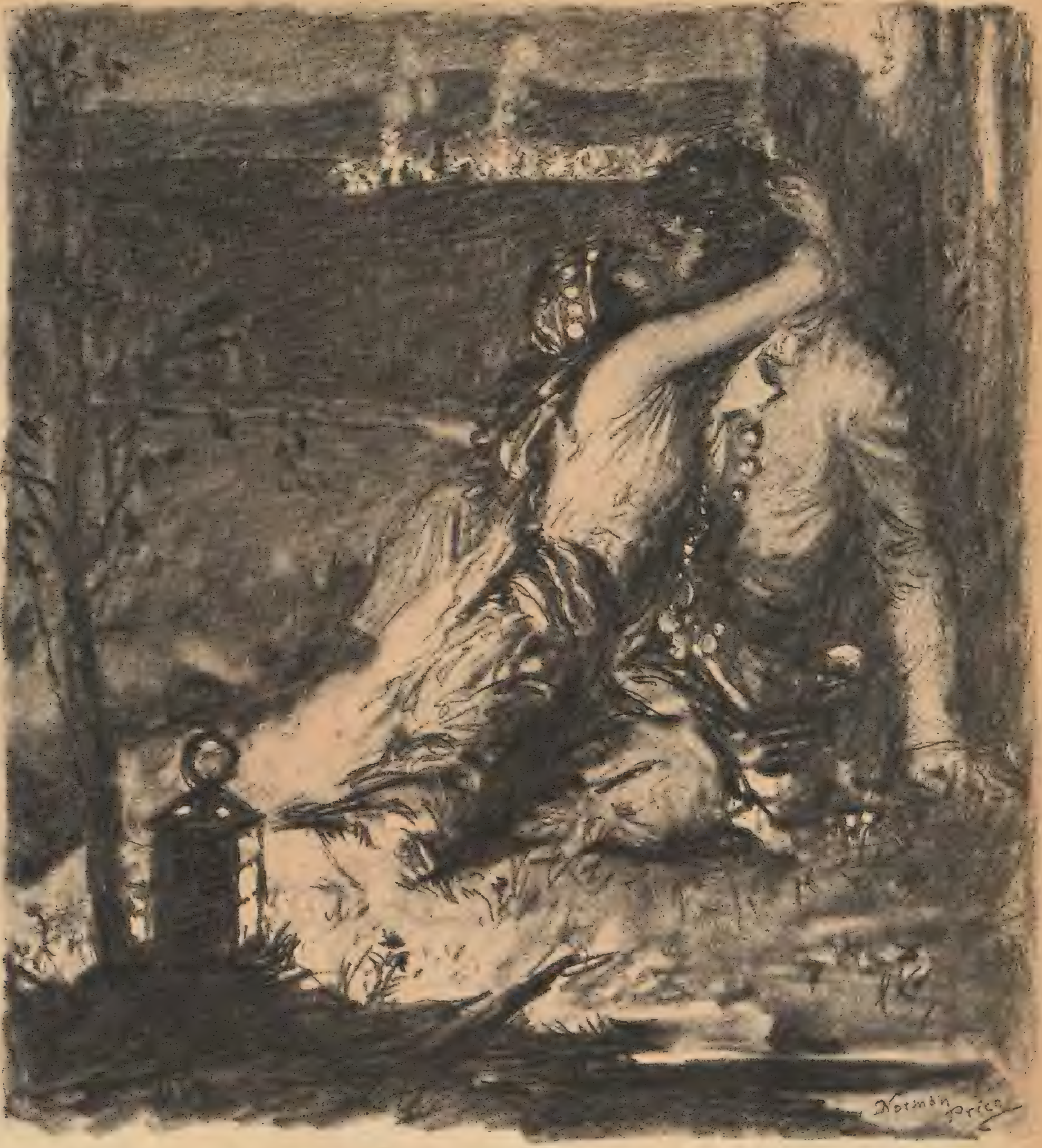
*At midnight when the moon began
To show her silver flame,
There came to him no Gypsy man,
The Gypsy lassie came!



She kissed both my eyes, then pressed my head in her arms and crushed her mouth against mine.

She stared at me, lying beside me there on the grass. The plain, pungent speech of the chastest Tzigane maiden is more than we Gorgios can stomach; and the plain, raw humor of the most virginal among them jars our English ears.

The girl was angry, bewildered with herself and me, excited and disorganized by new emotions and unfamiliar pain.

"Su men—your lordship," said she fiercely, "may I not say lole when I say pele, and chica when I say pirabar—"

"What you say soils my ears! That's filthy talk, Silver Knees! Are you trying to disgust me?"

She repeated, mockingly, the words of the Gypsy song:

"Although thou wash thee in the sea,
Thou wilt not rid thee of the stain
Thou didst obtain
Through me!"

We were lying face to face on the grass. She turned up her nose at me defiantly; her eyes mocked me; but her child's lips were quivering and she began to cry, and reached her arms blindly toward me.

"Oh," she sobbed out, "I don't know what ails me, brother—I am so unhappy to be in love—"

I took her into my arms and gave her a hearty hug and kiss.

"The trouble is," said I, "that you are more English than Gypsy, and the two bloods in you are having their first struggle."

"Mother of God!" she whined. "All the world has been but a whirl of dust since I first laid eyes on you, brother. I seem like an empty house after a temblor, and somebody I do not know has crept back into the ruins."

"Perhaps, if God wills it, Silver Knees, I can help you build your house again some day."

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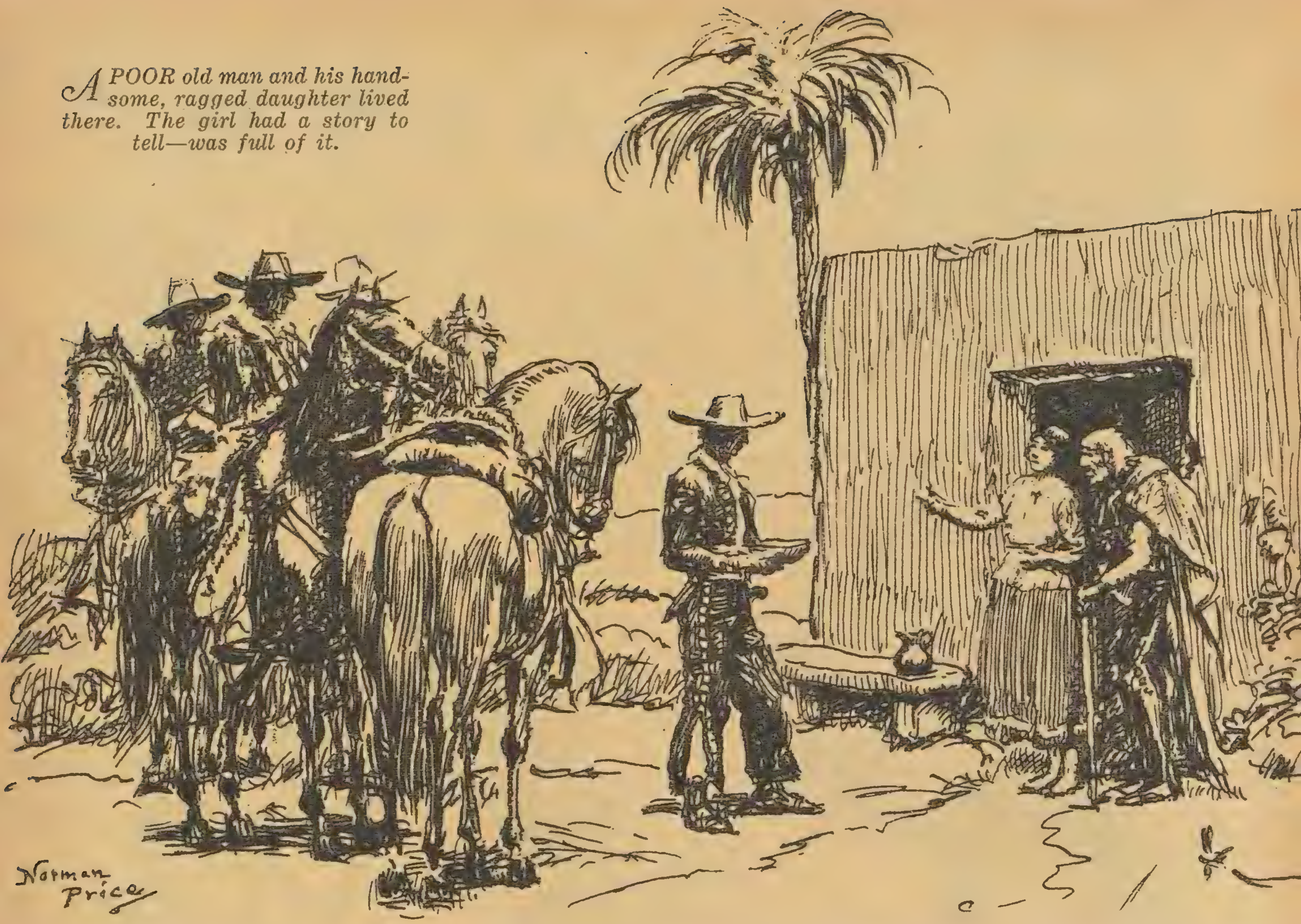
A POOR old man and his handsome, ragged daughter lived there. The girl had a story to tell—was full of it.



SILVER KNEES
Continued from page fifty-nine

"Oh, truly? Oh, brother!"

She kissed my hands passionately. Then, suddenly radiant:

"Let us forget what my dirty, wicked tongue has said."

"I have forgotten already."

"I love you, Señor Don Juan!"

"You are my sister, Encarnación."

"Come to our camp of the bear tamers!" she cried joyously. "We have a bad name—we of the bear family—but we do not deserve it! And everybody in the tribe is very grateful to your honor—"

We sprang up. She caught my hand, and we walked swiftly through the starlight toward the Gypsy fires of the Kalo Rom, where the bear folki were gathered.

Flutes, fiddles, tambour basque were playing madly, and the bear tamers were singing the Song of the Tribes, which is hundreds of years old:

"Search among the Kalderas
For a likely Gypsy lass!
Go, my lover, lightly go,
Look among the Macvano,
Look among the Maritsare,
Look among the Budisare—
Search the merry Karavlasi
For a pretty Gypsy lassie—

"Daia! Daia, let him learn,
Roaming forest heath and fern!
There will dawn a day in May
When my lover shall return—
Weary of the Kalo Rom,
Soon I'll see him coming home.
Saddened by the world so wide,
He shall buy me for his bride!—
Loose my girdle, loose my hair,
Daia, tell me I am fair!"

When we came into the firelight the music and singing ceased abruptly; scores of brilliant eyes, intent upon me, glittered in the ruddy, flame-shot obscurity.

Then an old man who had been sitting between two large black bears, asleep, got up and came toward us to express to me his courtly obligations and the warm gratitude of his tribe.

"Kalo Rom san tu?" he quavered.

"Hom Rom."

He kissed me on both cheeks and poured out his gratitude.

"It is nothing," said I in Romanes. "The Kalo Rom have always been very kind to me and I was glad to do them a slight service."

AT that they all crowded forward to take my hand, men and women and children, and I heard everywhere their happy voices in wondering reassurance: "He is a Gypsy, this señor, Captain Don Juan! His worship is both a caballero and a Gypsy! His honor condescends to visit his poor brothers. Sar mai san, prala? Katar aves, prala? Sangre de Dios, he is no rye. We bear tamers of the Ursari are his real brothers!"

They made me a place in front of the striped tent. Silver Knees slapped and pushed aside two or three girls who were fetching pulque and sweets, and, snatching the refreshments, brought them to me herself, casting a dangerous look at her discomfited rivals.

The old chief, whose name was Mecka, which means "a bear," said tolerantly:

"Misto. O dat. She is a cei nasli and has no father and no mother, and nobody would buy her to marry her."

"His eyes are closed," said Silver Knees coolly. "Closed eyes break no hearts."

A mischievous girl retorted: "If he opens his eyes, God help you!"

"Mother of God, that's true," said Silver Knees carelessly. "In the meanwhile, I am not too poor to have

his honor, Don Juan, for my brother. And he himself has said it."

"Hei! He is jesting with thee," retorted another girl jeeringly. "Maybe his honor the young kral will accept thy virginity before he rides away, chibori—"

"I am no chibori!"

"He will make thee his—for a night."

"Avali!" cried Silver Knees. "What of it?" She kicked off her espadrilles and showed her lovely little snowy feet.

"THESE, also, are made to follow the drom, chiquita! Let him take what God sends him and ride away if he will. His horse's hoofs are a patteran—if I choose."

"He will spit thee a patrin—if he chooses!"

Silver Knees whirled on the girl in utter fury, but the old chief shouted at them both.

"Kiss and forgive!" he said sternly.

The next instant they were kissing and laughing. A fiddle struck up an odd, clumsy air; a young man jumped up, cuffed one of the big black bears, and, as it rose to its hind feet, began to wrestle and dance with it to the shuffling, banging rhythm of the fiddles and tambourines.

The bear seemed to enjoy it. Everybody shouted until the young fellow, panting and the breath nearly squeezed out of him by his big, shaggy partner, herded the bear back to the tent and rewarded it with candy.

Then the music began a tarantella. Everybody called out to Silver Knees, and she sprang up from where she had been seated on the seran beside me.

First, with naked feet and tambourine ringing, she flung herself furiously into the unbridled dance, and her white shoulders and slender body fairly burst from shawl and waist, flashing unconfined and dazzling in the firelight. It was the danza Gitana—the flaming, passionate whirling of a young witch half naked amid the gaudy shreds that scarcely veiled her.

Suddenly she banged her tambour basque upon the ground. The music ceased. Then the flute began again—a slowly languid, sensuous air. Her castanets clicked; she pulled her shawl across one shoulder; her lithe bare body rippled in serpentine undulations; her arms and fingers coiled and uncoiled with the slow, lascivious grace peculiar to those strange nomad girls whose personal chastity is proverbial but whose provocative effrontery passes all bounds. Her body seemed like some jeweled snake swaying above lantern-lit flowers.

Click-click-click went her castanets. She was singing The Gitana:

"With tambourine and castanet,
With silken skirt and naked knee,
No man can choose but follow me
And curse the hour we ever met!
Beware the moon that burns above,
The Gypsy fire that burns below,
The burning eyes that promise love,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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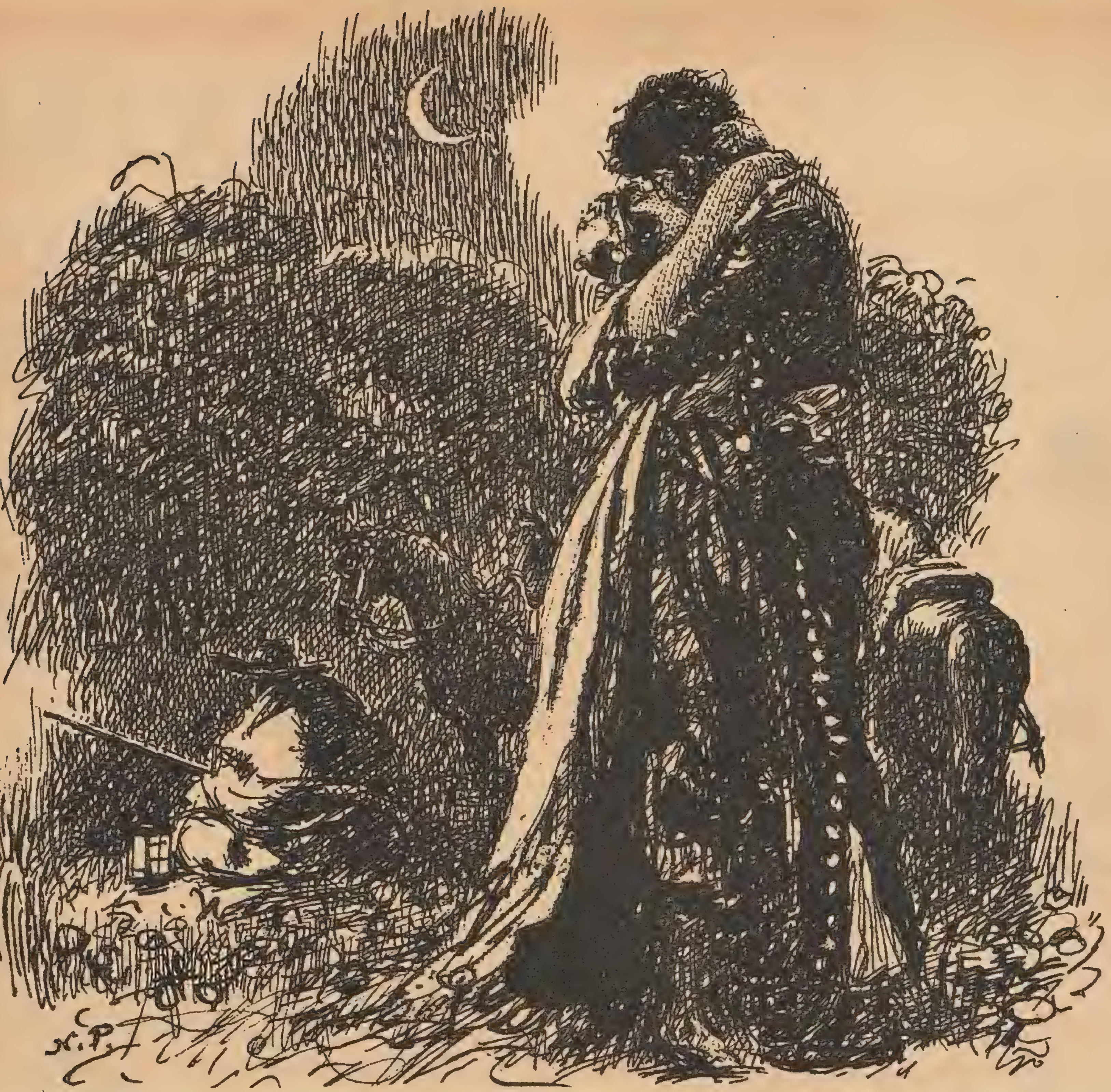

Here she made her passionate adieus with an abandon that demoralized me and was too near to our undoing to be remembered lightly.

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page sixty-one

The scarlet lips that softly glow,
The tender tongue, the sobbing breath,
For these can do a man to death!"

"Oh, God," sighed the young girls, "is she not beautiful!" The eyes of the young men shone in the fire glow with a feral light.

. . . . .

When, after midnight, I took my leave of the Ursari, the whole camp escorted me to the outer guard tent, calling: "Good-by, brother; good-by, hijo de mi alma! Adieu, querido mio! We are glad you liked our zarzuela. Our tents and hearts are always yours!"

By the time I reached the corral lantern, where the horse-herd guard sat bundled in his blanket, only Silver Knees accompanied me. And here she made her passionate adieus with an abandon that demoralized me and was too near to our undoing to be remembered lightly.

"Seño'," she sobbed, "I have no tent, no regalo to offer. All I have is my body—but with it must go the son-kaypé of the tacho Romanie. . . . And as that can never be, prala, kiss me once more—and go with God—"

II

WHEN dawn saw my men mounted, the Gypsy camp had been struck; the wagons were gone; nothing remained of it except dead fires and trodden grasses. That day we crossed at the ford and, keeping to the timber, rode in a wide circle by Saliceño and Villanueva toward the Reynosa highway, which was the back door of the city.

Into this back door we looked at a respectful distance—there was no getting nearer—and we could see infantry and cavalry moving in, and long military wagon trains drawn by horses, mules, and oxen. Every regiment was accompanied by the wives and women of the soldiery, who invariably accompanied the troops to cook for them, wash, and otherwise care for husband and lover while on campaign.

There was a vast number of people, vast herds of horses, numberless wagons and pack animals, all pouring into the city by the Reynosa and San Fernando roads, and along the eastern road to Brazos Santiago.

One splendid regiment of cavalry—lancers—rode slowly near where we were secreted in the chaparral. They wore dark green uniforms with scarlet plastrons, collars, cuffs, and stripes on their breeches. Their red schapskas glittered with gilded eagles and helmet cords. A torrent of scarlet pennons fluttered from their lance heads.

Frank Haslett sneered; Gordon Bruce laughed; Dan Sleeny aimed a squirt of tobacco juice at a hovering butterfly.

"Mebbe them fancy cow-chasers has forgot San Jacinto. Mebbe so," he said. "But by Jehoshaphat H. Christopher and J. W. Fannin', they'll remember it if the Texan Rangers ever ketch 'em again."

But I heard Emilio Bandara say in Spanish to Pacheco:

"He talks like a dog-soldier, this hombre. What kind of song will this lobo sing with a lance in his guts?"

III

WE had been away nearly six weeks, leaving the army practically destitute of military intelligence. The conclusion—neither flattering to me nor to General Taylor—is inescapable. He considered military intelligence of little or no importance. Colonel Cross had said so to me. "Old Zack," said he, "doesn't give a damn how many Mexicans are in Mexico. What does he want of military intelligence when he hasn't any himself?"

Poor Cross! We had had a drink together when I set out to hunt Comanches. In confidence to me, he damned old Zack for the only ass on earth who didn't know enough to waggle his ears.

Now, as we were halted, east of the river once more, at the adobe rancheria of Esperanza, to buy breadstuffs, there came galloping a scout of Texas Rangers, which at first we mistook for Mexicans, as they wore no uniform, only their fringed buckskins and fancy dress, part Indian, part Mexican. It was odd how many of these fellows bore facial resemblance to one another, as though all came originally of a common stock—skins burnt almost black from the sun, high cheek bones, slanting eyes of a lobo, and often a faint snarl in their laughter.

A Captain Walker led them, who was civil enough and seemed to have brains in addition to the ordinary courage common to all these reckless Texan horsemen.

For many weeks I had been without news. He now gave it to me. And this was the news. Old Zack had gone blundering across the Arroyo Colorado, in spite of Mexican protests. General Mejia might have annihilated him at the crossing. Why he didn't, nobody knows.

So on trampled old Zack and the army, like a bunch of stubborn bullocks, trampling through the water and paying no regard to a cloud of Mexican lancers who capered and retreated before them in an agony of rage and indecision.

General Mejia sent an aide-de-camp to say to old Zack that the crossing would be considered an act of war.

Old Zack was good-naturedly sorry, but he had come to pay a friendly call on the Mexicans at Matamoras, and, by God, he'd do it if he had to bombard his way to the city!

Walker and his men, helping us to pack our corn meal, roared with laughter. I laughed, too. But their contemptuous attitude toward all Mexicans found little real response in me. They sneered because the poor patriotic people at Point Isabel had set fire to their little houses—all they possessed in the world—rather than endure the American invasion.

"Then they ran," said Walker—"men, women, and brats. By God," said he, "they had the impudence to set fire to the public storehouses, too, and have nearly ruined the place as a depot for our fleet. I tried to catch 'em and hang 'em up, but damn them, they got into Matamoras."

"What else has happened?" I asked.

"Your friend Colonel Cross went for a ride. The rancheros caught him and murdered him. Lieutenant Porter—the old commodore's son—took ten volunteers to search for him. The lancers killed him and three of our horsemen. Mejia says it was none of his doing."

"Probably it was not," said I soberly. "The rancheros are often bandits. They are irregulars, Cossacks, Gauchos—"

"So are all Mexicans," said he fiercely, "and we Texans know what to do with them."

"Same as the Comanches do to us when they ketch us," added one of his men bitterly.

"Like Santa Anna's lancers done to us at San Jacinto and the Alamo, and what they done to Fanning," growled another.

"For God's sake," said I, "don't let us begin this war by butchery. Let us keep our own hands as clean as we can." I turned to Sam Walker again: "What else has happened, Captain?"

"Pedro Ampudia rode into Matamoras with a thousand lancers," he said dryly.

"General Ampudia?"

"That's the son-of-a-slut."

"Where is our army now?"

"Didn't I tell you? We're in a fortified camp opposite Matamoras. We're building a big fort full of eighteen-pounders. It's got eight bastions. Our flag's flying. There are twenty Mexican flags to one of ours flying over Matamoras."

"IT'S war, then?"

"It sure is, Captain Maddox. There's a hell's mint o' Mexicans in the city. Their General Arista rode in the other day with another army. He's in command now."

"Has there been any firing?"

"Naw," said he; "they're writing letters—him and Old Zack. They're very goddam polite, and it's Don General this and Señor General Don that, and 'I avail myself of this opportunity to assure you of my distinguished consideration. Viva Mexico! Viva God!'— And say, Captain, that sissy-faced Madiano Arista printed a lot of proclamations inviting all American soldiers to quit and become Mexican citizens!"

A rumbling roar in Texan throats. If jaguars laughed they'd make such a sound.

Well, Sam Walker and his tiger-faced Texans rode off to the southeast. We lay at Esperanza, eating our tortillas and frijoles—a welcome change from the dug roots and the game on which we had subsisted so long—and toward evening we saddled up and set our horses toward the Great River of the North.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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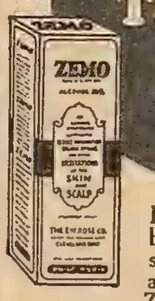

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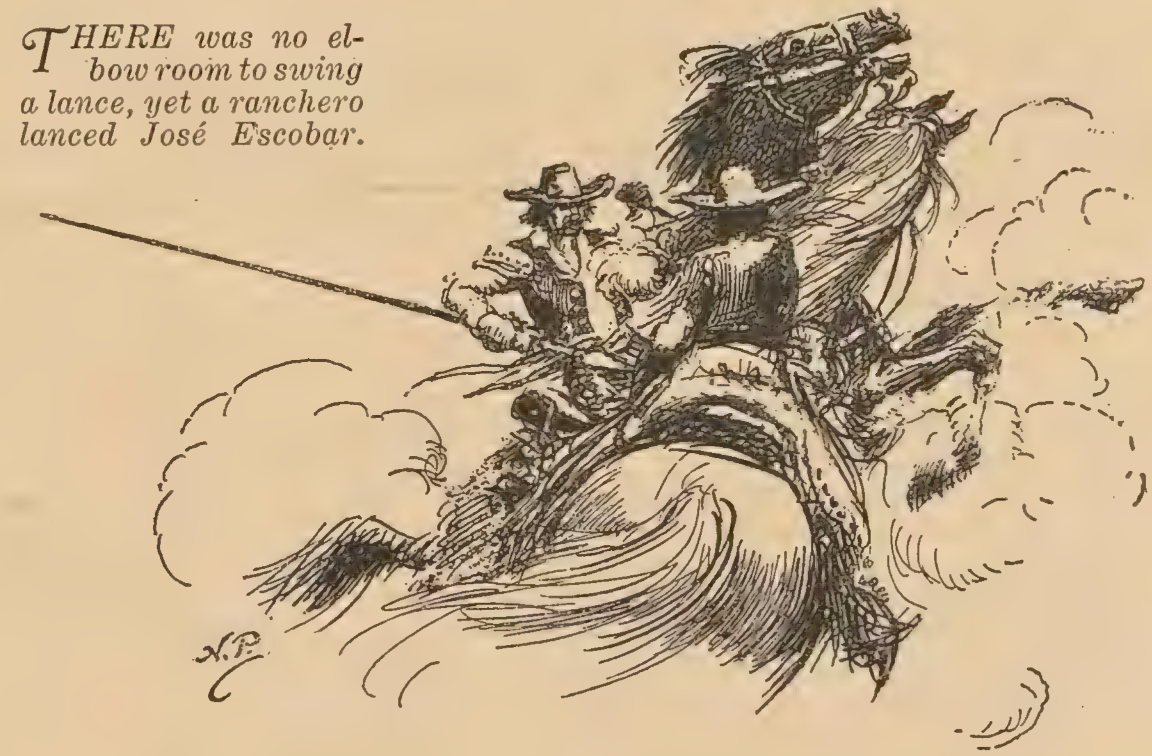
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page sixty-three

All night we rode, and at dawn came to a lonely rancho—a solitary adobe house. A poor old man and his handsome, ragged daughter lived there. They herded goats.

We paid for the goats' milk they fetched. They did not know we were Americans. The girl had a story to tell—was full of it. She had seen General Torrejon's cavalry — two thousand lancers.



THERE was no elbow room to swing a lance, yet a ranchero lanced José Escobar.

“ Señor,” said she, “ we first noticed the dust. It rose to the sky and spread over the world. Then the earth began to shake under their horses, and the plain became blood-red with the scarlet bonnets of the lancers! ”

“ Where were they riding, my child? ”

“ God knows. A young officer turned out from the column and rode up to us. He stood there where your honor stands; and I gave him a bowl of milk. He told us that the American dragoons had gone to the hacienda of Carricitos, and that the lancers were going there to kill them.”

THIS was serious news. But our horses needed grain and rest, and we ourselves were falling asleep in our saddles. We fed, watered, and rested our horses, and set two men on guard while the remainder of the command slept.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, the sun still very hot, we saddled, and started toward the river once more.

Toward sundown we saw a horseman, and chased and caught him, only to discover that he was one of our own dragoons, and had been wounded in the face by a lance.

“ My God, sir,” said he, with tears in his eyes, “ I thought you were rancheros and were chasing me to cut my throat! ”

He had lost his nerve, and his eyes were full of tears.

“ What has happened to your regiment? ” I asked gently.

“ Sir,” said he, “ I belong to Captain Thornton's squadron. We were scouting, and our Mexican guide led us into a plantation inclosed by a thorn fence. And, the first we knew, their lancers and infantry had us trapped.

“ First the lancers charged us, and we countercharged and beat them off. But their infantry—God himself couldn't have broken through, sir.”

His torn cheek and ear began to bleed again, and he wiped it off with his sleeve.

“ They killed Lieutenant Mason in the chaparral, and a lot of our people. Captain Thornton, Lieutenant Kane, and I managed to jump the thorn fence. They killed or captured the rest of us—Captain Hardee and about seventy dragoons—and Lieutenant Kane and Captain Thornton, too. . . . I don't know how I got away, sir—what with the thick musket smoke and their red lancers yelling and riding us down, and spearing the wounded—”

“ From where did you start on your scout? ”

“ From our fort opposite Matamoras, sir—”

“ Was there a battle? ”

“ No, sir. Everything was peaceful. You could see, across the river, the roofs and towers and high buildings in the city crowded with citizens, men and women, watching us.

“ Then suddenly there was a rumor that the Mexicans were crossing above and below to cut our supply road to Point Isabel. So the general sent Captain Thornton to find out, and we ran into a whole Mexican brigade.”

“ Is General Taylor still in camp before Matamoras? ”

“ No, sir. He's at Point Isabel with most of our army. The Seventh Infantry and a field battery are holding our fort.”

Here was a sorry mess. And it had come because Old Zack paid no attention to military intelligence.

He had shipped off me and my command to hunt Indians. He still had plenty of hard-riding Texans for

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Nepto Lotion makes dry, rough or red hands soft, supple and white. It makes "houseworky" hands look aristocratic. Nepto Lotion may be used on the face or any other part of the body with as great benefit as on the hands. Wherever it is used, it whitens, smooths and refreshes. It also relieves and prevents chapping, chafing, sunburn and windburn. Rub a few drops into your skin before going out and it will protect your skin from the withering effects of sun and wind. Nepto Lotion is a naturally good thing for the skin and can do no harm whatever. Contains no grease to clog the pores and catch dirt. Rubs in dry and smooth so you can powder over it. Economical, too, as a little of this unique lotion goes a long way.

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scout duty. But Major Monroe, of the artillery, once told me that the Secretary of War had written to Old Zack suggesting that he use the Texans for scouts. He never did. He didn't know anything that was happening beyond his camp limits, and didn't want to.

And now this dangerous situation had developed. A Mexican army, outnumbering him two or three to one, sat behind the walls of a city opposite his little fort, watching him to destroy him, while another army crossed above and below—the one to flank him, the other to cut the road that led to his base of supplies.

And what had he done to meet the situation? He had left a single regiment, one battery, and a few irregular horsemen to hold his little fort, and had marched off to try to save his food and ammunition at Point Isabel! Maybe God and Jeff Davis could get him out of this mess.

IV

I PATCHED up the wounded dragoon, whose name was Hammond. Then, keeping to the mots, we rode cautiously toward the river.

About sundown Bandara and Peep, who were scouting far ahead, ~~galloped back to tell me that the~~ country ahead in the direction of Palo Alto was swarming with enemy lancers, and that it was utterly impossible for us to get through them to the fort. So we off-saddled and camped among the trees, not daring to light a fire.

Later I went out myself with Bandara and Escobar, and found, ahead of us, an impenetrable cordon of cavalry, videttes, and patrols alert. Palo Alto was heavily occupied. The Point Isabel road had been cut, and the camp fires of an entire infantry division burned there.

I went back to the woods, and there I explained the situation to my men and invited them to express opinions.

It was very quickly agreed that we must remain where we were. We could not get through to the beleaguered garrison; that was certain. We could not get to Point Isabel; that also was certain. And I became convinced that there was nothing to be done at present except to wait and see what that old military dunderhead, Zachary Taylor, was going to do about this disgusting business.

We mounted guard over our sleeping camp.

About dawn, one after another in measured majesty, seven heavy detonations shook the ground. The opening guns of the Mexican War. The roar of the cannonade swelled to an unbroken roll of thunder. And we knew that the Matamoras forts had opened upon our intrenched camp, and that our fort was replying with every gun.

For six days we crouched in our little woods, the incessant thunder of the guns in our ears. We were almost in the middle of a Mexican army—and so close to their cavalry division on the left flank that these gaudy horsemen watered their nags at the little pond of clear, sweet water which edged our grove on the west.

From that pond, by night, we drew our own supply of water. We lived on cold scraps of frijole; we dared not even smoke, and always remained in a state of dread lest our horses whinny when the Mexican horses were being watered across the pond.

After sunset we reconnoitered as far as we dared. Their videttes were everywhere about us; but we learned that a Mexican army was astride the Point Isabel road, severing communication and cutting off Old Zack and his army from his intrenched camp before Matamoras. When we had definitely established this disastrous fact, I called my small group around me and laid the situation before them.

"It is possible," said I, "that the safety or destruction of our army may depend upon our getting through to General Taylor with our information. We can't all get through. But if even one of us makes the grade it will be worth it. General Taylor ought to know what we know. It is between thirty-five and forty miles to Point Isabel. We can try it mounted, or we can attempt it afoot. I ask your opinion. . . . Frank?"

"I ain't no good off'n my horse," he growled.

"Gordon?"

"Same here, Cap."

"Dan?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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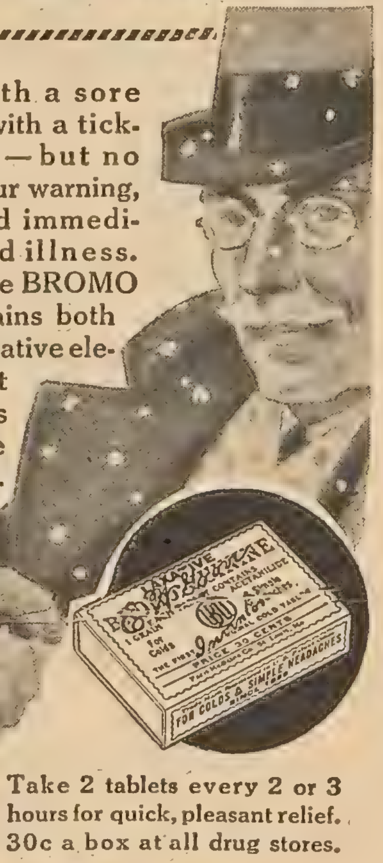

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[SILVER KNEES
Continued from page sixty-five]

"That's me, too. If I gotta bite alkali, lemme dive for it off a runnin' hoss."

"Hozy?"

"Si, señor. I have six legs or none."

"Peep?"

"Whatever pleases your honor," he said, flashing his quick smile.

"Calixto?"

The Mistec crept to me and kissed my hand in silence.

"Bandara?"

"Señor Captain Don Juan," said he calmly, "I am half Apache, but I am not half horse. My legs are mine, and they take me where I will. So it is all the same to me, your honor."

"Do you think we all should go mounted?"

"The six-legged must ride or die, your honor. As for me, I am no tarantula!"

"Can you ride?" I asked the dragoon, Hammond.

He said he could.

A little after midnight we led our horses out of the darkness of the grove into the starlight. The moon, in its first quarter, gave us some light and shadow. We needed the latter and slunk along the shade of the mots, trying to keep to dry ground so that the telltale slop of our horses' feet should not arouse the videttes.

On a herdsman's trail in the chaparral we mounted, I leading beside Bandara. A few moments later, against the stars, we saw lancers and the sombreros of rancheros, and at the same instant came their high-pitched challenge.

"Ride over them!" I called out, driving home my spurs. Bandara's horse plunged ahead; behind us bounded the other horses.

Huddling together in front was a little knot of lancers. As we crashed into them a horseman lanced me, tearing away the entire left breast of my jacket and half stripping it from my body. As he made his horse pirouette to free the lance, Bandara struck him with his pistol butt and he collapsed, his horse galloping wildly on.

CLOSE to me I saw a horseman disengage his lance, twirl and set it; but my horse kicked his and Bandara's horse crashed into him, smashing horse and rider into the thorns where Frank Haslett, leaning wide of his saddle, drove a knife into him repeatedly. Then came the first shot, a blinding flash in Dan Sleeny's face, tearing his very features off and blowing his skull to pieces.

The uproar and struggle in the narrow trail became horrible with shrieking, kicking, biting horses agonized by lance thrusts, and gasping, panting men murdering one another in the crush. There was no elbow room to swing a lance, yet a ranchero lanced José Escobar, who fell back on his saddle, stone dead, his horse carrying him past his slayer at a dead run.

Another rider fired his oddly shaped carbine at Gordon Bruce, almost disemboweling him and setting his clothing afire. Down he went under his kicking horse; the horses of two lancers stumbled and fell on top of him; and I saw the dragoon, Hammond, saber one of the rancheros, and Frank Haslett shot the other. Close to me Bandara was wrestling in his saddle with a lancer, trying to tear him from his stirrups. The ranchero managed to shorten his lance, but I got hold of it before he could thrust.

Then another rider came at us with his saber swinging, and would have done for us both had not Pacheco overtaken him and knifed him from behind. "Señor," he cried, "we are through their lines! Mother of God, let us ride!"

BANDARA tore his enemy from the saddle and hurled him, half strangled, into the chaparral.

"Bandara! Frank! Pio! Ride!" I shouted. "Calixto, come on! Come on, Hammond!"

Out of that bloody, suffocating welter of men and horses we galloped just ahead of their unseen cavalry yelling at us from the chaparral.

Bandara, galloping in advance, led us into a sheep path between impenetrable walls of thorn and cactus, where we rode in single file, hearing the clamor of pursuit all around us.

Out of the chaparral, across a dim marsh flanked by two ponds, into timber, on through mot after mot we rode. Dawn streaked the east; brightened the horizon. Against it were flying vast flocks of waterfowl, which at first I took for masses of smoke blowing.

"Nevertheless, I smell smoke, your honor!" cried Bandara. "There is no rancho in this direction, but the Point Isabel road is very near, and the smoke I smell must come from our own army!"

For two hours, now, we had lost all sound of pursuit. We had broken through. Gordon Bruce was dead, and Dan Sleeny, and José Escobar.

Peep, seeing my jacket torn nearly in two and blood on my shirt, offered to bandage my ribs, which were visible through a rent in my shirt. But it was only torn skin where the lance point had slid along my ribs.

Bandara was badly slashed by thorns; so were the others—Peep, Calixto, Frank, and the dragoon, Hammond; and our poor horses dripped blood.

When we came to a pond of sweet water, close to the Point Isabel, we dismounted, drank, washed our horses while they drank, and were engaged in this way when Bandara, who had mounted and ridden out upon the road, called back to us that American dragoons were galloping toward us. He stood up on his saddle.

"The dust!" he cried. "The whole army is coming to Palo Alto!"

In next week's installment of the story you'll follow Captain Maddox into two thrilling battles, and learn what has become of Silver Knees.

MOTHER LOVE

Do Kisses Save More Lives than Antiseptics?

By GRACE ROBINSON

Picture by Maud Tousey Fangel

(Reading time: 16 minutes 7 seconds.)

MOTHER love has been emotionalized to death. Painters and writers have idealized this peculiar talent of womankind until the term has become almost tiresome. Of late there has been a tendency among scientific men to scoff at it and question its real value for the race.

An institution, with its disinfectants, immaculate nurses, rigid routine of hours and formulæ, is often accounted better than mother love, which is likely to be energetic but unskilled.

Dr. John B. Watson, noted child psychologist, has cried out against the menace of mother love, on its psychological basis. He says mothers spoil their children and do them definite harm by too much love.

The experience of orphanages, however, seems to prove the contrary.

Social workers have despaired of the institution as a competitor of mother love. The predominant tendency in welfare circles now is to scrap orphanages as permanent or even semipermanent residences for homeless children, and to surround the waif with at least a semblance of mother love through the boarding-house system.

One would imagine that infants, at any rate, might be successfully nurtured at a synthetic breast. Isn't the child too young to know one person from another? Isn't it all a matter of chemistry? A mere hocus-pocus dealing with temperature, vitamins, bathing, sanitary surroundings, and proper sleep? Can't a good trained nurse produce all these things?

Yes. But, for some reason, the sum of all these parts doesn't produce the whole that is perfect infant care. Mother love is lacking. The lack shows up hideously in the heartbreaking figures that constitute the death rolls of orphanages.

For the moment let us toss out of mind the Madonnas, the mammy songs, and the mother poems and mother plays that have tugged at humanity's heartstrings for centuries and made the mother theme in art a sure-fire hit. Let us examine mother love—real and foster—in the cold light of recorded accomplishment.

Is it all a matter of chemistry?

A study made by the Sage Foundation and Dr. Josephine Baker of the New York Department of Health shows how well babies thrive even when boarded out with paid "mothers," as compared with their fate in an institution.

A number of babies were taken from the marasmus ward of the New York Foundling Hospital. This ward is the sad precinct of doomed children. Here lie the babies who have no interest in anything, babies who are wasting away from lack of any zest for life. They are the chronic cases of extreme atrophy that in spite of the best of care have always proved fatal.

These babies were boarded out. A bonus was given to selected "mothers" and a doctor and a nurse were furnished for every ten infants. The result was that only forty-six per cent of the babies died. Thus half of the babies who had seemed condemned to certain death in the institution were saved.

In San Francisco, babies once died like flies in the institutions. Sixty-five per cent failed to survive. After boarding out became the rule and the progress of the babies was carefully followed up, the mortality dropped to three per cent!

These astonishing variances are based, we must remember, not on that ideal of infant care—breast feeding and own mother love—but on a paid substitute, the boarding mother.

Experts tell us that the very young infant craves and responds to affection, which seems to have a stimulating effect, particularly when there is drooping and lack of vitality.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MOTHER LOVE
Continued from page sixty-seven

Jane Addams, after years of intelligent labor in the dark byways of poverty and neglect, declares: "We are told that the will to live is aroused in each baby by his mother's irresistible desire to play with him, the physiological value of joy that a child is born; and that the high death rate in institutions is increased by the discontented babies whom no one persuades into living."

Dr. Henry Dwight Chapin, widely known authority on infant welfare, declares that such persuasion to life runs all through nature. "We have here a biologic law; all animals respond to affection," he says. "Dog fanciers have found that puppies do not do well when many are collected in one place. Even in the lower reaches of life this seems to hold true."

He cites the observation of Dr. Henry H. Donaldson of the Wistar Institute of Anatomy and Biology, Philadelphia, who experimented on albino rats. "In the case of growing rats, when the caretaker is changed in the middle of an experiment, the rats fail to grow, sometimes even losing weight. They have received the same food at the same time and theoretically the same care. But they respond to the change." When a human playmate was assigned to the rats, and they were rendered gentle and fearless by frequent frolics, a subsequent operation performed on them gave the best results.

P. & A. photo

An orphanage is a thing of bricks and mortar, with babies lying in neat formations.

So pronounced is this natural tendency of infants to require mothering that in the dairy business farmers are beginning to take their calves out of the big nurseries where they have been artificially fed and synthetically mothered, and remove them to foster-mother cows where they can be wet-nursed. One large dairy, with a birth list of 193 calves in one month, arranged to transport its calves when they were one week old to a distant farm in a heated ambulance. Thus the calf's own mother would be enabled to give her milk for human consumption, as usual, but the calf would be wet-nursed by a foster-mother cow on a small farm too far from markets for profitable transportation of milk. This effort to induce dairymen to give the calf mother's milk and individual attention, instead of nursery care and synthetic food, is partly due to the fact that calves, like babies, "poison each other" when living in groups. The curse of calf life in big dairies is scours, or dysentery, and it is due to the same germ in the calf as in the baby—colon bacillus. One calf living in a group of six can give the disease to the rest in an amazingly short time.

MASS treatment for human babies shows some appalling casualty lists. In many cases, figures are not available. The institutions won't give them. The New York Foundling Hospital refused me theirs, pleading that their institution was a hospital, and that the death figures would not fairly represent their work.

Another reason for the difficulty in getting mortality figures on dependent children is that an ill child may be rushed to a hospital and die there. Or he may die in a sanitarium or in a preventorium if inclined toward tuberculosis. In these events he will be recorded in the orphanage, not as a death, but as a "transfer."

We know, however, that in recent years, of babies under one year in New York state institutions, more than fifty per cent died. This did not include deaths in regular hospitals for infants, some of these deaths being also chargeable to lack of mother love and breast feeding.

Fifty per cent of these helpless mites, who never asked to come into the world, were thus ushered out of it by death! If such a cruel law applied to the mother who feeds her baby at her breast, plays with it, persuades it into living, half of her children would die before reaching the age of one year. We all know that nothing like this occurs.

Consider children under two (generally classed as infants). Of *all* children in New York State, in the years 1909 to 1912, inclusive, eighty-seven children out of 1,000 died.

Of 28,210 infants kept in institutions, 11,918 died in the years 1909 to 1913. In other words, 422 per 1,000 died, or *five times as many* per thousand as died in the state as a whole. In one large institution in western New York, fifty-seven per cent died. In an institution in the central part, fifty-four per cent died.

IT is only fair to state that there are a few orphanages that seem miraculously to have dispelled the curse that hangs over the abandoned baby. The mortality in the Home for Hebrew Infants in New York City over a five-year period was sixteen per cent for children under one, and eight per cent for children between one and two. This is an exceptional record. The institution, however, is operating with an unusually virile class of babies. Infant mortality among the poorest Jews in New York is lower than that of other classes fighting against similar living conditions.

Even a *little* mother love has beneficial effects on the hairless, toothless, wailing little creature that has just come into the cold world, as we shall show. In 1913, an investigation was made of three large institutions in New York. The babies that came to these vast refuges totaled 1,738 and were admitted at various ages under one year. There were five classes, involving different degrees of mother love, so far as it could be measured.

1. *Born-in babies.* These were infants born and remaining in the institution, the mothers often remaining with them for a time. Forty-eight per cent died.

2. *Committed babies.* These were taken into the institution generally without their mothers, when not cared for properly at home. Forty-five per cent died.

3. *Foundlings.* Infants abandoned by their mothers, usually unmarried or deserted women, and left in some momentarily deserted spot in the hope that someone would find them. Sixty-four per cent died.

4. *Accepted babies.* Their mothers stayed with these children, the city paying for their care. Twenty-seven per cent died.

5. *Surrendered babies.* These were deliberately abandoned by their mothers within the doors of the institution, renouncing thereby all right to, and responsibility for, the child. (Abandoning a child outside, even on the steps of the institution, is a crime, and may subject the offender to serious penalties, if she is apprehended.) Fifty-nine per cent died.

We see that the accepted babies, who received nursing and care and fondling from their own mothers, fared by far the best, with a twenty-seven per cent death rate. Conversely, the foundlings, abandoned in the harshest way by their desperate, unhappy mothers, died most freely, to the tune of sixty-four per cent.

On the whole the casualties among these babies, for the most part not mother-loved, were terrible. More than half died—897 of the 1,738.

Of these, eight per cent died in less than two weeks after admission; twenty-three per cent occurred in less than one month after admission. The high mortality, it was explained, was due to the poor physical condition of the babies on admission.

But consider the born-in babies, those who had never lived anywhere except in the hygienic atmosphere of the institution, and who remained there, in a safe, germless habitat. Often they had the ministrations of doctor and nurse before that, their mothers receiving prenatal care. Only seven per cent of these babies died in the first month. But before the first year was over, forty-eight per cent had given up the fight. These infants, at any rate, were not in poor physical condition on admittance.

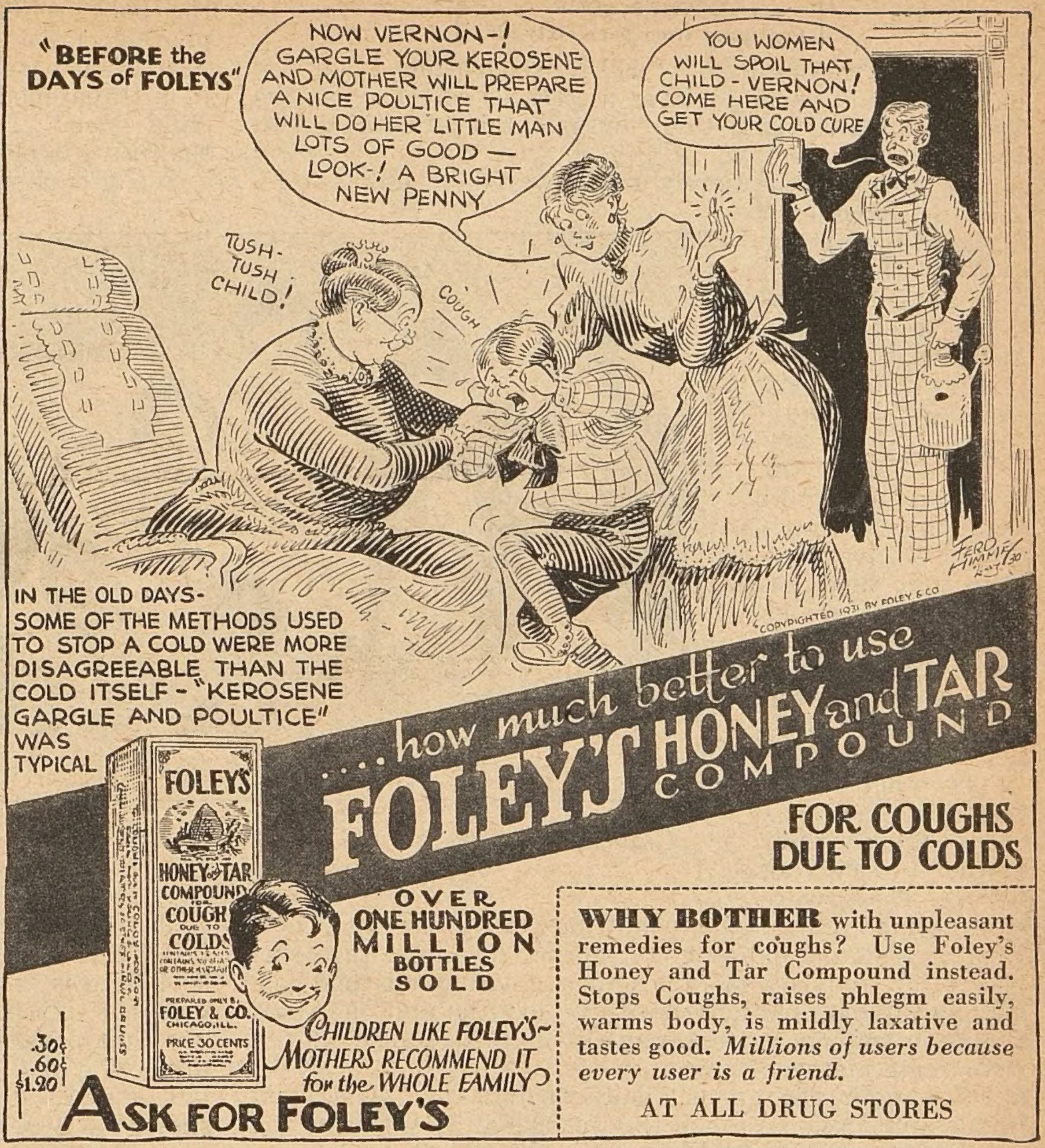
Many of them were left by their mothers in the institution. Their excellent start was overcome when the good breast milk and the fond kisses and the sweet caresses mysteriously ceased, and the poor, helpless baby became merely a small unit in a big, efficient, machine-like institution. Love went away, and all the disinfectants and routine in the world could not take its place. So the babies—nearly half of them—died, from sheer loneliness for their mothers.

Blame for the disappointing accomplishments of orphanages manned by able nurses and watched by able doctors is mitigated somewhat by the fact that they handle many illegitimate children. The Children's Bureau at Washington, from a study made in Boston, found that these unwanted little ones die about three times as readily as the general run of babies. "Economic stress and absence of the mother's nursing care" are particularly common among such babies, says the report, in explaining the high mortality.

THE investigators discovered, however, that during the first week illegitimate babies died only a little faster than legitimate babies. (During its first week of life the child, presumably, is with its convalescent mother.) As time went on, the rate of mortality among illegitimate babies climbed to tremendous proportions over the legitimate infants. Between one and two months of age, illegitimate babies died seven times as fast as legitimate babies. After the first precarious months of infancy, as the first birthday approached, there was little difference in mortality of the two classes.

Why should illegitimate babies after their first week find the struggle for life so much harder than their fortunate fellows whose fathers and mothers wanted them? It can "probably be accounted for," says the government's report, "by the separation of mother and child, which occurs in so many cases soon after the mother has recovered from her confinement. . . . It might have been expected that the mental stress, the disturbance in economic and social relations, and the absence of proper care to which so many of these mothers were subject during pregnancy would result in an extremely high mortality during the first weeks of the child's life." But it was not so, as we have

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]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MOTHER LOVE
Continued from page sixty-nine

seen from the figures. "Early separation from the mother would seem to have a greater effect upon the infant-mortality rate than detrimental prenatal conditions."

The government merely rediscovered an old truth—that babies can overcome a great deal if they have the personal, tender care of mother love; that without it they are almost hopelessly handicapped.

Of a group of illegitimate babies studied by the government investigators that died between two weeks and three months, only twenty per cent were children living with their mothers.

The other eighty per cent had been torn from their mothers' arms long before they were equipped to battle the conditions of a strange, new world. Just the old story of mother love, and the cruel lack of it, reduced to tables in a government analysis. Of babies who died between three months and one year, the ratio was even greater in favor of keeping children with their maternal parents.

P. & A. photo

Children who have had mothers' care being examined in a well-baby contest at New York Infirmary.

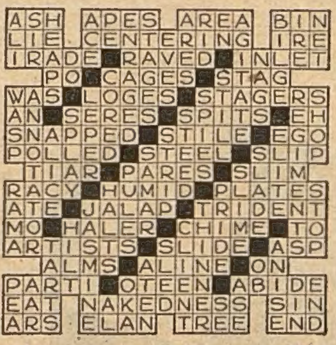
No wonder the government concludes: "The most important single factor in the welfare of an infant is the care he receives from his own mother."

Europe, appreciating the value of mother love to the nation, looks with astonishment on America's great orphanages full of children growing up. In France, Germany, Denmark, Switzerland, and Scotland, the institution as a permanent home is only for ill or delinquent children requiring specialized care. In Hungary every effort is made to induce the mother to stay with her child to nurse it. The state pays her for this parental service, so that she has adequate care and clothing while saving a future citizen from the probable fate of an institution baby. She also nurses another baby, if able. If it is impossible to keep mother and child together, the latter is boarded out with a nursing foster mother.

DO the babies live? In 1910, fifty-seven per cent of these babies remained with their mothers. The mortality rate was only 208 per thousand. In New York City institutions, in the year 1913, death claimed its usual harvest of the young and tender unprotected by the mother's brave arm. Five hundred and sixteen died out of every thousand.

Scotland finds it cheaper in money and life to assist the mother financially, so that she may keep her children, than to maintain them in an orphanage. Many social observers declare this plan has widespread feasibility in America, too. Here, only about ten per cent of the youngsters in orphanages are full orphans. Mothers' aid is given in many cases, of course. New York City annually spends more than $6,000,000 to keep 30,000 poor children in their mothers' homes. In 1928, one-fifth of one per cent died!

A child needs its mother's love just to survive, we have seen. The breast milk, the frequent picking up (giving the baby relief from its prone position), the atmosphere of joy and life that a mother provides, the tender, individual care—these fan the tiny flame of life when it is threatened with extinguishment. But suppose the child lives? Does the mother's affection do any more than give it physical existence?



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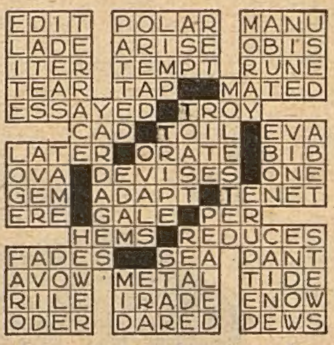
Answer to the puzzle on page 44



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AVOW METAL TIDE
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Answer to the puzzle on page 45

Social experts have a lot to say about the psychological hazards of institutions.

MORTALITY figures are no longer the complete test of good or bad living conditions. The Bureau of Jewish Social Research found that among 311 children who had been institution infants, twenty per cent were retarded three or more terms in school. The children who had not passed their babyhood in an institution showed only twelve per cent so retarded.

Sixty-two per cent of a group of former institution babies passed intelligence tests with a moron or near-moron rating. The figures were almost reversed for children without previous institutional experience. Of these, sixty-six per cent passed above the moron class. Even the children who had been boarded out with foster mothers, but denied the advantages of living in their own homes, showed fifty-seven per cent above the moron grade. Thus does the institution stultify and retard its little inmates. The infant home in question was a model one. What would happen in a poor asylum, of which there are still many?

If babies fare so badly without mother love, why are so many allowed to remain in institutions? Largely because there are so many infant asylums and so little provision for keeping babies within the safe precincts of a mother's care, natural or foster.

When rich men give they often, alas, give partly for their own gratification. They like to see a monument to themselves. An orphanage is a thing of bricks and mortar, with children in uniforms and babies lying in neat geometrical formations. It provides a tangible evidence of the benefactor's generosity and wealth.

A far more useful and humanitarian use of the same money would be a fund to keep babies with their mothers.

As long as the simple devices which constitute birth control are considered wicked by a large part of our population and lawmakers, so long will unwanted babies come into the world.

Nature, which laughs at man-made morals, has ordained that the excellent child-rearing machinery in the body of an unmarried mother shall function just as efficiently as though a clergyman had sanctified her love affair. But without temporary financial support she cannot keep her child. It must go to an institution, to contend with fifty-fifty chances for life.

Dr. Watson, noted behaviorist mentioned before, says the mother kisses and fondles her baby to gratify sex requirements. Otherwise she would never kiss her child on the lips, one of the most sex-sensitive parts of the body. Well, maybe so. But the orphanage death rates show that the baby's foretaste of sex life is amazingly good for him!

THE END

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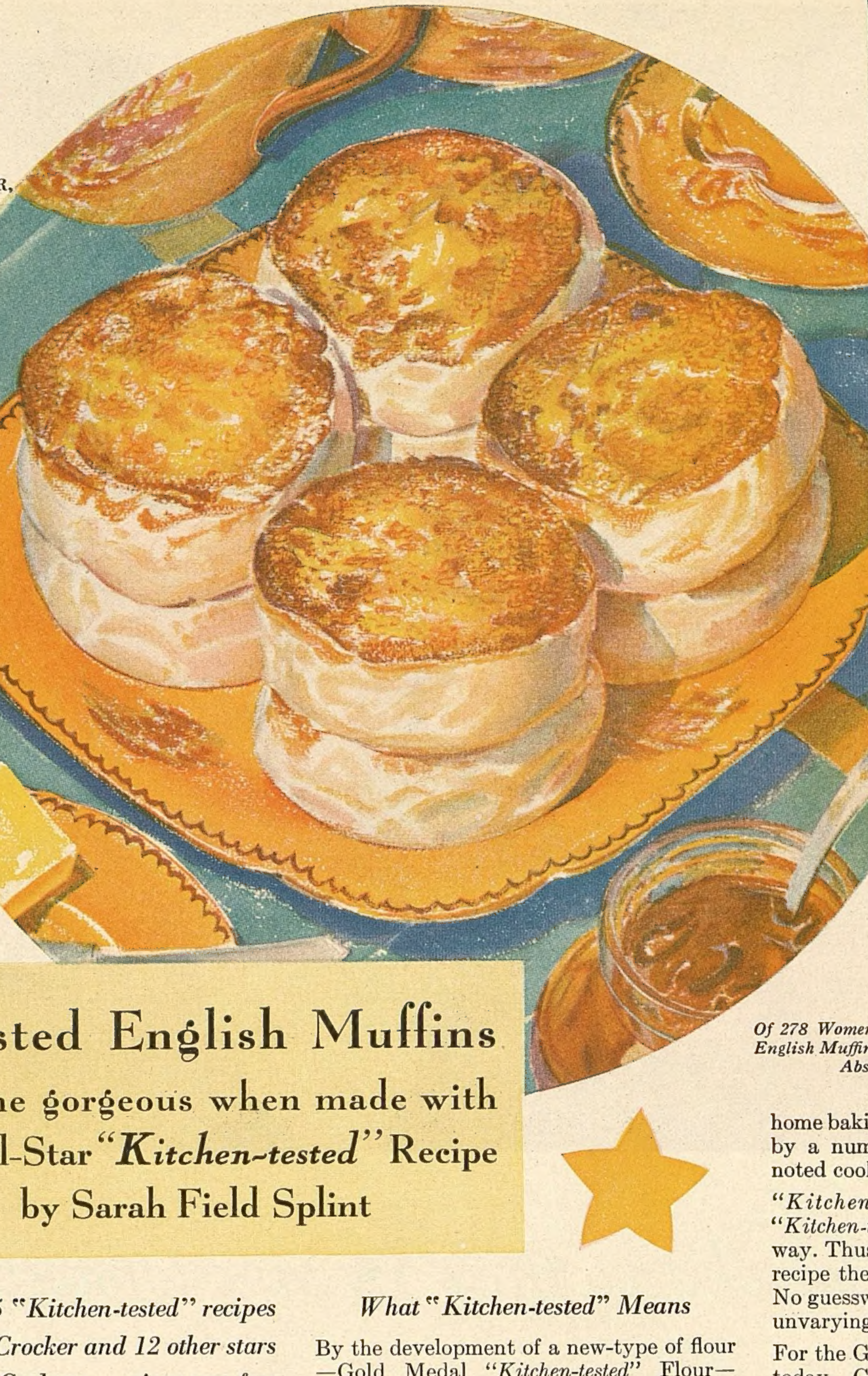

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